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THE DOCTOR'S
RECREATION SERIES

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
*General Editor*

VOLUME TEN

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# The DOCTOR'S DOMICILE

EDITED BY

I. Arthur King

1905

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## PREFACE

The editor of this volume of THE DOCTOR'S RECREATION SERIES is proud of the opportunity of signing his name to the Preface of THE DOCTOR'S DOMICILE. If this book is not as interesting as the other volumes that go to make up this attractive Library, the fault will lie with the editor, as the material placed at his command has been ample and attractive. If the book fails in any way, it will be for lack of a proper critical power on the editor's part.

The many courtesies of friends and others interested in this volume are hereby acknowledged, as well as copyright privileges from The Century Company, Life Publishing Company, Madeline S. Bridges, Charles Scribner's Sons, Curtis Publishing Company, Harper & Brothers, Cosmopolitan Publishing Company, Keppler & Schwarzman, Judge Company, P. F. Collier & Son, and The Frank A. Munsey Company.

I. ARTHUR KING.

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## A WATCH IN THE NIGHT

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE *(opening her eyes)*:
What! Going out again? It must
Be after one o'clock.
THE DOCTOR *(struggling into his vest)*:
Yes, just.
THE DOCTOR'S WIFE:
How dreadful! Wear your heavy overcoat;
And, dear, please, will you mail that note
There, on the mantel?
THE DOCTOR: Yes; all right.
THE DOCTOR'S WIFE:
And hurry, hurry back; for, oh,
When you're away like this, at night,
I *never* sleep!
THE DOCTOR: You don't?
THE DOCTOR'S WIFE: Why, no!
What wife *could* calmly rest?
THE DOCTOR: Ah, true!
THE DOCTOR'S WIFE:
So come straight home.
THE DOCTOR: That's what I'll do;
I won't stay out to view the sky.
But try to doze, dear, meanwhile.
THE DOCTOR'S WIFE *(reproachfully)*:
*(Opening her eyes, after a silence)*:
Do hurry and get off, for then
You'll be the sooner back again.
It is *so* lonely watching here!
THE DOCTOR *(taking off his necktie)*:
I've just been gone three hours, my dear!

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

## THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER

### Mr. Crowder studies Art under Apelles, and Medicine and Surgery under Hippocrates and Galen.

NOW, my dear," said Mr. Crowder, regarding his wife with a tender kindness which I had frequently noticed in him, "just for a change, I know you would like to hear of a career of prosperity, wouldn't you?"

"Indeed, I would!" said Mrs. Crowder.

"You will have noticed," said her husband, "that there has been a great deal of variety in my vocations; in fact, I have not mentioned a quarter of the different trades and callings in which I have been engaged. It was sometimes desirable and often absolutely necessary for me to change my method of making a living, but during one epoch of my life I steadily devoted myself to a single profession. For nearly four hundred years I was engaged almost continuously in the practise of medicine. I found it easier for me, as a doctor, to change my place of residence and to appear in a new country with as much property as I could carry about with me, than if I had done so in any other way. A prosperous and elderly man coming as a stranger from a far country would, under ordinary circumstances, be regarded with suspicion unless he were able to give some account of his previous career. But a doctor from a far country was always welcome; if he could cure people of their ailments, they did not ask anything about the former circumstances of his life. It was perfectly natural for a learned man to travel."

"Did thee regularly study and go to college," asked Mrs. Crowder, "or was thee a quack?"

"Oh, I studied," said her husband, smiling, "and under the best masters. I had always a fancy for that sort of thing,

and in the days of the patriarchs, when there were no regular doctors, I was often called upon, as I told you."

"Oh, yes," said his wife; "thee rubbed Joshua with gravel and pepper."

"And cured him," said he. "You ought not to have omitted that. But it was not until about the fourth century before Christ that I thought of really studying medicine. I was in the island of Cos, where I had gone for a very queer reason. The great painter Apelles lived there, and I went for the purpose of studying art under him. I was tired of most of the things I had been doing, and I thought it would be a good idea to become a painter. Apelles gave me no encouragement when I applied to him; he told me I was entirely too old to become a pupil. 'By the time you would really know how to paint,' said he, 'supposing you have any talent for it, you ought to be beginning to arrange your affairs to get ready to die.' Of course this admonition had no effect upon me, and I kept on with my drawing lessons. If I could not become a painter of eminence, I thought that at least I might be able, if I understood drawing, to become a better schoolmaster—if I should take up that profession again.

"One day Apelles said to me, after glancing at the drawing on which I was engaged: 'If you were ten years younger you might do something in the field of art, for you would make an excellent model for the picture I am about to begin. But at your present age you would not be able to sustain the fatigue of remaining in a constrained position for any length of time.'

" 'What is the subject?' I asked.

" 'A centurion in battle,' said he.

"The next day I appeared before Apelles with my hair cropped short and my face without a vestige of a beard. 'Do I look young enough now to be your model?' said I. The painter looked at me in surprise. 'Yes,' said he, 'you look young enough; but of course you are the same age as you were yesterday. However, if you would like to try the model business, I will make some sketches of you.'

"For more than a month, nearly every day, I stood as a model to Apelles for his great picture of a centurion whose sword had been stricken from his hand, and who, in desperation, was preparing to defend himself against his enemy with the arms which nature had given him."

"Is that picture extant?" I asked.

Mr. Crowder smiled. "None of Apelles's paintings are in existence now," he answered. "While I was acting as model to Apelles—and I may remark that I never grew tired of standing in the position he desired—I listened with great satisfaction to the conversations between him and the various friends who called upon him while he was at work. The chief of these friends was Hippocrates, the celebrated physician, between whom and Apelles a very strong friendship existed.

"Hippocrates was a man of great common sense. He did not believe that diseases were caused by spirits and demons and all that sort of thing, and in many ways he made himself very interesting to me. So, in course of time, after having visited him a good deal, I made up my mind to quit the study of art and go into that of medicine.

"I got on very well, and after a time I practised with him in many cases, and he must have had a good deal of confidence in me, for when the King of Persia sent for him to come to his court, offering him all sorts of munificent rewards, Hippocrates declined, but he suggested to me that I should go.

" 'You look like a doctor,' said he. 'The king would have confidence in you simply on account of your presence; and, besides, you do know a great deal about medicine.' But I did not go to Persia, and shortly after that I left the island of Cos and gave up the practise of medicine.

"Later, in the second century before Christ, I made the acquaintance of a Methodist doctor—"

"A what?" Mrs. Crowder and I exclaimed at the same moment.

He laughed. "I thought that would surprise you, but it is true."

"Of course it is true," said his wife, coloring a little. "Does thee think I would doubt anything thee told me? If thee had said that Abraham had a Quaker cook, I would have believed it."

"And if I had told you that," said Mr. Crowder, "it would have been so. But to explain about this Methodist doctor. In those days the physicians were divided into three schools: Empirics, Dogmatists, and Methodists. This man I speak of—Asclepiades—was the leading Methodist physician, depending, as the name suggests, upon regular methods of treatment instead of experiments and theories adapted to the particular case in hand.

"He also was a man of great good sense, and was very witty besides. He made a good deal of fun of other physicians, and used to call the system of Hippocrates 'Meditation on Death.' I studied with him for some time, but it was not until the second century of the present era that I really began the practise of my profession. Then I made the acquaintance of the great Galen. He was a man who was not only a physician, but an accomplished surgeon, and this could be said of very few people in that age of the world. I studied anatomy and surgery under him, and afterward practised with him as I had done with Hippocrates.

"The study of anatomy was rather difficult in those days, because the Roman laws forbade the dissection of citizens, and the anatomists had to depend for their knowledge of the human frame upon their examinations of the bodies of enemies killed in battle; those of slaves, in whom no one took an interest; but most of all upon the bodies of apes. Great numbers of these beasts were brought from Africa solely for the use of the Roman surgeons, and in that connection I remember an incident which was rather curious.

"I had not finished my studies under Galen, when that great master one day informed me that a trader had brought him an ape, which had been confined in a small building near his house. He asked me to go out and kill it and have it brought into his dissecting-room, where he was to deliver a lecture to some students.

"I started for the building referred to. On the way I was met by the trader. He was a vile-looking man, with black matted hair and little eyes, and did not look much higher in intelligence than the brutes he dealt in. He grinned diabolically as he led me to the little house and opened the door. I looked in. There was no ape there, but in one corner sat a dark-brown African girl. I looked at the man in surprise. 'The ape I was to bring got away from me,' he said, 'but that thing will do a great deal better, and I will not charge any more than I would for the ape. Kill it, and we will put it into a bag and carry it to the doctor. He will be glad to see what we have brought him instead of an ape.'

"I angrily ordered the man to leave the place, and taking the girl by the arm,—although I had a good deal of trouble in catching her,—I led her to Galen and told him the story."

"And what became of the poor thing?" asked Mrs. Crowder.

"Galen bought her from the man at the price of an ape, and tried to have her educated as a servant; but she was a wild creature and could not be taught much. In some way or other the people in charge of the amphitheater got possession of her, and I heard that she was to figure in the games at an approaching great occasion. I was shocked and grieved to hear this, for I had taken an interest in the girl, and I knew what it meant for her to take part in the games in the arena. I tried to buy her, but it was of no use: she was wanted for a particular purpose. On the day she was to appear in the arena I was there."

"I don't see how thee could do it," said Mrs. Crowder, her face quite pale.

"People's sensibilities were different in those days," said her husband. "I don't suppose I could do such a thing now. After a time she was brought out and left entirely alone in the middle of the great space. She was nearly frightened to death by the people and the fear of some unknown terror. Trembling from head to foot, she looked from side to side, and at last sank crouching on the ground. Everybody was quiet, for it was not known what was to happen next. Then

a grating sound was heard, the clank of an iron door, and a large brown bear appeared in the arena. The crouching girl fixed her eyes upon him, but did not move.

"The idea of a combat between this tender girl and a savage bear could not be entertained. What was about to occur seemed simply a piece of brutal carnage, with nothing to make it interesting. A great many people expressed their dissatisfaction. The hard-hearted populace, even if they did not care about fair play in their games, did desire some element of chance which would give flavor to the cruelty. But here was nothing of the sort. It would have been as well to feed the beast with a sheep.

"The bear, however, seemed to look upon the performance as one which would prove very satisfactory. He was hungry, not having had anything to eat for several days, and here was an appetizing young person waiting for him to devour her.

"He had fixed his eyes upon her the moment he appeared, and had paid no attention whatever to the crowd by which he was surrounded. He gave a slight growl, the hairs on his neck stood up, and he made a quick movement toward the girl. But she did not wait for him. Springing to her feet, she fled, the bear after her.

"Now followed one of the most exciting races ever known in the history of the Roman amphitheatre. That frightened girl, as swift as a deer, ran around and around the vast space, followed closely by her savage pursuer; but although he was active and powerful and unusually swift for a bear, he could not catch her.

"Around and around she went, and around went the red-eyed beast behind her; but he could not gain upon her, and she showed no sign that her strength was giving out.

"Now the audience began to perceive that a contest was really going on: it was a contest of speed and endurance, and the longer the girl ran, the more inclined the people were to take her part. At last there was a great shout that she should be allowed to escape. A little door was opened in the side of the amphitheater; she shot through it, and

it was closed almost in the face of the panting and furious bear."

"What became of the poor girl?" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder.

"A sculptor bought her," said Mr. Crowder. "He wanted to use her as a model for a statue of the swift Diana; but this never came to anything. The girl could not be made to stand still for a moment. She was in a chronic condition of being frightened to death. After that I heard of her no more; it was easy for people to disappear in Rome. But this incident in the arena was remembered and talked about for many years afterward. The fact that a girl was possessed of such extraordinary swiftness that she would have been able to escape from a wild beast, by means of her speed alone, had she been in an open plain, was considered one of the most interesting natural wonders which had been brought to the notice of the Roman people, by means of the sports in the arena."

"Fortunately," said Mrs. Crowder, "thee did not—"

"No," said her husband, "I did not. I required more than speed in a case like that. And now I think," said he, rising, "we must call this session concluded."

The next day I was obliged to bid farewell to the Crowders, and my business arrangements made it improbable that I should see them again for a long time—I could not say how long. As I bade Mr. Crowder farewell and stood holding his hand in mine, he smiled, and said: "That's right. Look hard at me; study every line in my face, and then when you see me again you will be better able"—

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Crowder. "He is just as able to judge now as he would be if he stayed away for twenty years."

I believed her, as I warmly shook her hand, and I believe that I shall always continue to believe her.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

## THE FAMILY DOCTOR

IS there a place in society for the family practitioner, and, if so, under what precise conditions will he be in demand?

Even though medical men should in the future organize on a co-operative plan—with the various specialties grouped around an able general consultant—I firmly believe the family practitioner is not doomed to become extinct, and that in due time the people will again elevate him to the position of trusted family counselor, and this opinion I hold for two reasons, principally.

In the first place, many intelligent people, even at the present time, who are fortunate enough to have the services of a thoroughly good family practitioner, have refused to give him up, and have upheld the dignity of his position on every occasion where the counsel and services of a specialist were in demand; and, in the second place, the public has already experienced the many and serious drawbacks of an indiscriminate consultation with immature specialists, whose advice, if followed, has in many instances been bought more dearly than by dollars and cents.

Much of the specialist's operative work of today is worthy of the highest praise; on the other hand, a large percentage of operative work is ill-advised, superfluous, and harmful, and as soon as the more intelligent people of the community realize that such is the case, they will again turn for advice to the intelligent family practitioner; they will admit him again to the inner family council and trust to him to shield them from the meddlesome treatment of our times, and to deliver them into conservative and safe hands. And if the future family practitioner is to regain lost ground, again to aspire to reach that plane in the practise of general medicine which is properly his, and again to enjoy the full confi-

dence of his clientèle, it must be through his own individual efforts—by educating himself to become a diagnostician. In view of the complex character which is a feature of some of the special examinations, this may seem a herculean task, but I am convinced that all medical men who are fitted by nature and proper education for their work will, in reasonable time, become competent diagnosticians, and will be capable of formulating precise indications for treatment. Under all circumstances, the general practitioner should direct his energies to this end. His patients will understand that he cannot be a jack of all trades and perform everything, but they will expect him to make a diagnosis and suggest proper treatment. AUGUSTUS CAILLE.

## THE MAGNIFICENT MADAM RUSH

ONE day in 1853, when Franklin Pierce was President of the United States, he was walking on Chestnut Street in Philadelphia. He was met by a large and showily dressed woman, escorted by two elegant men of fashion, each apparently younger than herself. President Pierce had already become known as the most polite and graceful of all the occupants of the White House in his observance of the forms of etiquette. He had been told that his visit to the city would be incomplete if he did not meet this imperious dame.

One of her peculiar habits had long been to promenade the chief street of her native city, and there to receive the homage of her followers and adorers at "sidewalk levees, or open-air receptions." She had thus met men and women of all kinds, day after day for many years—often a Cabinet Minister, a Senator, a Bishop, a General, a man of letters, or a belle of the season. Indeed, her daily walk with her cavaliers had become almost as famous as the stroll of Beau Brummel on the Mall was to the London of other days. But there was, perhaps, no promenade of this eccentric queen of fashion that was more piquant than when she received the President of the United States on the sidewalk, and engaged him in an animated chat without any more formality than she would have shown to the humblest beau who had been in wait to catch a smile of recognition. Before the day was over it was known far and wide to the gossips that "Frank" Pierce was the latest of the curbstone courtiers who had been presented to the magnificent "Madam" Rush.

It is not easy to revive the colors of a portrait which has so rapidly faded away, as that of this remarkable woman, then pre-eminent among her sex as a social power. Indeed,

she has almost come to be a vaguely traditional or half mythical figure in the misty annals of that society which she ruled with a truly regal sway. No woman of her time affected such a social conquest as hers, despite her disadvantages of person, mismated marriage, and the opposition of the most decorous and conservative society in America. Her father, Jacob Ridgway, had been one of the chief rivals in Philadelphia of Stephen Girard in acquiring riches through the shrewdest of calculations in European commerce; he was one of the earliest of our "self-made" millionaires, and he had been born and bred among the honest and wholesome Quakers of New Jersey.

Few were there who then thought this high-spirited and bonny daughter of the thrifty merchant would play such a part in the world of fashion as would cause even the worldly to stand aghast at her gayety and sumptuousness. When her critics first intimated to Phœbe Ann Ridgway that she ought to be more faithful to her Quaker lineage, she reminded them that they might have given the same admonition to the buxom and clever "Dolly" Madison for having walked away from the paths of her Quaker parents. In truth, the Ridgway girl had been brought up under an influence almost entirely removed from Quakerism. Jacob Ridgway, as a shipper and merchant, had been obliged for many years to live in Europe in caring for the interests of his firm, and especially at Antwerp, as United States Consul; and it was thus that his daughter in her youth contracted French or Continental tastes, in an education which the most favored of her countrywomen were then seldom permitted to enjoy.

She had lived in Paris in the days when Madame Récamier was the first beauty of France, and when her banker husband, a cipher in her affairs, saw her live "the life of a flirt surrounded by fools." But undoubtedly far more an object of her admiration was the career of Madame de Staël. She had some reason to fancy that in fondness for the society of intellectual men, in her independent spirit and

her defiance of conventionalities, she might have had a kinship with the daughter of Necker.

When she came back to Philadelphia with her beautiful French gowns, the chief languages of Europe at her command, and with a facility for lively observations on literature and music, she attracted no little attention as an heiress. She was showy and ambitious, with a boldness of manner which was not always relished by men of quiet tastes; but her fine complexion and her exuberance of health, which she shared with a sister, caused the girls to be known as the "Antwerp Strawberries."

At this time Dr. James Rush, a studious young physician, was contemplating a distinguished career in his profession. A son of the famous Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and brother of the Richard Rush who was Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of State under Monroe, Secretary of the Navy under John Quincy Adams, candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1828, and Minister to England and to France, he had come of a family of distinction. She seems to have regarded him as a man of letters who would have sympathies with her literary and social ambition. On the other hand, she was likely to be possessor of a fortune which would enable him to pursue such ambitions as he then meditated, in that work which afterward gave him reputation as an original thinker —"The Philosophy of the Human Voice." In 1819, when he was twenty-seven and she twenty, they were married, and henceforth their lives were to present one of the most curious chapters in the annals of eccentric wedlock.

Gradually the doctor began to betake himself more and more to his books, and his wife, with her masterful will, to the pleasure of society. She would open in Philadelphia a salon such as she had seen in Paris; she would reform the absurb conventionalities she saw around her; and she would lessen the stiffness and somberness of that social life which the critical Mrs. Trollope had gently satirized in her observations of Philadelphia character. Her parties, her conversation, her faculty for putting men at their ease in the

drawing-room, her invitations to artists, singers, and actors, and to beauties whom society had not before recognized, possibly because of their want of ancestry or their want of wealth, were looked upon askance.

"What is that Mrs. Rush coming to?" the old leaders cried out. "Ah! she is an upstart, who is aping foreign airs and trying to Frenchify us. What a pity it is that the good doctor does not put an end to her doings!" The more they talked of her, the more heartily she laughed at the shocks they sustained, and the wider grew the circle of her guests. But she had nearly reached middle age before the opportunity came to her to show fully the manner of woman she was. In 1843 her father died. He left her more than a million dollars, and she was now able to carry out her ambition to reform the old *régime* and ascend the social throne. "We should," she said to her friends, "put an end to the rule of pretenders like Napoleon, among the little despots of royalty," and she took pleasure in the thought of revolutionizing the society around her, with its strong instinct of ancestral pride.

Nor was she wanting in the qualifications for playing this rôle. Her mind was quick, original, assertive; her will, masculine in firmness; her flow of high spirits unfailing; her conversation astonishingly fertile; and her generosity lavish. She could so engage the admiration of men that they forgot her homeliness of face in the enjoyment of her comradeship. But at a time when it was still the fashion to quote Byron, his images of female loveliness were more than once employed by gross and venal flatterers to suggest her charms. The fact was that even in the freshness of her youth she was not a beauty, and the only likeness of her now extant was drawn by hands more courtly than exact. Her forehead was high and broad, as if it incased a large brain; her hair was abundant; her complexion rosy; her nose suggestive of aspiration, rather than of taste; the mouth large, with lines of humor in its curves; the figure inclined to *embonpoint* that afterward became enormous. But in her dark, bright, frank, daring, yet thoughtful eyes, was the one

charm which, even in her advancing years, redeemed the ruddy and almost plebeian face. She had a self-possession which no sneer could daunt, and a temper which no enemy cared to brook a second time.

Mrs. Rush had read widely and intelligently; she had some acquaintance with most of the chief languages of Europe; she spoke French faultlessly, and while she was not wanting in knowledge of the fine arts, she was, indeed, a fervent lover of music. She especially concerned herself in such subjects as would make her conversation agreeable to men. She had her set hours for daily study up to the time she was fifty. Long after she had reached the summit of social leadership, she seldom missed a day in the practise of music or in her German reading. Her taste in art was not always elevated, and in the choice of pictures was sometimes indelicate. Her musical culture was such that, while she invited Mario and Grisi to her house, when one was the foremost tenor and the other the foremost soprano of European opera, she did not hesitate to express her delight at the negro minstrels whom the jolly Sanford made famous in the days of the Virginia serenaders, with their "Lucy Longs" and "Lovely Nells." She cared little for women, and yet gathered around her such a circle of young beauties, as even the dazzling Mrs. Bingham could hardly have surpassed when she ruled the republican court of Washington and Adams.

In the decade prior to 1857, her daily walks on Chestnut Street were one of the most picturesque sights of Philadelphia. "Here comes Madam!" "Make way for the Madam!" "Now behold the royal dress parade!" were the remarks to be heard in the half-reverential whispers or the sardonic gibes of the populace. Regularly as the clock struck the hour of high noon, she emerged from her mansion attended by a pair of beaux who delighted to pay her the homage she exacted. These men waited upon her with the ceremonial etiquette of trained courtiers. The one was sometimes referred to in the parlance of the town as her Lord Chamberlain; the other as her chief Lord-in-Waiting. To put on

her gloves, to raise her parasol, to carry her wraps, to lead her across the streets, to protect her from the rude gaze of the curious—although she was not disposed to be sensitive on that score—to present her, to *dismiss,* at the sidewalk levees, were their functions on the promenade. Persons who were possessed of a humorous turn of mind were wont to compare the progress to one of the famous Cope packets entering the Delaware with all her magnificent canvas spread to the breeze and beating up the river against the tide.

In her younger days those walks were wholesome "constitutionals," but when she matured into portliness, her face ruddy with an excess of blood, she persisted in wearing the gayest of bonnets, the gaudiest of colors and the most expansive of crinoline. "I cannot meet in my house everybody I want to receive," she would say, "and it saves time to meet them on the street." Some would contrive to salute her on her route every day, and if any of her favorites missed it longer than a week she was pretty certain to remind the offender of his neglect. It was not a fashionable hour—indeed, quite the reverse—that she chose for her *entourage,* but she economized her time in her own way.

One of her first "reforms" was to break down the absurdities of the "calling" custom. "You ladies," she observed in her authoritative manner, "waste a good deal of precious time in paying and receiving calls. I neither visit nor receive visits except on my days." And generally at all other hours after her daily walk, when no reception nor entertainment was to take place, she kept herself in seclusion with her books or her toilette.

Her summers at Saratoga were hardly less notable than her winters in Philadelphia. At a time when Saratoga Springs was the resort of every woman distinguished in American society, Mrs. Rush was foremost among the leaders. There, during the generation before the war, were to be seen Madam le Vert, the Alabama beauty, of whom Irving said that she was such a woman as occurs but once in the course of an Empire, and who was widely known as the

"Magnolia Flower of the South;" Mrs. Coventry Waddell, to whom Thackeray, when he visited New York, paid some of his choicest compliments; the stately Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, whom Boston looked upon as the exemplar of its patriotic womanhood, and whose "Mount Vernon Ball," for the benefit of the fund with which the women of America purchased the home and tomb of Washington, was one of the most brilliant gatherings ever known in New England; Mrs. Schermerhorn, whose *bal costume de rigueur* of the time of Louis XV., with its fifty thousand dollars' worth of gowns and half a million dollars' worth of jewels, startled New York with its splendor, and was, perhaps, the first of the great fancy balls given in this country; Mrs. Henry Parish, whose lavish entertainments with a thousand guests were another theme of wonder to the New York of the days before the war; Miss Emily Marshal, whose coach was usually surrounded by crowds eager to catch a glimpse of her loveliness, and who would sometimes pass to and from her hotel through a lane of bystanders waiting to gaze upon her; Mrs. J. J. Roosevelt, chief among the dames whose pride was the Knickerbocker traditions of their Dutch ancestry; the venerable Mrs. Renwick, whose eyes in her Scotch childhood charmed Robert Burns; the Miss Livingston, afterward Mrs. Barton, who had been "the belle of Jackson's administration;" Mrs. Preston, wife of the gifted orator and Senator of South Carolina; the radiant Sallie Ward, whose tall and statuesque figure made her as famous among Kentucky women as Henry Clay had been among Kentucky men; and the brilliant Emily Schaumburg, whose lustrous eyes and superb carriage, even in her girlhood, caused the young Prince of Wales to level his lorgnette upon her at the opera in Philadelphia, and to remark to one of his companions that she was "the most beautiful woman I have seen in America." Such are some of the women who graced Saratoga during the thirty years when Mrs. Rush was, perhaps, its most lively visitor.

It was noticed at Saratoga that Mrs. Rush usually dressed in black, leaving most of her elegant gowns at home. Her

costumes were of silk, grenadine, or poplin, and her followers were indeed surprised when they saw her arrive with but a single trunk for the season. But one night she astonished the numerous company in the big hotel by appearing with a mass of jewelry around her neck that paled the blaze of the ballroom. Upon a scarf of rich and delicate lace were clusters of diamonds, whose light, it was said, flashed and sparkled as through a wreath of mist. At the table the privilege of sitting near her was eagerly sought for by those who knew the social value of her favoring smiles. On each side of her she reserved one or more chairs for the gentlemen whose conversation she enjoyed. When she invited a young man to accept a place at her table, it was necessary for him to promise that he would observe two conditions. When the promise had been given he was informed of his obligations. "The first," she would say, "is, that whenever you may choose to order any dish or any special wine for yourself, you will under no circumstances ask me to eat or drink of it; the second is, that whenever I may give an order for a delicacy, and shall ask you to partake of it, you will not hesitate to comply with my wish." When the gentleman had signified his fealty by an unreserved acceptance of these terms he was permitted to appear at the next meal. When the time came for him to leave, his successor was obliged to make the same pledge, which was invariably exacted and rigidly enforced upon all her courtiers at the table.

Mrs. Rush began to reach the zenith of her fame as a social sovereign when, in 1850, she opened a mansion in Philadelphia which she had caused to be built expressly for balls and large entertainments. It was located on Chestnut Street, between Nineteenth and Twentieth Streets, the house now being a part of the Aldine Hotel. Externally the architecture of the mansion was even then somewhat "old-fashioned." But as many as eight hundred guests could be accommodated within its walls on festal occasions. The large rooms, the rich hangings, the French furniture, the beautiful conservatory, and the dining-room with its twenty-five tables, caused the interior to be compared to a European

palace. The suite of receiving-rooms—the Armorial, the Crusaders, the Marie Antoinette, the Blue and Crimson—were the choicest examples of the day in household luxury. It was said that on the furniture imported from France, not less than sixty thousand dollars had been paid in duties. "Oh, my dear," Mrs. Rush said, when she was told that she should have encouraged American artisans, "we shall never know the art of living until we acquire the best tastes of the French. I do my country a service in bringing into it French ideas. Why! Should we not have good things, simply because they are foreign? We must get rid of these narrow notions, my dear; we must get rid of them."

To the exquisite Nathaniel P. Willis, the poet and critic, was credited the remark that he had seen nothing in the best houses of England, where he had passed much time, which equaled the display at the Rush mansion.

What the Vanderbilt and the Bradley-Martin balls have been in the recent times to the whole country, as crowning events of social splendor, so were the Rush balls in the early fifties. In her dining-room two hundred and fifty guests would sit down at a time on cushioned seats of blue damask, the tables shining with rare china and solid gold plate, while rows of servants, wearing blue ribbons, kept guard at the doors. The skill of the cleverest caterers in the country was taxed to provide novelties for the table. Nothing pleased the hostess more on one of these occasions, than the surprise of her guests at beholding peacocks that had been carefully roasted with all their magnificent plumage. The colored lamps in the garden and the gentle glow of six thousand wax candles in the ballroom shed light upon the scene. But fifty young men with the qualifications of good beaux, and dancing well; fifty pretty girls without money, but respectable, well dressed, lively and charming—these, according to the hostess, "were always indispensable," and next to them the best music that could be had, and the finest supper in the world.

The most trusted of her aides-de-camp was Charles Wells. Tall, slender, graceful, erect—indeed, it was whispered that

he wore corsets—he had the fine bearing of both the soldier and the club man. He was probably a dozen years younger than Mrs. Rush, who, it is said, once described him as "the handsomest man she ever knew." On this question there was such a rivalry between Wells and the "Count" White that there might at one time have been a duel between the pair had she not intervened and restored them to good order as the chiefs of her social cabinet. Both were members of the ancient City Troop of Philadelphia, and of that club which has existed through most of the century, and is still, perhaps, the most exclusive in the country—the Philadelphia Club. Such was the influence of Wells for some years in the Rush salon, that men looked up to him as their model in dress and in manner. His dictum in all such affairs was received with a deference that was indeed not unlike that which was paid in New York City to the utterances of the late Mr. Ward McAllister.

As for Dr. Rush, he had long ago ceased to give himself any concern over the ceremonial devotion to his wife of these and other courtiers in her train of attendants. One of her guests at a ball, upon one occasion having observed through a partly open door, the doctor in his study, and not knowing either him or the ménage of the Rush household, inquired of her: "Who is that old man alone in the library?" "Oh!" was the reply, "he is our hermit, and he likes his books better than he does us. But he shall be to bed, I warrant you, before the dancing begins."

If the doctor did not like the gayety under his roof-tree, he seems seldom to have manifested his displeasure openly. Such remarks as he did make about his wife were not uncomplimentary. "You ought to be a happy man," said a lady after looking over the fine conservatory. "Thanks, madam," he said; "I have always been a happy man." People of fashion referred to him as a good old fellow whom everybody respected, but nobody cared to meet.

Scandal about herself, Mrs. Rush disposed of by exclaiming: "Pshaw! it's only the neat fabrication of a keen woman. Let us hear no more of it." Scandal about

others she would crush with a merciless hand, and no leader of society could more quickly bring married couples to their senses, when jealousy or gossip was at work, and reconcile them by the sheer force of her hearty, authoritative command.

Indeed, she was a difficult character to understand in her seeming inconsistencies. In her ballroom she would appear, for instance, in Genoa velvet and lace, set off with jewels, feathers of rare plumage drooping from her hair, and a fan of rich colors in her hand, ornamented with a bird of paradise whose eyes were diamonds and whose claws were rubies. At another ball she startled the company by wearing a dress of spun glass. In a single dry goods shop in Philadelphia she spent fifteen thousand dollars in a year, at a time when such a bill was a gross extravagance. Her apparel was often chosen with a disregard of every law of taste and propriety. Yet she delighted in the company of intellectual men, and Edward Everett, John Sergeant, George Bancroft, George M. Dallas, and J. Fenimore Cooper were types of the men who visited her salon.

Then, too, many young men like Longfellow, with his early poetry, and Joseph Leidy, the naturalist, had a good word from her warm heart, with often her helping hand. When she visited England in 1845, while Everett was Minister, it was remarked that her accomplished brother-in-law, Richard Rush, had held the same place, and that his dashing sister-in-law could have represented her countrymen at the Court of St. James with not less grace. So ready and fluent was her talk, that one of her intimates said that he had never known her to be under the necessity of falling back on "the weather" as a theme for either introducing or sustaining a conversation. She was well acquainted with Washington Irving, and thought his prose was a model of style. Her "Saturday mornings" were noted for brilliancy of talk. In young artists and authors she inspired an affectionate reverence, and some old men now take off their hats in sincere tribute to the memory of one

who, as they say, had "the intellect of a Queen in the body of Dinah Shadd."

One night in the winter of 1857 the Rush mansion was in a blaze of revelry. The guests declared that the hostess had surprised herself. Radiant with diamonds, she had seldom been more gorgeous, even now that the marks of age were coming thick upon her. It was daylight before the last carriage had rolled away and Mrs. Rush retired to her room, placing her jewels in open caskets lying on a table. It was late in the day before she arose; she was still fatigued, and after a luncheon she went to bed again early in the evening. During the night she heard noises; her husband, in a communicating room, also heard them, but each supposed that the other was closing a door of the apartments. When awakened in the morning she went to a drawer of a bureau containing a thousand dollars in gold coin, to obtain what she needed for the payment of the weekly bills of her household. She was startled to find that the drawer had been rifled of the specie. She turned to the table where she had left her caskets of precious stones, and they, too, were gone. Then she summoned Dr. Rush, who bade her give no alarm until a detective had examined the house. No marks of a burglar or of a violent entrance could be found. The servants in the house were searched in vain. In the snow that had fallen on the night before could be detected no footprints. It may be observed, however, that there were other versions of the mystery.

The suspicions of Mrs. Rush fell, or at least seemed to fall, upon a woman, her cook, who was soon to be married to a jeweler in the South, but the police declined to arrest her. In the meantime "The Big Diamond Robbery," or "The Mystery of the Rush Jewels," became noised through the country. The police of Philadelphia and New York watched or traced the movements of every guest at the ball whose character might justify distrust. But the mystery was never wholly cleared. Mrs. Rush seemed inclined to believe that her cook was the thief; the doctor expressed a similar opinion; but it was generally believed—and it be-

came in after years an open secret—that the real culprit was one of the gallant young courtiers of her promenades, and that he was allowed to go to Europe rather than suffer the disgrace of publicity. He had carried away on the memorable night more than twenty-three thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and cash. Mrs. Rush was not quite the same woman afterward; the robbery threw a shadow on her social glory, and the ball proved to be the last of her fêtes.

A few months afterward she went to Saratoga. It was plain that while her spirits were still gay her physical strength was breaking. A complication of diseases, chief of which was erysipelas, had begun to lay siege to her system. She declined to hear the warning of her friends when the season came to a close. She said that she was troubled with an indisposition that would soon disappear, and that she would remain with her maid. As the autumn days went by they found themselves the only inmates of the huge United States Hotel, except its clerks and servants. It was found that Mrs. Rush could not be moved from Saratoga without risk, and she was loath to have any one see her in the midst of her suffering. Finally, it was decided that Dr. Rush should be sent for. The gentle, strange old man was soon at the bedside. But it was too late. His wife was too weak to be moved, and on October 23, 1857, her daring, restless spirit passed away in the hotel which had been the scene of many a summer gayety in her long career of pleasure.

The doctor survived his wife twelve years, living in the loneliness of the deserted mansion, and being seldom seen outside its walls. He had long before been disappointed over the failure of the world to accord to his abilities a more generous estimate. His will caused a profound stir. It provided for the establishment in his native city of a library for scholars. From it he ordered that all fiction should be excluded, and also newspapers, which in his judgment were "vehicles of disjointed thinking." A library building, after the model of a Doric temple, was erected at the cost of a million dollars. He had directed that it should take its

title from the maiden name of her whose fortune, as it came to him, he had bestowed upon it.

The Ridgway Library became also their mausoleum. There, beneath a plain slab and surrounded by the richest treasures of literature, the halls echoing only the quiet footsteps or the whispers of scholars, lie the ashes of the good doctor, and by his side all that remains of the dame who aspired to be "Queen of American Society."

WILLIAM PERRINE.

## PROMISES

NCE when I was very sick,
And doctor thought I'd die,
And mother couldn't smile at me
But it just turned to cry,
That was the time for promises;
You should have heard them tell
The lots of good things I could have,
If I'd get well.

But when the fever went away,
And I began to mend,
And begged to eat the goodies
That Grandma Brown would send,
They said beef-tea was better,
And gave my grapes to Nell,
And laughed and said: "You're mighty cross
Since you got well."

AUGUSTA KORTRECHT.

## THE DOCTOR'S RELATIVES

Father mine is a silver birch-tree,
Mother mine is a summer cloud,
Brother mine is the rye so golden,
Sister mine is the sickle moon,
Spring and fall and summer weather,
I am lonely as the heather
There I sing, and sing, and sing.

TOPELIUS.

HE was hunting through the Minnesota hills for some members of the Silverstar family, lost for years. Not that he was known by that luminous name, for deciding, while a penniless emigrant, not to shine with a tarnished aristocratic heritage, he merged himself into another Nelson—Axel Nelson—greatly to the disgust of his Silfverstjerna kin in Sweden.

He had seen but little of his countrymen in America, having been too busy to disport himself on questions of nationality. But here, among the Mississippi bluffs, he found a bit of peasant Sweden, and the doctor was delighted. Little did the settlers, eying the man with the silk umbrella, suspect the kindly, almost enthusiastic feelings he felt at every long-drawn greeting in the dear old tongue. The clean-scoured log-houses, the women's checked head-cloths, the hive-shaped piles of winter wood, the bang of the looms, well-nigh transported him.

At one place where the rail fences ran far up the hillsides, where the stumps were grubbed out, where the tinkle of bells led many sheep, he introduced himself as a hungry Swede. The effect was magical, and long did he remember that dinner. How he feasted on the thin bread cakes, dried on a pole among the rafters; how delicately flavored was that indescribable dish, *ost kaka*—a rennet custard served with cinnamon and cream. At some such hospitable cabin

he would, perhaps, discover his relatives. So he fancied.

But a mysterious surprise prevailed when he inquired for the Swensons—Johannes Swenson. Undoubtedly, his host reflected, the stranger held the mortgage.

Doctor Axel marveled, as he took the indicated way, that such a dilapidated, washed-out, cracked, thistle-grown road could be found in young Minnesota. It might have been an antediluvian trail, growing thistles ever since those first ones in Genesis. He seemed entering an enchanted region of weeds and haze. It was one of the rare Indian summer days that sometimes linger till late November, when all the Minnesota hills are ethereally blue and divinely mysterious.

Up another "coolée," and he gained a view of the great river, a view granted only by leafless fall. Through the bare swamp forests flashed the water, like a revelation. In among the vast reaches of yellow marsh grass coursed the devious channels, all a dazzling Minnesota blue. Forgotten, vanished, the dainty differences of green that tinted the August river; now it emblazons the Indian summer islands with a runic scroll text in blue and gold.

The house was in sight; a lamentable log-cabin in a small clearing where the primeval stumps were thick. The sod roof bore weeds, tall and many, that waved above the white-washed door. A gay pile of pumpkins relieved one wall, and a dog of somewhat paler cast attacked the doctor's heels.

He knocked. Was Silfverstjerna blood here?

No response. Pushing open, he saw a stack of dry beans and a flail. Then from a dark, inner room, hobbled a tiny, gray, decrepit woman swathed in coarse rags; on her face fear, in her hand a tattered catechism. On the tip of her wrinkled nose rested verdigris-rimmed spectacles, and stiff, short hair, emphasized her uncanny look.

"Who's there?" she whispered, waving the book. "Be it the land you're after? Deliver us from the wicked."

Her dialect betrayed signs of good Swedish, of the clear-cut Stockholm accent, but the doctor quaked as he reflected that he was related by the female line. Bravely, however, he announced himself as Silfverstjerna.

"Silfverstjerna?" she screamed, flying at him. "The Baron's son, my cousin's son?"

He was the cousin's grandson, but her emotion was nowise abated.

"Axelina! Ax-el-in-a!" she called. "Where's the young 'un? I might fall down this hill like last summer, when I rolled into the slough. *Axelina.* It was a witch-shot," she hoarsely explained, clasping the talismanic book to her old superstitious breast. "A witch-shot."

The doctor found Axelina under a tree, dark and unresponsive as the hill behind her. Over her chemise was buttoned a dark-blue skirt, and the tangle of black hair fell over bare shoulders. The last scarlet sumach leaf was no redder than her cheeks, but utter lack of animation almost canceled their brilliancy. Motionless she sat, watching a caterpillar crawl up her bare arm.

Virtually she was a pagan, a Minnesota pagan, a little distorted, perverted Lutheran, confirmed though she had been, drilled in churchly creed and code. Fireflies were her kin, water nixies she had spoken with. At this moment she was waiting to see the worm turn into an angel and carry her off beyond the purple line of the farthest Minnesota hill, by the last silver glimpse of the Mississippi, to give her clothes and folks like other girls.

A sudden courtesy and a silent stare returned the stranger's greeting as she finally stirred to the frantic summons to "Go an' fetch Johannes from the fencin'."

Her uncle this was, of plebeian extraction.

As she ran off into the copse, the doctor followed across the clearing, where rye had grown among the black stumps. His namesake stopped on the steep brink of the creek, and he wondered if she got that wonderful color from the Polish countess who married into their ancestral family during the Thirty Years' war, or from this glorious, exhilarating Minnesota air.

She stopped and gave a shrill whistle. A flap and rustle in the water below responded, and straight up the cliff flew a solitary goose, alighting in evident delight at Axel-

ina's feet. She cast on the fine interloper a silent triumphant look, gainsaying abject misery, petted her bird, and led into the untouched forest.

In a bush-hidden cave off the precipitous ravine, the unkempt, meager Johannes was making whisky. (That is, fencin'.) His apparatus was ridiculously small, but his enjoyment of inverse proportions. These pans, screws, pails, and tin cups, were all he cared for in the entire universe, and he could have thrown Axelina over the bluff for bringing this man here. But the doctor, tingling with adventure, greeted him effusively, said he had come hundreds of miles to see him, and was his cousin—(reveling in the admission). Johannes subsided into a garrulous boon-companion, urging the doctor to remain with them indefinitely, and bestowed upon him an extravagant dose of Minnesota moonshine, scorched and burnt into the flavor of all the spices of Cathay.

Axelina was back at the creek, having decided that the Indian summer water was warm enough for a bath. On hot days, how they luxuriated in the water, girl and bird, chasing each other up and down stream. The goose would beat the water into milky effervescence while Axelina, from her cracked, rusty cup, poured the silver coolness down her arms. In pure luxury of existence she often lay asleep under the black haws, her arm thrown over the bank, where, through her fingers, the water raveled out a lullaby.

Once she took a moonlight bath to see the trolls and elves, against which her grandmother so vehemently prayed. And she was satisfied that white draperies trailed through the dewy bushes; that the star, down, down in the water, sparkled on the brow of a spirit. She was enraptured to have seen it.

* * * * *

The doctor was snowed in for a month. Minnesota Novembers cannot be trusted, and for decades the witching Indian summer had not loitered so long or lovingly among these hills.

The first night he was awakened by fingers feeling over

his face. Starting up, he saw the witch-like hag holding a candle high over her gray head, and heard her mutter, "Baron S., Baron S.," ere she screamed and fled at his voice. At four every frozen morning his vacation slumbers were attuned to Johannes's bean-flail. Johannes, in fact, seemed to have a peculiar disinclination to work at any other hour.

This enforced leisure was likely to be ruinous to a man of his moderate means, but the hill had turned white and slippery, awe-inspiring to contemplate. He was isolated on an impassable glacier, scarred and scraped by the howling storms and cutting sleet.

Axelina was a curious study; shy and sullen. It was remarkable that a child could be so apathetic to her own misery, so unresponsive to kindness. Yet he felt a magnetism in the girl; he called it pity.

But when, the roads being opened a few days before Christmas, he prepared to go, she revealed herself like the flash of a sword from the sheath. Clinging to his arm, she wildly entreated him to stay over Christmas. She fixed her eyes upon him, saying he should stay. He was amazed, confounded, but won over, to his own surprise.

So here he was, astonishing the settlement store by his purchases, and helping the poor child cook and clean, while Johannes provided a festive surplus of beans. The girl, in truth, had a knack, and a zealous one, for scrubbing, about the only thing her housekeeping conditions left scope for. She scoured the old boards out around the door, the benches, the table, the walls, with rush bundles of her own gathering, and it gave a sense of good living to the hovel. Had it not been for her, the weeds would undoubtedly have grown as tall on the hearth-stone as they did on the roof.

The day before Christmas, the doctor heard sobs in the bean-shanty, and found Axelina unflinchingly plucking her dear beloved goose, which she herself had killed. Though aghast at this inferred compliment to his presence, he did not imagine how much it meant.

"Oh, Axelina, you ought not to have killed it."

Her tears streamed on the downy breast as she petted it, but her voice flashed out:

"I wouldn't leave it to *them*. You see," she explained, in a tone that carried conviction to the listener, "I'm goin' home with you."

He had planned to give her dresses and shoes, but she evidently went further.

"Why, child, I don't see—"

She was unmoved by his misgivings.

"I kin go, an' I be goin'. Does you think I kin live here a bit longer? Will you whip me if I goes? You doesn't need to take me, I'll just foller. If you does whip me, I'll foller anyhow."

He caught his breath. Was such fire in her heart? The dark eyes glowed, carmine spots came and went in her cheeks, but the curved mouth was inflexible. The miserable cabin seemed indeed too poor to cage her. Rolling up her sleeve, she showed a long blue mark, saying scornfully:

"Johannes hit me there. If you hit me like that, I'll foller anyhow."

She was more lovely and wonderful than the aurora borealis, flashing its crimson banners in the winter nights.

Tears filled his heart and he drew the quivering girl to his side, impulsively kissing her red, red mouth.

"Poor little Axelina, I will take care of you."

She was his only Christmas present. The angel had come.

* * * * *

The great open fire gave semblance of cheer to Christmas Eve in the poor cabin, really very clean; and there was quite a supper, including the regulation rice mush, plus cinnamon.

The doctor heaved birch-logs into the chimney and wondered how to announce Axelina's departure. She forestalled him, however, by simply telling them she was going away. Johannes was calm, stupefied you might say, having waded the drifts to his cave, and imbibed a sling of good nature. But the frantic grandmother became a raving incarnation of wrath. She shrieked, waved her catechism, and

cursed the child. The indignant doctor stepped sternly forward, but Axelina motioned him off. Fixing her luminous eyes on the old woman, she trilled out a quick strain like the call of a wild bird, and then, after a brief pause, sang.

The doctor stood entranced by her voice. It held the sweet sound of the Minnesota Junes, and the mournfulness of the whippoorwills. It rose and fell in minors of an old folk ballad, and gushed forth in the tender, passionate Swedish words.

The expression and pathos betrayed her imagination. And indeed, at the moment, the song was her real life. While she exorcised the demented woman, she herself grew almost unconscious of her surroundings in the rapture of singing. But when the song had quieted the poor old grandmother, Axelina, slender child, picked her up and carried her to bed with a last mournful refrain—to the hard, ragged bed, the one-time beauty who had danced with barons.

They were the offscouring of the settlement; the one house where was no thrift, no store of food, no wheel, no loom. Yet both Johannes and the old woman always went to church on Christmas morning.

The doctor could not sleep that night for carolings of the young Christmas voice, and he was very glad for Johannes's three o'clock summons. Service began at five, and four miles to go.

Dust was blown off the hymn-books. Johannes wildly tore the autumn snarls out of his hair with a ferocious, semi-toothless, Swedish brass comb. The old woman, wrapped and rolled in quilts, was packed into a blue box-sled which Dr. Axel gallantly drew down the steep, treacherous ice-hill, around formidable frozen curves, and through the dark, crackling, frozen forest. She, meantime, muttered and mumbled prayers and petitions against every evil she ever feared.

Over the long line of snowy Mississippi bluffs glittered a play of northern lights, yellow and pink. Down through the settlement, lanterns twinkled and shone on every hill-path, near and far, converging to a focus at the little log church.

There the fur-coated men and sheepskin-robed women

found a red-hot stove to greet them. (For they did not import the old Swedish *régime* of freezing to death in church.)

Afar shone the little temple, for it was all illuminated by candles in the windows, candles on the pulpit, candles in the seat backs, candles in a festive, frivolous, straw-trimmed chandelier above the altar. A black tablet announced the hymns in polished brass numbers, and hours before sunrise, in the heart of the frozen Minnesota woods, a churchful of people rose to sing No. 55 in the Lutheran Psalter, Bishop Wallin's immortal hymn that every Christmas morning ascends in praise on both sides of the Atlantic:

*Hail, hail, thou beauteous morning hour,*
*That by the prophet's holy power,*
*To mortal sight was given.*

The doctor recalled it from childhood and sang, all the while conscious of a soprano over on the woman's side that led the congregation like the motif of a Christmas symphony —Axelina's voice.

She wore a queer little muskrat cap with a fur tail bobbing down her neck, and, with hands clasped behind her, sang all the long stanzas by heart.

Instructed in the catechism and inscribed in the archives, she, nevertheless, held a cordial disrespect for church and clergyman—to be deprecated, but not wondered at. The season of confirmation had not been happy. Valfrid, with applause, had been awarded his place to lead the boys. Axelina stood unquestionably first of all, both boys and girls, in record. But there were rich farmers to consider, the pastor's daughter, respectability. So, although gentle Valfrid said he would not be confirmed, his proud mother and the diplomatic clergyman won, and beggar-woman Swenson's grandchild stood last in line in the flower-decked Pentecost church; had stood at the altar, hard, friendless, despising the prayers and the questions she faultlessly answered.

Now on Christmas morning, through tune and interlude, strophe and anti-strophe, she fixed her eyes on the boy who

played the *psalmodikon*—a primitive, one-stringed lute deservedly popular in its day and played on according to number books. (Alas, that the *psalmodikon* is heard no more, even in Minnesota!) The harper was a fine-looking boy, and the doctor recognized him as from the well-to-do farm —Valfrid. It was the joy of Valfrid's prosaic life to play in church, and the music in his heart was not to be measured by earthly harmony as he drew the solitary choral notes from the solitary string. No. 55 had required much practise, but he made no mistakes. A happy flush enlivened his delicate blond face as he eagerly leaned over the instrument, and the gold of his wonderful hair gleamed in the light of the altar candles. He was a god compared with the buxom, green-robed angel painted above the pulpit, whose prototype was found among the heavier females of the congregation. They, meantime, venerated the production, as a genuine Hörberg.

Doctor Axel found the Scripture lesson in Johannes's cubical hymn-book embossed with leathern cherubim, and the solemn, slow responses sent him back long years. But the sermon was disturbed by the warm knowledge that a stout, home-made tallow dip in an augur-hole was blazing within half an inch of the nape of his neck. Also by the busy man in new, unpliable, sheet-iron homespun, who creakingly clogged about snuffing the candles, and whose natural deliberation of motion could only be accelerated by actual contact with burning flame. Indeed, in past years hymn-books had taken fire, the fur on several old ladies' hoods been seriously damaged, and it was miraculous that, when the people rose to sing, there was not a general conflagration of coat-tails.

Before dawn the long service closed, and Axelina pressed up to the musician boy.

"Valfrid, I'm goin' away tomorrow."

"With him? For how long?"

"Forever," she asseverated with tears. She had not thought it would be so hard to leave him.

"No, it be-en't," he stoutly whispered, with a smile like

a star. "You must come back. *Lyckligjul,* 'Lina." (Merry Christmas.) And he pressed into her slender brown hand a string of yellow glass beads.

That night Axelina flew up affrighted, lest precious time had fled, and shook the uncouth Johannes to go out and consult the stars. Shivering, he avowed that they indicated near morning. Sidereal time was not to be disputed, so the oxen started in the cold, scintillating moonlight. Down "coolées," ravines, and frozen creeks; no daylight. Slow miles squeaked past to the groan of the cart-wheels. The doctor and Axelina ran furlongs in the spectral woods. Fifteen miles; they reached the stage station four hours too early. This archaic punctuality amused the doctor, but no freezing owl in the frozen forest was more solemn than Axelina as the signs of her zodiac changed. The repressed joy was so great as to be a burden, and, surcharged with the unknown, she walked as in the vision of a dream.

* * * * *

In the next four years Axelina gave no little trouble. For a long time it was only with Dr. Axel she was tractable and somewhat winning. Her sullen moods, ignorance, and imperious will, very soon caused an estrangement between the doctor and Miss Lee, his affianced wife. She wanted no such relatives. The engagement was broken.

The doctor was too busy to brood morbidly. He hid in his heart an image of the Laura Lee he could have idolized, and worked on. Competition, disappointments tempering each success; ambition kept him at high pressure, kept him from seeing much of his ward.

Axelina improved, yet she was seventeen, the brightest girl in the seminary, and without one close friend. She felt the void. She saw girls kiss their fathers, and suffered agonies of longing for such an opportunity. She looked at her guardian's thoughtful face and wished she could run her fingers through his dark hair. Dreaming of nights that her old grandmother held her in her clutches, she often went to Dr. Axel's door and sat by the threshold till morning.

Every day she gave a passionate little caress to his slippers, and vowed to become as good as he was.

Every year a few letters were received from Valfrid, and she told the doctor he was soon coming for her. Her simplicity provoked only a smile. But one day she broke in on him at his desk. Vehemently and trembling, she sobbed:

"Valfrid is sick, Valfrid. I must go at once."

"Axelina, child, be calm. Let me speak to you."

"Oh, I must go. When does the train leave?" she cried.

"Axelina," he said, a little sternly, for he felt the need of fortifying himself against that power she had of accomplishing her desires, "I do not want you to go. I cannot go with you, and what could you do? Next summer we will go."

She threw herself on the floor, clasping his knees.

"You know," he gently went on, "you are expected to sing tonight. The little wild-bird must sing. You are to do so well."

The caress in his voice appeased her, and she forced herself to be quiet. All afternoon she lay on her bed, with hands tightly clasped over her breast to repress the storm.

That evening her voice was truly beautiful, and Dr. Axel enjoyed her triumph. And he smiled as he thought of the morning's episode and of her power to control that temper. He doubted not it was the happiest hour of her life.

She marry Valfrid?

He had a vision that, could knights and ladies from the baronial hall of their ancestors be conjured up, they would not blush to own this little Silfvrestjerna singing so sweetly, so roundly applauded.

Forced to reappear, Axelina stood a moment irresolute, lovely in her delicate pink dress. She only saw her guardian's fine face. A chill of hopelessness shook her, of misery in the anguish of a warm, palpitating nature, to have no answering heart to know it. She felt it was black ingratitude not to feel satisfied when he had done so much for her. In this supreme moment of her years of awakening, the faces before her became a blank illuminated by Dr. Axel's smile.

But he was so far away, always so far. All this in a few seconds, then, realizing he expected her to sing, she asserted herself as Axelina by bursting into a little Swedish ballad she had not thought of for years. He alone in that audience understood the words, and sat electrified by her audacity:

To Eastern land will I journey,
My love, oh, my true love to see;
Over valley deep and mountain,
All under the green linden-tree.
Over valley deep and mountain,
All under the green linden-tree.

The complex emotions of her heart swelled naturally into the sad, subtle cadences, and the fine air charmed every ear. The delighted listeners took it as a well-planned surprise, congratulating the doctor: "So odd!" "Quite effective!"

* * * * *

The next morning Axelina was gone; without a word.

Her few dollars took her half-way; then followed a week of walking, begging food, starving. She loosed a boat and rowed against the Mississippi current half a day between the majestic hills that stretched homeward.

Was it home?

Afraid of the night river, she landed at a dusky highway, sending the boat down stream with faith it would reach the owner. She came to the old road one mellow April twilight. All the valley was pervaded by the faint April perfumes suggesting flowers.

Walking on slowly, more kindly thoughts of the old life filled her mind than ever before. The poor, weak grandmother slept under the pasque flowers, by the side of Axelina's handsome, disappointed mother. Perhaps Johannes was better; perhaps he had awakened to some sense of manhood.

A gaunt figure reeled toward her and she tried to hide among the trees, but the man accosted her rudely.

"The lady would gimme someting? The fine lady—lady," he mumbled with a leer.

It was Johannes. In the revulsion of her almost fantastic

nature, she shook with abhorrence. Her spirit denied all affinity, even sympathy. He was never kind to any one.

"Let me pass! I go to the next house."

"Lady not can the way?"

She sprang to the open road, thinking he meant to murder her. Waving a long switch, she pointed over the well-known hill.

"You live over there, and if you don't let me pass and go right home, I'll whip you, and I'll go over the creek, break your whisky jug, and lock the cave. Do you hear, Johannes Swenson?"

Cowed and appalled by his nemesis, Johannes took hands off her, slinking aside utterly confounded. Involuntarily, he touched his ragged hat to her, as she quickly disappeared in the woods.

Soon she reached Valfrid's home. Breathless and weak, she watched the spring fires on all the hills, down in the Mississippi marshes, afar on the other shore. Like evil serpents they writhed up the dark, dim Wisconsin hills, as she recalled that Valfrid's folks hated her—the beggar-girl. After contact with the depraved Johannes, she experienced far less confidence in herself. Indignities of the old life oppressed her heart.

One window was light, but all was silent as the grave. As she knocked, the silver April moon, evanescent and white as the first April blood-root blossom, dropped its early crescent behind the familiar notch in a big black hill.

Valfrid's mother opened to her.

"May I see Valfrid?"

"Valfrid? Who is it?" She scrutinized the tall lady in a long cloak, who stood silent, a stranger, till Valfrid's sister Annie cried:

"Axelina!"

"O Annie, let me see him," she convulsively sobbed.

The weeping mother walked the floor in loud lamentation. Then they told Axelina that Valfrid was dead.

Dead? In all her impetuous journey she had not considered this possibility.

Across the yard they led her to the new house where he lay; his mother did, who had let no one touch her darling, her one son. The delicate boy-face wore a smile, and the halo of yellow hair was lightened into camaieu golds and shades. This was her true friend, who helped her when others scorned, who loved her. His plain, sweet life was ended; this lovely form was ready for the gloomy crypt. He could not hear her voice.

The frantic, exhausted girl knelt beside him. Rebellious thoughts surged unformulated through her being, terrifying, agitating in their variable indistinctness. Why could not her eager, passionate longing keep Death back? Why was anything stronger than her tempestuous, sacrificing heart?

She took the dainty chiseled face in her hands, and just then the candle's light flickered on the dumb *psalmodikon* leaning against his dead arm. The lute, the hand, but no music! With a moan she fell to the floor.

Nothing more she knew until, after long weeks, she saw the doctor one summer day by her bed. On the quilt lay the queer old harp which she had held and fingered through all the fever. Its one string was broken, and the simple melody of her child-life was also silent. But majestic chords of harmony were latent in her chastened heart.

Long days she lay weak and silent, watching Valfrid's mother and Annie work. All the kerchiefed women came one day to make cheese for the minister. She experienced a protest against life in the settlement, though never till now had she loved these people. Valfrid's mother had bowed her haughty spirit in her grief, and recognized the girl's nature as akin to her own.

Axelina's soul breathed peace. With profound thankfulness she waited to go out into the world; waited for strength to tell Dr. Axel how glad she was he had enabled her to do so. Just what she would do, she knew not. The fever had been horrible. Many times she had seen Valfrid die. She too had died and been with him in the kingdom of the dead. In uncertainty they had floated through a universe of vapor.

Again, fire serpents had coiled about him in slow, torturing toils. She herself had burned, burned, burned. She had been tormented by hideous visions of a huge burning *psalmodikon* in which Valfrid was laid out for burial.

Awakening to reality, the world seemed a river of peace. The memory of the hallowed death-chamber and the smiling boy, was calm and beautiful, though mournful and sad.

One afternoon the doctor brought her out on the hill in the edge of the wood. It was July, luxurious July, when Mississippi breezes hurry up from the river to the high bluffs; when the even lengths of Wisconsin hills shine golden with ripe wheat. July, or *Carpasapawi,* as the Dakotahs said, the month when the choke-cherries are ripe. And over Axelina's head hung profuse racemes of the glistening, black-red fruit.

She was pale; no bloom but on the exquisite mouth. A white shawl in soft folds about her throat, made the doctor think of the black hair about her bare shoulders. She was very quiet, not a rebellious feeling in her. The long journey to the Gate of Mystery had stilled the stormy creature.

He closed his book, seeing the word *death* a few lines down, and stretched at full length on the slope below her. This was his second vacation. At thirty-five he felt disappointed that life proved so realistic, so destructive of the dreams, dreamed by the boy on the cliffs of the Baltic. He was not bitter, but enthusiasm had faded from his soul as surely, though as slowly, as the blue from a harebell. To-day, however, he felt a buoyancy long unknown. This child, this dear girl, would live.

"Poor Axelina," and he glanced lovingly at her. She smiled in perfect peace. Involuntarily, almost, he put his hand over her foot—she had dainty hands and feet—thinking reverently of the long miles she had walked in the impulse of her heart. Just so she had once vowed to follow him,

> Over valley deep and mountain;
> All under the green linden-tree.

Life is not all material. The spirit world touches us in life as well as death; how, otherwise, could he now be so near the impulsive faith of inexperience?

"Well, Axelina; are you ready to go home with me?"

"Yes," she simply answered, though this was the first word as to her future. She suspected no change as she looked afar down over the vast river-marshes.

But there was longing in his eyes as he questioningly searched her passive face. He was very handsome, with the background to his fine looks, of a good, earnest man.

"Come to me, Axelina; sing me Swedish ballads. Can you love me well enough to be my wife?"

It was a delirious moment to her; words as startling as a flash of lightning. The color surged to her face and throat, her pulses bounded too quickly. Him she had adored afar; reverenced his acts as those of a superior being. She knew that with him life would be bright, be pure and great. Love him? Have the right to?

Eagerly she leaned forward, looking into his waiting face, and he could hardly endure the brightness in the great black eyes as she uttered her first thought. "Oh, I should love to be your wife."

We know not whither the path in our garden, or the road past our house, doth tend. Again they went the thistle-grown trail from the Swedish settlement, and it led to happiness, such happiness as few bridal paths do find. He never felt that he gave as much as he received; and in the succeeding years, she no oftener followed the reason of his disciplined mind, than he the dictates of her loving impulse.

KARL ERICKSON.

## DOCTOR RABELAIS

ONCE—it was many years ago,
In early wedded life,
Ere yet my loved one had become
A very knowing wife—
She came to me and said: "My dear,
I think (and do not you?)
That we should have about the house
A doctor's book or two.

"Our little ones have sundry ills
Which I could understand
And cure, myself, if I but had
A doctor's book at hand.
Why not economize, my dear,
In point of doctor's bills
By purchasing the means to treat
Our little household ills?"

Dear, honest, patient little wife
She did not even guess
She offered me the very prize
I hankered to possess!
'You argue wisely, wife," quoth I.
"Proceed without delay
To find and comprehend the works
Of Doctor Rabelais."

I wrote the title out for her
(She'd never heard the name!)
And presently she bought those books
And home she lugged the same;
I clearly read this taunting boast
On her triumphant brow:
"Aha, ye venal doctors all,
Ye are outwitted now!"

Those volumes stood upon the shelf
A month or two unread,
Save at such times by night I conned
Their precious wit in bed;

But once—it was a wintry time—
I heard my loved one say:
"This child is croupy; I'll consult
My Doctor Rabelais!"

Too soon from her delusive dream
My beauteous bride awoke!
Too soon she grasped the fullness of
My bibliomaniac joke!
There came a sudden, shocking change,
As you may well suppose,
And with her reprehensive voice
The temperature arose!

But that was many years ago,
In early wedded life,
And that dear lady has become
A very knowing wife;
For she hath learned from Rabelais
What elsewhere is agreed,
The plague of bibliomania is
A cureless ill, indeed.

And still at night, when all the rest
Are hushed in sweet repose,
O'er those two interdicted tomes
I laugh and nod and doze;
From worldly ills and business cares
My weary mind is lured,
And by that doctor's magic art
My ailments are all cured.

So my dear, knowing little wife,
Is glad that it is so,
And with a smile recalls the trick
I played her years ago;
And whensoe'er dyspeptic pangs
Compel me to their sway
The saucy girl bids me consult
My Doctor Rabelais.

EUGENE FIELD.

## MY REFUGEES

DR. JOYCE came in while I was giving the captain his dinner. It was not his hour for visiting my ward, so I put down my gruel spoon and looked up to see what was the matter.

"Can't you come out and see to this arrival?" he asked, stopping a few feet in front of me, with his finger on Tom's pulse, his hand filled with lemonade for Dick, and his eyes on Harry, so economical of his time was our little Doctor. In fact, I do not think that since I came to the hospital I had succeeded in gaining his undivided attention for a single full minute in working hours. I regarded this as an insult at first; but discovering at length how much he depended on these fragmentary notes which he took of his patients, I had learned to hide my diminished head, and consider myself once for all a lesser light in his presence. But there is a natural perversity about me, which in spite of such discipline "still lived." It was with an instinct for which I do not hold myself at all accountable that I turned away from him with as professional an air as I could assume, and began choking the gruel down the poor captain's throat, as if the safety of the army depended on its descent therein, while I asked, in my most business-like tones:

"What is it?"

"Three—a man already gone with typhoid, wife, and a child—refugees."

"Hum! well?"

"I want you to get nold of the woman and feed her up. She's a mere shadow."

"And the man?"

Dr. Joyce looked round the ward; so did I. I had one empty bed. A little pale-faced boy had left it only yesterday,

and gone—well, to a better rest, I trust; for I found a tiny Testament in his hand when I folded it with the other. It was open, and his finger was on a prayer—one of the old, old prayers which are always new, that his mother had marked for him. I had a fancy for the poor home-sick little fellow, and had looked at his empty bed with something of that feeling with which one goes into the twilight of a room a friend has left dark forever. I shrank from the thought of seeing a stranger there so soon; a very foolish fancy for a hospital nurse, of course, but some of these boys had become friends indeed in the long months I had cared for them. Besides this, I had as much work on hand as it seemed to me I could well attend to without a little larger allowance of strength than usually falls to the lot of womankind, nurses not excepted. There was Mrs. Cruppins had four or five empty beds, though she was the last person I should want to go to, to be nursed through a fever; and there was Miss Graves, she could take three more as well as not, even if she did go about her work like a martyr, and turn her ward into a church-vault, with her funereal face and her melancholy and interesting way of sighing over the men. What if the doctor did prefer, and very naturally, to call on me? There was a limit to all things. So when I looked at him I was going to own up to my hidden depravity, and say that No. 2 didn't want the newcomer.

The doctor is a discreet man, and can read the signs of the weather. He gave me a generous half of one of his professional glances, and remarked quietly to a curious young sergeant in the corner, who had employed the time of my meditation in asking a volley of questions.

"Yes, half-starved, but thinks only of her husband and child; the infant is more dead than alive."

Something rose in my throat and choked me.

"What a heathen!"

"Who? I or the typhoid?"

"Neither of you," I responded curtly; "bring him in here."

The doctor went away with the least bit of a smile twitch-

ing the corners of his mouth. I felt too humble just then to take any notice of it, so I meekly returned to the captain and his gruel, gave him his powders, tucked him up for a nap, and when Dr. Joyce came back I was ready for him.

A number of these refugees had dropped into our hospital since I had been there, for two-thirds of the poor creatures were fit for nothing but a sick-bed by the time they reached Nashville, and I suppose I knew what to expect. But the sight I saw struck me dumb. Two shrunken ghost-like creatures, their clothes in tatters, covered with mire and blood, their faces so gaunt that, looking at them, a chill crept over me, as if I looked on Death.

But this was not a time to grow nervous. I roused myself with a start, and touched the man's hand to see if it were flesh and blood. In reply to my words of welcome he thanked me in a feeble sort of way, putting his hand uncertainly to his forehead, like one of failing memory, and leaning heavily against the door. He evidently needed prompt attention, for the fever was far advanced. While the doctor led him to the bed I had time to notice his short, thick-set figure, the shaggy hair falling about his low forehead, and the eyes that still showed honest and kindly, though they were deep-sunken and burned with fever; the scar of an old gun-wound in his neck, and his hands coarse and brown with labor. Before this war had made him what he was, he had evidently been of the poor of the earth. God's poor, were they? May we have mercy on all such!

He was too weak to answer questions. I had left him sitting wearily on the side of the bed for the doctor to undress, and turned back to the woman. She was standing where I had left her, with her baby in her arms, her eyes following every motion of her husband.

"Come," I said, "into my room, and I'll see what I can do for you."

"And him?" pointing toward the bed.

"You shall come back and see him."

She followed me slowly, hushing the wail of her half-starved child, but saying nothing to me. Indeed, she seemed

to have hardly life enough left to speak. In an incredibly short time she and the child were washed and dressed in sundry garments of my own, which, though they could not be said to fit in the most perfect manner conceivable, especially on the baby, had at least the advantage of being clean. After they were fed and rested, I had for the first time a critical look at the woman. Slight, and worn, as the doctor said, to a shadow; stooping shoulders, consumptive chest, and large work-worn hands; a very pale face, one of the palest I ever saw except in death, with thin, dark hair lying against her temples, where I could see the great purple veins, and eyes which had once been bright black, but now were dull and sunken. Out of them, when they were raised to mine, came a look so dumb with suffering, so dark with utter hopelessness, that I could not bear to meet it. It never changed. She smiled at me when I brought her baby fresh milk from the kitchen, or tended the little thing while she herself ate. She thanked me, her thin, quavering voice grown quite sweet with gratitude, but the dreariness of that steady look never varied by so much as a momentary gleam of light or softness. It reminded me of a picture I have somewhere seen, to which the artist had given the rather indefinite title of "Desolate"; but which, nevertheless, was a spirited thing, and had stayed by me—the figure of a woman in relief against a stormy sky; around her a desert beach strewn with wrecks; her hair blown darkly about her face, and her eyes turned to the waste of waters: a lonely sea-bird startled from the cliff, dipping into the foam of a chilly, green wave at her feet, and behind the purple line of water that bounded her vision, the setting of a blood-red sun.

Perhaps you smile at my fancy. I think the woman herself might have done so had she known it. Certainly she would not have comprehended it. She sat, quietly rocking her baby, her hands folded over its little fingers, her eyes on its face.

"You have had a hard journey?" I questioned gently.

"Yes."

"Was it very long?"

"Yes."

She looked at me then a moment without speaking. I understood her.

"You do not wish to talk about it now," I said. "I will not trouble you with any questions."

"Thank you."

She recommenced her low lullaby, and while I stood watching her somebody knocked at the door. It was Tim, the errand-boy. He delivered his message after his usual fashion, balancing himself first on one foot, then on the other, regarding me meanwhile with half-closed eyes, and giving his bushy head a series of little nods with an air of authority peculiarly pleasing.

"Davy Brown's heart's broke for his dinner, an' the sargint says his bandages's come off, an' he wants you double-quick; an' Pat Mullins he's ben howlin' over his arm this hour."

Being serenely conscious that I had been absent but twenty minutes I answered his innuendo only by a withering look, closed the door softly, for my ideas of babies being rather vague I was not prepared to state whether the creaking of a latch would start one of those infantile choruses I live in such constant terror of or not, so I thought it best to be on the safe side. The hopeful Tim whistled on before me down the stairs, and I went back to my work, with my heart for the first time deserting my boys, and wandering to my room and its pale-faced occupant.

It was a busy afternoon. Brown must have his dinner, the howling of Pat the indefatigable must be stopped, and I must go back to the sergeant's arm. The solitary rebel in the corner took an hour of my time for his bandages and ablutions, spinning it out with remonstrances and complaints so many, and various, and profane, that I felt a strong desire to pull the sheet up over his head, tie it down at the four corners of the bed, and leave him there to struggle and stifle and swear, at his own sweet will. There was a favorite drummer-boy, too, whose eyes asked mutely

for help—a little patient fellow whom I had taken into my heart from the first day he came to me. I always had to time myself when I was caring for him, for fear I should be accused of partiality. Then some one had been awake all the night before, and must be read into a nap; and then there were letters to be written, and medicines to mix and choke down innumerable throats, and windows to open and windows to shut, and business with the matron, and messages to the doctor, and then at last suppers to get, and supper to eat.

My refugee had found her way down again to her husband. He was tossing now on his bed, delirious with the fever. There was little to do for him, however, and I saw she was neither a fussy nor an ignorant nurse, but sat quite still with one arm around her baby who slept, and the other attending to the sick man's every want; so I let her be. There was a bit of a room next mine, which had belonged to a nurse who was off duty, and home last week with slow fever. I obtained the promise of this for her, and when, at half past ten o'clock, I dragged myself upstairs, jaded and cross enough, I found her there. I saw her through the open door with the light of my dim lamp falling full on her bent figure and white face. She looked up at me silently, her great dark eyes followed all my motions about the room. It gave me a nameless, uncomfortable feeling that made me turn and look over my shoulder when I went into the closet, or a dark corner. I began to have serious fears as to the practicability of sleep that night, with nothing but an unbarred door between me and this ghost of a woman. In fact, I may as well acknowledge that I am naturally of a romantic turn of mind, and had anticipated the recital of her adventures in various forms; as, for example, whether she might be a spy, or a Southern aristocrat in disguise, and I believe I even speculated upon the possibility of a chalked negro.

But when I turned again, and saw how wearily she leaned her head upon her hand, how crushed and hopeless was the pressure of her lips, I forgot everything but my pity. I

went up and touched the hand which lay upon the baby's hair, and said: "I am so sorry for you!"

She quivered under my touch, and looked up at me, her lips working beseechingly. Then, I don't know how it was, but she began to talk, and I listened; I forgot that I was tired and sleepy; my romantic fancies dissolved like the dew. I forgot that she was ignorant and poor. I only knew that she suffered, and sat quite still to hear her story.

The woman's name was Mary—Mary Rand. I liked the name for her. Do you remember some one's saying—Tennyson, I think—of Mary the mourner at Bethany, that her "eyes were homes of silent prayer?" I thought of this often. Such a cry went up to God out of her mute look. I thought it must ring through heaven. I never heard from the lips of any preacher such a prayer.

She had lived in the southern part of the State. Her husband had done a small fishing business on one of the inferior rivers, getting but a scanty living for a wife and five little ones, though a more honest one than many of his kind to whom the South closes the avenues of useful labor. I could see the home in a picture while she talked. A house with broken roof and low doorway, half hidden under the great forest trees, which stretched out such giant branches over it, and cradled it so quietly all summer long; and the little river that wound among the trees, over which the sunlight slanted and the wind crept like a merry song; the tidy rooms within the house; this stricken mother then so cheery about her work, turning such smiling eyes toward the river which bore her husband's boat, or such reverent eyes up to the sky which showed so blue and still through the vines about the doorway, taking into her heart such happy thoughts of God in the silence of this home He had given her; the children romping in the forest, or grouped about the door with the light on their chubby brown faces and tangled curls, or watching the river turn into molten gold when the sun set, and they waited for the father to come home from work, wading into the water to crowd in his boat for a sail of a few strokes' length; then clinging to

him up the path, and into the house, where supper stood waiting, and the mother too. An humble meal, and very poor the lowly home, but none the less dear for that. There was sunlight and love enough in it, as there must have always been under the sound of this woman's voice.

The man had been loyal from the first of the war. This I suspected, was owing to the wife. She had picked up a little learning somewhere—enough to spell out her Bible; it was partly this, but more a certain crude refinement that asserted her superiority. Something there was in this woman's soul which spoke like a voice out of the darkness of all the circumstances which hemmed her in, and let you see how pure a soul it was, and what it might have been if God had given it light to grow in. So, of course, she knew her country at once.

"I wasn't goin' to hev Stephen settin' up agin the kentry," she said; "and by 'n-by he see it as I did, fur he's an honest man in his 'pinions is Stephen, an' he used ter set the childern a hoorayin' fur the flag ter see which on 'em could holler the loudest."

Of course, a harmless, ignorant fisherman, loving his country in the solitude of a forest, could not be left long undiscovered and unpunished in this chivalric Southern land.

"They found him out at last," she said. "A whole pack on 'em went at him every time he went to town with fish, and they didn't give him no peace; but he never caved in to 'em—not a mite, an' the more they worrited him the more he sot up fur the Guv'nmunt; an' at last it come—what we'd been livin' in fear on, a long spell. It was one dark night—I remember how the wind was howlin' like among the trees—an' we heered on a sudden a yellin' like a pack o' hounds outside the door, an' it bust open, an' some officers was there, an' a gang o' drunken men behind 'em. I knew to once what it meant.

"'Stephen,' says I, 'they've drafted yer.' He looked so like a tiger they dursn't touch him. His gun was in the corner, and I see him lookin' at it, so I knew as well as ef

he'd telled me what ter do; but the officers, they'd spied it out, an' one on 'em he held me so I couldn't move, an' t'others pinted their pistols on Stephen an' tuk him off; he couldn't help it no way. It made me wild-like. I got away from the man as held me with a great leap, an' got the gun. They was jest out o' the door then, but I could ha' hit 'em. Stephen turned round an' see me, and says he:

"'Dont', fur God's sake, Mary—they'll murder both on us!" An' then I couldn't see his face fur the dark, an' I knew he was gone. I fell down by the gun all in a heap on the floor; the children was cryin' an' kissin' of me, an' tuggin' at my dress, but I never took no notice on 'em. I heerd the men howlin' outside, but I never moved. All at once there was a great red light out the winder, an' I heerd wood cracklin' an' smelt smoke in the bedroom, an' I knew they'd fired the house. I ketched up the childern—two in my arms, an' one on my shoulders, an' two pullin' at my skirt—an' run out o' the door. It seemed as ef a pack o' wild beasts was out thar in the burnin' light. They chased me a ways, till I got to whar the woods was thick an' dark as pitch; an' at last I found they had gone, an' I dropped down in a thicket like as ef I was dead, hidin' the childern under my dress. They might ha' murdered us all. There was wus things than that done up the river that week. By 'n-by, as nobody come, I durst look round. I heerd the shoutin' a good ways off, an' I see a great light on the sky, an' knew the house was blazin' up. After a time it went out, an' the hollerin' was fainter, goin' back ter town. Then 'twas still, only the branches creaked, an' I heerd the wind blowin' over the river. The woods was dead black, an' I looked up to the sky, an' there wasn't a star to be seen, an' the great dew dropped down like rain. I huddled the childern up to me to keep 'em warm ef I could, an' the little things cried 'emsels ter sleep. They was very heavy, an' cramped my arms till they was stiff, but I didn't mind; an' it grew very cold, but I never thought on't. I only looked up where the sky was dark, an' all night long I was prayin' fur my husband.

"When mornin' come we hid in the darkest place we could find, an' stayed thar tell the sun was jest over our heads. But nobody came after us; so I crawled round an' found some berries, an' a brook fur the childern ter drink out of, an' I had two little ginger-cakes in my pocket, an' we lived on them all day.

"The next day it were jest the same. I never darin' to go back, an' the childern cryin' fur some'at ter eat. When night come I were too faint to move, fur all I found I guv to them. I had dropped down on the moss, an' was givin' up ter die thar, when all to once I heerd a noise in the bushes, and I says, 'O God! tuk care on the childern.' 'Yes,' says somebody close by; 'He's sent me ter tuk care on 'em,' and I jumped up with a great scream, fur there was Stephen alive, an' huggin' an' kissin' of me an' the childern, an' givin' us a loaf o' bread he'd found nigh the old place as he crep' along in the thicket ter get a look at the heap o' ashes that was left. An' he telled us how he'd runned from the fellar as ketched him, an' we'd hide in the woods, an' all go North together, whar none on 'em couldn't touch us.

"An' I jes' put both arms round his neck, an' I says, 'Stephen, God's guv me you back, an' I doan't ask no more. I guess He'll tuk care on us, an' we'll go.' I used ter read how He loved folks as was in trouble; I used ter believe it—maybe I was wrong, maybe not. I doan't know."

She stopped a moment, some strange, dark glitter creeping into her eyes. After that they changed only to grow more stony; and her voice, as she went on with her story, was cold and hard.

"So we tuk up with the woods for a home, an' 'twere all the home we hed fur three months. We dursn't go anigh the railroads, an' we traveled mostly where the forest was loneliest, an' the swamps a-plenty. Thar was cold nights too, when the wind cut into us, an' the damp seemed ter choke us like, an' thar was rainy nights, when we crep' under the bushes, and Stephen he allers tuk off his coat ter cover the rest on us, an' thar were no stoppin' of him no way. An' I'd wake up a-cryin' in my dream, an' see his

face while he slep' lookin' so white with the cold, an' the childern shiverin' all night; an' I'd lay an' cry an' cry, and the rain cried along with me on the leaves, but it never stopped fur all that. Sometimes we found a shed or a barn whar folks let us sleep, an' sometimes when thar warn't no rebel sojers anigh the place they'd let us in the house.

"But the starvin' come the wust. Folks give us meals sometimes, ef we durst go out into the road to hunt up a house. Then, agin, they cussed us, an' shet the door 'cause we was 'derned Yankees' yer know. Thar was a few as give us a basketful o' victuals, and it lasted fur a long spell. When we couldn't get nothin', Stephen, he shot rabbits an' birds, an' we picked berries an' ketched fish; fur he wouldn't never steal, that man wouldn't, ef he was ter die fur it. But there was days when we hadn't nothin', an' the childern cried an' teased fur food, an' I only jes' sot an' looked at 'em, an' hadn't nothin' ter give em, only ter hold em in my arms, an tell em ter fold their little hands an' say, 'Our Father.' The poor innocents stopped cryin' allers, 'cause they thought He'd throw 'em down bread from heaven. In course He did give us some'at mostly, or we'd all 'a' been under the grass; but He didn't send enough ter keep the childern. Four on 'em is dead. He didn't leave one big enough ter call me mother, or kiss me with its little comfortin' ways; there's nobody left but the baby. I doan't know why she stood it, when the rest couldn't. P'r'aps because I kep' it under my shawl mostly, an' it were the warmest of all on us.

"Jack went fust—that was his father's boy. He tuk fever in them marshes, an' kinder wasted afore we knew it. I went out to hunt up some supper one night, an' left the boy with Stephen. After I'd ben a little ways I come back ter say good-bye—I didn't know what fur, only I couldn't help it. He was lyin' in his father's arms, an' he says: 'When you come back with some supper sing me ter sleep, mother.' So I seys, 'Yes, Jackey,' an' I leaned over ter kiss him. 'Good-bye, mother,' says he, an' he put up his little white lips. An' all the way I heard it—'Good-bye, mother.' It

were like as ef the trees kep' tellin' it, an' the birds singin' it in their nests, an' the great blow o' wind that had come up, cryin' it over an' over. I put my hands up to my ears not ter hear it, an I runned out o' the woods ter get away from it; for we must hev some supper, an' it were safer fur me ter go than Stephen—folks didn't notice a woman so much. I found a bit of a house anigh the woods as give me some bread an' a pail o' milk—they was Union folks; an' I was happy-like, fur Jackey would like the milk, yer know. All the way back I was thinkin' as how his eyes would laugh at the sight on't—pretty eyes they was, Miss, like his father's, blue, an' bright like. Thar was a great white moon come up afore I got thar; an' I see how the light was down in the holler whar I'd left him like a sheet dropped on the bushes. Pretty soon I see 'em all—the childern standin' round all in a heap, an' Stephen settin' on the ground with his face in his hat. My heart kinder stood still all ter once, but I walked along. Stephen he see me, an' got up, an' come up ter me. He didn't say nothin'; but only jes tuk my hands an' led me to whar somethin' lay black an' still under a tree. An' I looked down an' I called out 'Jackey! Jackey!' but he didn't make no answer, an' I touched his little face, an' all to once I knew he was dead. I threw down the milk an' bread I'd brought so fur for him, an' I tuk his poor head in my lap, an' held tight hold uv his little cold hands. I hadn't been thar, yer see, an' it come hard ter hev him die without his mother. I promised ter sing him ter sleep, an' now I were too late—he couldn't hear me. The moon was very white, and I heerd the childern sobbin' an' Stephen were callin' uv me an kissin' uv me, but I couldn't answer him nohow, an' I couldn't cry. I doan't know much how the night went. I sat an' watched the little shadders from the leaves comin' an' goin' on the boy's forehead, an' thought how they kissed it like, an' how he wouldn't never feel me kissin' him agin. He were sech a pretty boy, yer know, an' I never were thar to see him die, an' I never sung that little song.

"'Twarn't only a week along from this, when Stephen he

got tuk. He went fur victuals an' didn't come home. We waited fur him all day an' he didn't come, an' we slep' all night alone under the trees waitin' fur him. But when mornin' come an' no Stephen, I knew ter once what it meant, and I war right. Somebody as knew him tracked him an' ketched him in a yard whar he was beggin' our breakfast. The folks was rebels an' guv him up easy. They tuk him along—two officers thar was—an' got a good piece with him; but they hadn't no han'cuffs an' was weakly plantation gentlemen. So he broke away. He knocked one on 'em down an' tuk his gun an' runned. T'other fellar he fired an' hit Stephen in the neck; but Stephen is a firs'-rate shot an' the fellar dropped down. I doan't know whether he war hurt bad, but he never chased him any. Stephen crawled back pretty nigh us, an' 'twas the second day I heerd his groanin' in the bushes. He was lyin' thar all covered with blood when I come up. We got him down in a big swamp, and thar we hid fur a long spell. We hed mostly warm nights while he were sick, an' no rain ter speak on; but the damp was like pison fur us all to be breathin' on. I nussed him all I could, 'twarn't much in sech a place, an' I used to crawl out every night ter find food fur tomorrer.

" 'Twarn't fur as we'd gone, after he'd got so's to be movin' afore the twins took sick. They didn't stan' it long, an' it were better fur 'em, poor things! When I see 'em both pinin' ter once, their little hands so poor an' white, an' heerd 'em moanin' in my arms, I were slow believin' of it. I thought it were enough ter be lonely fur Jackey all the nights and days—to be missin' of him every year, an' be cryin' fur the pretty boy he'd ha' grown ter be. I never thought I'd lose no more—I never thought on't. It come ter me one night when the childern hed ben sinkin' nigh most the afternoon. We hed stopped with 'em by a little brook whar the bushes was thick an' warm. On a sudden Stephen he called out, 'Mary,' says he, 'they're goin' ter see Jackey.' I looked up into his eyes an' I says, 'Stephen, it'll kill me.' He put his hands up ter his face an' I heerd

him choke like. 'Mary,' says he, 'I can't comfort yer.' I never see him so afore. Thar hadn't never ben a time when he didn't cheer me up an' kiss me ef anythin' vexed me—I hadn't never borne the least uv a trouble alone sence we was married. So I knew how it cut inter his heart to hev the childern took, an' how selfish it war in me ter forget he loved 'em jes' the same as I did. I shet my lips then an' never said another word.

"So we sat down ter see 'em die. The sun was settin' like a great red ball over the thicket. I remember how I looked round an' see a sparrow as crep' into her nest under the grass. The little ones was chirpin' at her, an' she was answerin' of 'em. I couldn't bear ter hear 'em no way. I thought how God was makin' a little wuthless bird happy, an' hed forgot me, an' was takin' all my little ones away. I wouldn't never hev 'em in my nest ter sing tu, like she. I see everything about me that night. I remember a great white rock an' sand-bank over in the field standin' out agin' the sun, an' how I thought the brook looked like blood, fur the light were so red on't. I see 'em all—I see 'em over an' over, an' yet I doan't think I tuk my eyes off the childern.

"Stephen tuk Katie, an' I held the boy, an' we sot tergether by the brook an' see the night comin'. We never said nothin' to each other, it wouldn't do no good. Ef I'd spoke once I should ha' cried out so, I should ha' worrited the little dyin' things. I heerd Stephen prayin' to himself over Katie—a sort uv whisperin' prayer, as ef he didn't hardly know he was sayin' uv it; but I didn't say none. I never spoke ter God all night—I ders'ent; I might ha' cursed Him.

"Dick went fust. Katie she held out till nigh mornin', but I jes' sot with the boy stone-cold on my knee, an' never telled Stephen. I see him bendin' over the little thing in his arms, his face lookin' so white, even in the dark, an' I heerd him prayin', 'O God! leave one of 'em—leave one on 'em—doan't take 'em both!' I couldn't ha' telled him no way. Katie war past speakin' then; but I could jes' see her little face from whar I sat. Dick's hands was close in

mine—I hadn't never let go sence they growed cold. I see after a while a bit of light shinin' in the brook, an' I knew the stars was out. But I never looked up at the sky. He was thar as had taken away my childern. He was so fur up. I thought He never cared. Ef He'd forgot me 'twarn't no use fur me ter be lookin' at His sky an' sayin' over His prayers. So I sat an' see the shinin' in the brook an' the two little white faces. I heerd Mattie hushin' the baby ter sleep whar I'd left her under the bushes. The little thing crep' up once an' put her warm fingers on my face an' kissed me.

"I heerd Katie moanin' an' I see Stephen holdin' uv her all night. When the fust mornin' light come in through the trees we turned an' looked at one another, an' they was both dead. We made 'em two little graves by the brook an' buried 'em thar. Then we tuk hold uv hands an' kneeled down on the moss, an' Stephen he prayed sech a prayer as I never heerd afore. It made me look up ter the sky fur the fust time an' see how blue it was, an' how bright the trees was in the sun, an' think how they'd be blue, an' bright over the little cold things, jes' the same when we was gone, an' how we'd leave 'em all alone so fur behind us. Then I cried—oh, how I did cry! I hadn't cried afore fur weeks—I got so frozen like—an' I hain't dropped a tear sence.

"So we got up an' stepped over the brook, lookin' back ter say 'good-bye' to the little graves, an' went on with Mattie an' the baby. We come ter safer travelin' soon, an' found a house by the road as tuk us in an' hid us up garret fur a spell. They was good to us, God bless 'em! an' guv us enough to eat; but all the nussin' an' warm fires was too late fur Mattie. They made a bed fur her up in the loft, an' when the poor little white thing put her arms around me and cried to go to sleep, 'cause she was so cold an' tired, I knew to once what it meant. 'Twarn't only one sort o' sleep as would do her good, so I telled her she might, tryin' ter smile an' say as how God would guv her a nice nap. I see her shet her eyes, an' I crossed her little hands, an' I telled God thar warn't nothin' left but Stephen an' the

baby, an' ef He was goin' ter tuk 'em He'd better do it now while they had a roof to die under. But Stephen p'inted ter the little dead thing on the bed, an' asked me ef I'd get to whar she was, sayin' sech things ter Him as had tuk her away from sorrer an' sufferin', an' made her a little angel to live with Him forever. So he put the baby in my arms an' made me say a prayer, over after him—he were allers the best on us both, Stephen were. It was I as learned him to read the Bible, but I didn't never remember it like he. He tuk it all to once inter his heart, an' did what it telled him fur himself an' me too. I keep a-doubtin' an' a-doubtin', but Stephen he takes it all, Miss, jes' like a little child. Well, then we cut off some uv Mattie's yeller curls, an' laid 'em in my Bible, so when I wanted ter kiss 'em I had ter kiss it too, yer see, and read the promise which telled me as how I'd never be forsook.

"After that we found we was suspected of bein' thar, an' the folks couldn't keep us no longer; so we was off agin—us three alone. Then we come across some Union sojers as tuk us up here in the cars, an' a chaplain as paid our fare, an' so we come here this mornin', Miss. Stephen is clean beat out; but ef God hain't forgot all about us, an' he gets well an' strong, we'll go ter work an' get an honest home. I doan't know as I can ever call it home, an' all them little things as was playin' round the old place by the river, lyin' cold an' stiff in the swamps."

Just then her baby wakened and began to laugh and coo at her in its pretty way, putting up its tiny hands to play about her face. There was something so warm and tender and full of life in the touch; I saw the chill melt out of her eyes; I saw her lips quiver. I am not ashamed to tell you what I did. I just went up to her, put both my arms around her neck, and her head on my shoulder, and began to cry. After a while I found that she was crying too. I knew that was a mercy to her; so I laid her down on the bed, and knelt down and said over some little prayer, to which she seemed to listen. Then I put her baby in her arms, thinking

it would comfort her best, shut the door softly, and went out.

Stephen Rand grew very sick. Dr. Joyce began to come away from his bedside looking quite grave. Whatever the wife saw in his face she did not comprehend, or else for some reason her own did not reflect it. Every day, early and late, morning and night, she was beside him, silent as a shadow, her patient face never turned from his.

The men began to watch for her as she came in each morning. Sometimes they would pass her baby round from cot to cot for a plaything, or they would send some cheery message to her in their hearty soldier fashion, seeming pleased at her grateful smile. But as the days went on, and they saw how the fever was burning in her husband's eye and cheek, and caught snatches of the consultations the doctor and I had over him out in the entry, I noticed how often they hushed their noisy jokes and laughter when they looked over to the man's corner; and many anxious inquiries for our refugees met me every morning.

It puzzled me at first to see how entirely Nature seemed to have confused her rules, in the hearts of these two. The man clinging to her, resting so in her strength and love, yet fancying still in his delirium that he was again her protector in the dangers of their forest life; taking with such a childlike trust the truths from the Bible she had taught him to understand, giving them back to her with a faith as pure as a woman's, yet withal a brave man, no coward in principle, no craven in danger.

And for the wife, her face as I had first seen it, told what she was. What we mean by the innate religion of a woman, was with her dimmed or missing. There are natures which must feel every wave, and tide, and current that pulses about them—which must try the lowest deep before they can anchor. Once bedded, the waters from the very depths are still; the sea, however stormy, cannot shake that which is sure and steadfast. Far beyond them, in shallow waves, some little craft will be anchored in the sunlight, and we who watch that other tossing in the surge, and hear the cry

which calls from deep unto deep, perhaps turn away unpitying. For, we say, there seems a fairer haven, and they would not enter it.

With just enough intellect to stagger her faith, not enough to root it, the intensity of the life this woman had led had not yet worked out its own fulfilment. Looking a few steps onward to what was before her, I trembled for her. What chance was God giving her? Would he not bring the soothing of a little rest into her weary days?

I used to wonder as I looked up often at her from my work, and saw how quietly she sat, "the same loved, tireless watcher," how her husband's eyes followed her, and his voice called her, how they clung to one another—those two from whom God had taken all else but the knowledge of what they were to each—I used to wonder how she could bear it to have him go.

Out of those busy days I have saved many pleasant pictures of her as she sat fanning the hot air about the bed, watching for all little cares for her husband, hushing her baby, or perhaps bowing her head, her lips moving as if in prayer. And I thought what it would be when for such tender offices no voice would call to her.

Once, I remember, I was busy over the captain not far from her, and I saw her turn suddenly in answer to her husband's call.

"Mary, whar's the baby?"

"Here, Stephen."

She held up the little thing so that he could see it, her eyes on him, and not on the child. He put up his thin hand and touched its face.

"It's all we've got left, Mary, ain't it?"

"Hush, Stephen man! Yer too sick ter think on't now."

"No. I allers think, when I'm awake, the rest is better off. I like ter think who's tuk 'em."

"I doan't!" in a quick, sharp tone.

"Mary! Mary! yer must. Yer might tempt Him ter do wus things."

She made no answer, but I could see her thin lips com-

press suddenly, and I marked how the purple veins were swelling on her forehead.

Her husband passed his hand over the baby's puny face, and then looked up at her.

"Mary, ef I should be took—"

She stopped him with a low, sharp cry, and caught both his hands in hers.

"Stephen, yer won't," she said.

A bit of sunlight had fallen across the bed and touched the three, dropping off from her dark hair and her deep-set, glowing eyes, down on the sunken face upon the pillow, and then on the little child, who saw it with a bubbling laugh, and put up its thin hands to catch the golden motes that floated past.

She caught at it quickly, as if it were a promise.

"Yer've ben dreamin', Stephen," she said, with a nervous laugh. "The sun's come ter wake yer. Why, man, yer must get well. I haven't seen yer look so natural-like sence you was sick."

She bent over with a long look into her husband's eyes, and pressed her lips to his. She did not notice that a cloud had dimmed the warm light which was there but a moment before, and that the face which it had for the instant touched with a glow of health was pallid again in the gray of the dull afternoon.

There was some strange contradiction in her nature—this woman with the desolate eyes and frozen voice—which, while it accepted all life as without hope, for the graves which had closed about it, yet was so blind to the fact that she stood on the brink of another. Clinging so tenaciously to the one love yet left to her—feeling so sure that God *could* not take away her husband—who could wake her from the dream? Not I, surely.

I watched her as the slow days passed—the morning sun, the twilight, the night that fell with such heavy shadows on the hospital floor—finding her alike with that steady look in her eyes and that firm hand which betokened as yet no shade of fear or doubt.

Sometimes I thought a glimpse of what was coming, darkened before her for a moment. There was one day when her husband had been in wild delirium all night, and the morning had found him in a state of half stupor. She had stood long beside him, watching his almost lifeless face in silence. I came up, at last, and begged her to go down into the yard with me for a few moments, for a breath of fresh air.

She turned with the quick movement of one in wonder at my question.

"I can't."

"But you will be sick yourself if you breathe nothing but this hospital air. The doctor will look after your husband; and Tim, you know, calls me if I am needed."

"I can't."

"But if he is worse, and if you cannot then do anything for him—"

She caught up her baby, stooped and kissed her husband's forehead, then followed me without a word. I led her out into the sunlight, and having some little nicety to cook for one of my boys, I left her, and went into the kitchen. I could see her through the windows, pacing back and forth under the two or three stunted trees that grew by the fence, her eyes on the ground, the bit of blue sky above her head, and the fresh morning all about her; all about her—not shrinking from her dark, uncheering figure and bloodless face, but touching them softly like a blessing. Back and forth—to and fro—I thought how soon she would walk back and forth, and to and fro, alone in a desert world.

In a few moments I went out to get the other half of my breath of air. It was a little yard, but filled just then with drying clothes, drying pans, Irish maids, and maids of color.

A pretty mulatto girl stood coquetting with her lover over the fence. A swarm of little children were playing in the street—black and white alike; indeed, one was hardly distinguishable from the other, for they were all massed in the ditch, deep in the mysteries of "mud pies." I noticed, in fact, that Young Africa had decidedly the advantage as regarded skill in their culinary operations; and as for strength

of lung and fist, my little white brethren came off second best. For which I pitied the young gentlemen, and began mentally to reconsider the question whether I was an abolitionist. They did not form an unpleasant picture, however, with the light on their merry faces and gay dress; and the sound of their happy laughter rang like a bell on the morning air. Close beside me, too, on the steps, a little coal-black baby, belonging to one of our wash-women, lay cooing in the sun, making sundry demonstrations with its hands and feet, as if it fought with a whole race of imaginary slave-holders. I saw Mary Rand stoop to kiss it as she walked, looking at its chubby face and then at the puny little one she held nestled under her shawl. She stopped, too, with a long look at the group of children in the street, her eyes shaded with her hand so I could not see them. Then turning, as she resumed her walk, to watch the happy lovers at the fence. Yet she looked upon them all with the apathy with which we recall some bright dream. It *was* but a dream; we wake and it is gone. Seeking for it, we find only the silence of the night. So we sleep no longer, but wait for the daybreak. Well for us if it comes. But if He who said "Let there be light!" revokes his decree and the darkness lingers—then, also, it is well.

Presently the noon hour struck, and the father of the pugilistic baby on the steps came home from work, stopping a moment to come in and take up the little thing. The mother came out to meet him.

"Hi, Dan! it am awfu' heat for ye to work, dis yere!"

"Hot enuff," replied Dan; "ye look beat out, little woman."

He stooped, with one arm still around the baby, and put the other about her neck to kiss her. The woman returned the kiss boisterously, but none the less lovingly for that, and looked up into his face with a hearty, happy laugh. Then they walked away, and down the street together. It was a little thing; but do you not know that the smallest knives are keenest? I turned toward the quiet figure which had been pacing back and forth. It was quiet no longer.

She looked up at me quickly, her whole face quivering. Then she wrung her hands tightly across her forehead, and hurried past me into the house.

We had some busy days after this. There were two deaths and a fresh relay of wounded, among whom were a number of rebel prisoners—whom I sent, by-the-way, to Mrs. Cruppins. I acquit myself of all unholy self-indulgence in this arrangement. I felt that I was serving my country in sending her enemies to the most uncomfortable place I had at command.

After the first gloom caused by the two empty beds and the sight of fresh suffering had passed away, the boys rallied from it into such a programme of jokes and laughter as quite filled the day. I began to think they had forgotten their sympathy with our refugees, and was musing upon the fickleness of human nature, while I sat one morning in a meditative attitude before the kitchen fire, my sleeves rolled up, my eyes fixed reflectively upon a basin of arrowroot, and blessed with the consciousness that my face was slowly but surely turning to "celestial rosy red" over the coals. While thus occupied I neglected the warning of a familiar whistle, and was paid for it by hearing a suppressed snicker behind the door, and feeling the gaze of two very small gray eyes fastened upon me through the crack.

"Cool weather, ain't it?"

The remark was supposed to be addressed to some invisible infant, whom I could hear crawling opportunely about in the same mysterious corner. The infant assented by a scream which set every one of my nerves on edge.

"Maybe we'd like our picter took?" rejoined the Invisible.

Again the infant assented as before. The assent was followed by the same results. I buckled on my armor at this. I took off my arrowroot with a jerk, called indiscriminately on the various maids of the tub and ironing-board about me to go to the rescue of the musical child, repressed a strong desire to throw my steaming gruel at the eyes behind the crack, and marched up to the offender.

"Tim," I said sternly, "is this you?"

"That's allers ben my 'pinion, Miss."

"What do you wish?"

"Dr. Joy'ce sent for you, post haste."

My desire concerning the arrowroot this time got so far under way of fulfilment that I saved it only by a sudden pull, and the lucky Tim escaped with a few drops on his hand. Enough, however, was perhaps as good as a feast, for he grew suddenly dumb, and followed me meekly up the stairs, eyeing the while his reddened finger with a thoughtful aspect which gave me the greatest satisfaction.

The doctor met me with a grave face.

"Well," I said, stopping short.

"Stephen Rand—he can't last through the night, unless there is some change I see no reason to expect."

"Who'll tell her?"

"You must."

"Dr. Joyce," said I, "I'm no coward, and I never disobey orders; but I wish you'd find me a few moments to go away and cry first."

"Why—why, really," said this good man, whom I puzzled every day by my feminine developments. "I don't see how you can be spared just now. There's the man who came last night waiting for a fresh bandage; and Jones, and—I don't see how there's time just at present."

Of course there wasn't. I knew that very well. I must face duty if it put me in the front and held me under the guns.

I found the boys quite sober as I passed along, finishing all the most pressing work, and prolonging it, I am afraid, rather more than was necessary; for which I expect you will combat my assertion that I was not a coward.

"So he's going at last!" the captain said, with a sorrowful glance into the corner. "I—I call that hard, poor thing!"

The sergeant called softly as I went by:

"Have you told her? If it was my wife—if I was you, I'd rather be under fire than have it to do!"

"I say, mum"—and Pat, the warm-hearted, was tugging

at my sleeve with his one arm—"I say, how long'll he hold out?"

"Till night."

"May the Howly Vargin an' all the Saints have mercy on her!" he ejaculated fervently. "She's sech a poor young critter, shure!"

But the thing that most unmanned me, more than all the anxious questions that met me from each bed as I passed along—the messages from Jones and Brown, or the condescending sympathy of the rebel—was the entreaty of my little drummer-boy, who had lain in agony with his wound for many weeks, and was himself marked with the touch of that unerring finger that no human care or love can parry—an orphan child, to whom now, I alone was a mother; and so it was that even to look at him as he turned his patient face so mutely on the pillow, brought the quick tears. Putting up his hand into mine he said softly:

"Is the chaplain here?"

The chaplain was sick that morning, and so I told him.

"Who'll pray for that man?"

"My boy, he isn't afraid to die; he needs no chaplain."

"But his wife; she has such a white, white face!"

I was silent. I could not tell him how she needed prayer —purer, better prayers than mine could be.

"I remember how mother felt when father died," he said, and spoke no more then, but turned his face quietly away. I saw that he folded his hands, and I heard the echo of a whisper on his lips.

I went up at last to Mary Rand and touched her shoulder.

"I want to see you a moment," I said.

She turned with a look of surprise, stooped a moment to touch her husband's forehead with her hand, then rose and followed me.

We sat down under a large entry window, quietly. I remember how the garish sunlight played about her worn face, and how the wind blew in gusts up the stairs and through the deserted passage.

"I have something to tell you," I began. But there I

stopped, held fast by the look in her eyes. Dark, yet filled with the depths of some glowing light; transfixed like one who asks the question on which hangs an eternity. I caught her hand quickly and held it in both of mine. I could not speak. She understood the answer.

"I know"—speaking slowly in a voice that froze me—"I know what yer've come ter say. How long'll they give him?"

"The doctor says the crisis must come tonight."

"Tonight." She repeated the word slowly, like one whose memory is becoming treacherous. "Tonight. Ef there's a God in heaven I hope He'll remember He's takin' all I've got left."

Her hand lay like ice in mine. She did not hear my words; she did not feel my touch which tried to detain her. She rose and walked slowly back, with uncertain steps, as if she walked in the dark.

I found her when I came back in my old seat, in the same attitude of quiet watching, with the same unfaltering look, a shade paler, the lines about her mouth sharper; but her voice, when she spoke to her husband, clear and low in its love; and there was no cry or sobbing that might disturb his last few hours. That was in the morning. Once she left him, to go to the kitchen and feed her baby, but that was all. The broad noon-light struck at last in flakes upon the floor. I brought up a little dinner, and tried gently to make her eat. She only shook her head, pushing it away. Through all the hot afternoon she did not seem to move her eyes from her husband's face. He was tossing on the bed in frenzy, calling for her, catching at her hand, but still he did not recognize her.

Her baby slept quietly on her arm. She did not seem to know it, holding it mechanically. Toward evening it awakened and cried. She paid no heed to it. I went up and took the child gently from her. Her arm remained in the same position as before. I could hear her quick, sharp breathing; but she did not look at me nor speak. I took the little thing away and found a negro girl to care for it,

wondering as I went, and felt the clinging hands about my neck, whether its warm touch could ever comfort her, and if God would not in mercy take them both.

The evening came at last. The boys were very quiet, and we sat watching through the windows the gorgeous hues of purple and gold that were in the sky. The great warm sun dropped at length behind the hills. The twilight began to creep in at the windows and fall heavily on the hospital floor. It wrapped her figure where she sat, one white, thin hand fanning her husband, the other lying clenched in her lap, her head bent toward the bed to listen to his ravings. Once, when he had called her name many times, I saw her drop the fan quickly and, creeping up, lay her head upon his arm with a long wail.

"Oh, Stephen, it's me! yer wife, Stephen! I ain't never left yer. Ef yer'd only kiss me once!"

Perhaps he understood her, for he put the hand he held to his hot lips. She put her arm about his neck and kissed him once—twice—almost fiercely. Then she buried her face in the clothes. I could just hear her stifled cry, "Oh, my God! my God! my God!" three times—a cry that made me tremble. The evening wore away. Stephen Rand lay panting and weaker now as the night came on.

I sat watching the forms about his bed and the flickering of the newly-lighted lamp above the faces of my boys. Now and then some one called me, and I went silently to meet their wants. Often I could hear a groan from some sufferer, or the captain's cough, but nearer and more distinctly Stephen Rand's labored breathing, and his wife's low voice soothing his delirium. Once the little drummer called faintly for some water. I went up to give it to him. He smiled as I left him, looking over to the corner.

"I haven't forgotten her," he said. So he turned away, and once more folded his hands. I came back and sat down again. I could do nothing for him. His wife jealously watched for every care which now remained. I watched her face, wondering who would dare to comfort her when the morning came.

Presently her husband grew more quiet, and fell at last into an uneasy slumber, fitful and restless at first, but gradually he became quite still. The doctor, with his finger on the pulse, looked, I thought, surprised.

Was it stupor, or rest? Was it death, or life? The woman's eyes asked him mutely, but he could not tell her.

The light fell upon her where she was crouched on the floor by the bed, her hands in her husband's. Her thin hair had fallen down about her neck; her face, with its drawn lips and hueless cheeks, looked more like death than the one on which she gazed. A soft natural heat seemed to color that at last, and he stirred in his sleep. The doctor passed his hand over the man's forehead and I was sure his face brightened.

"Speak to him," he said to the wife.

She bent over, with her hair falling about her face so I could not see it.

"Stephen!"

He opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Whar are ye, Mary?"

"Here, Stephen! I've tuk yer hand."

"Yes. I thought I'd got ter go away, Mary. God's guv me back ter ye!"

He was quite himself now—weak as an infant, his voice scarcely above a whisper, but natural in its tone; and the hand which his wife held had grown soft and moist.

She clasped it tightly, holding it up against her breast, and dropped her face upon the pillow by his, her hair falling over them both. Her whole slight frame was quivering. No one could see her face. Through the moments that passed before she spoke, her husband touched her hair caressingly, and smiled. At last it came—a little, low cry, like a penitent child.

"Oh, Stephen! He's guv yer back, an' I won't never say hard things on Him agin! I thought—I thought, O! my husband! I thought He'd tuk yer, an' left me all alone!"

I heard the sergeant's sobs from the other end of the room; the boys who had sat up in bed, holding their breath

to listen, lay down again and turned their faces to the wall; the doctor choked; and as for me I ran out of the room, locked myself in upstairs, and cried like a baby for fifteen minutes.

When I went to the little drummer-boy a while after and touched his forehead, I started at the chill. His hands were still folded as when he sought from the orphan's God a blessing for this humbled, grateful woman; and even while he asked he stood face to face with Him. She was a stranger, but he took her in—into his pure child's heart!

Who can tell what agencies that prayer set at work? Who knows what she owed to the boy, lying so still and with such a smile before her?

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

## THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

N his big fur coat and with mittens big as hams,
With his string of bells a-jingling, through the countryside he slams,
There are lots of calls to make, and he's always on the tear,
A-looming in the cutter like an amiable bear.

And it's hi-i-i, there,
Johnny, don't ye care,
Though 'tis aching something awful and is most too much to bear.
Just-be-gay!
As soon as it is day,
The pain will go a-flying, for the doctor's on the way.

There are real, true saints, there are angels all around,
But there isn't one that's welcomer than he is, I'll be bound,
When he bustles in the bedroom and he dumps his buff'ler coat,
And sticks a glass thermometer a-down the suff'rin' throat.

And it's chirk, cheer up!
Mother, bring a cup!
You're going to like this bully when you take a little sup.
There—there—why,
There's a twinkle in your eye!
You'll be out again to-morrow, bub; gid-dab, gid-dab, good-by!

HOLMAN F. DAY.

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## HER BUSY DAY

MRS. CLUBLY BANCOCK consulted a physician one day in regard to certain distressing symptoms which had manifested themselves in her being. Her fingers had taken on the habit of twitching. Her eyes saw specks in the atmosphere where there were no specks. She was quite unable to control a disposition towards activity. At times, when her frame and brain were so weary that each muscular and mental function produced pain, she drove on at her household duties and at her clubs and at her churches, regardless. She could not restrain herself.

The physician looked very grave when she stated to him these facts. He told her frankly that the only medicine she needed was rest. "You are threatened, my dear Madam," he said, "with nervous prostration. You must ease the strain, that is all." Which was easy enough to say.

Mrs. Bancock left his presence fully resolved to rest. She tried hard to do nothing; but, despite herself, she did not at once succeed. For weeks she tried, and for weeks she attended as usual to her household duties and to her clubs and to her church. She was in a fair way to kill herself. The physician told her so.

Then she became frightened and desperate. She concentrated every ounce of her resolution, and remained in her bed for an entire day. During that day she hardly moved. But that night she arose and dressed herself. Upon her cheeks was the flush of victory. She contemplated herself in the mirror and smiled a smile indicative of the utmost satisfaction.

"At last!" she murmured. "At last! Today I have accomplished something!"

DAVID H. TALMADGE.

## CUPID. M. D.

CHARACTERS:

The Major-General.
The Widow.

SCENE.—The waiting-room at a Medical Specialist's.

(*Enter the* MAJOR-GENERAL, C.)

GENERAL (*speaking off*): Say "Major-General, not General! Major-General!" (*Comes down.*) Confound these fellows! I have to pay my tradesmen half as much again for being a major-general as I did when I was a colonel. There's a regular graduated tax in London for old soldiers. Colonel so much, major-general so much more. Confound 'em! And half of 'em don't know the difference between a general and a major-general, and want to charge me as if I were a field-marshal. Thank the Lord, I'm the only one here, except the victim in the torture chamber, so perhaps I shan't be kept waiting more than a couple of hours. Humph! Weekly papers! I used to read 'em when I was in India, but since I've retired and this confounded fellow has been tinkering at my liver I hate the sight of 'em. How can a man enjoy the papers at his club when they remind him of the doctor's waiting-room? I'll enter a protest against the custom. (*Collects the illustrated papers and sits on them.*) Now, then, where's *The Lancet?* Something cheerful about sawing off other fellows' legs will suit me, a sort of sherry and bitters before the feast that's to come. Here we are! (*Voices heard without.*) Lord love us, here's a woman! They're always rushing off to the doctor, though what on earth they ever have the matter with them that couldn't be cured with a bread pill, beats me. But I suppose the doctors must live.

(THE WIDOW *is shown in,* C.)

WIDOW (*sitting* L.): What a nuisance! One of those horrid old retired generals, I suppose. Now I shall be kept waiting for hours while he dilates on his imaginary ailments. What can a rough, strong man have the matter with him? Liver, of course! That's overeating and too many whisky pegs. Men are so greedy! Well, I suppose I must resign myself to looking at the illustrated papers, as usual. Strange, I don't see any of them! I'm afraid to ring and ask that pompous butler; he might be reading them in the pantry. I'll ask the liverish old gentleman! Perhaps he's seen them. (*Coughs.*) Ahem! I beg your pardon.

GENERAL: I beg yours, ma'am! (*Aside.*) Now, what does she want with me? A widow evidently. No use trying it on with an old dog-fox like me. Seen too much of 'em in India.

WIDOW: I'm sorry to interrupt you, but have you seen the illustrated papers?

GENERAL: No, ma'am, I haven't, and I don't mean to. If you read 'em here, how can you enjoy 'em at the club?

WIDOW: But I haven't got a club, and I want to read them here, as I shall have hours to wait—(*aside*) thanks to you. (*Looks about.*) Why, he's sitting on them, the old wretch! But I'll have them out if I die for it. (*Aloud.*) I'm sorry to disturb you, but I think the papers are behind your chair.

GENERAL: Behind my chair? (*Aside.*) Confound the woman! (*Aloud.*) Impossible, ma'am! Why, so they are!

WIDOW: Perhaps the butler put them there.

GENERAL: The butler! No, ma'am. No butler would dare to take such a liberty. (*Rises.*)

WIDOW: Doctors' butlers are capable of anything. Thank you, if you will let me have them.

GENERAL (*still holding them*): Madam, let me advise you. I have had plenty of experience. Don't look at these papers. I don't know what is the matter with you, whether you are going to be trepanned like a poor fellow I have been reading of in *The Lancet*, or have a leg off or an eye out; but, whatever it is, don't read 'em. They will always bring

back the remembrance; you will always feel as if your leg were coming off again; they will always taste of the surgery. I can hardly look at 'em, now—they remind me of my liver. Take an old—a middle-aged man's advice and don't read 'em. Sit on' em.

WIDOW (*aside*): Oh, that's how they came on his chair! (*Aloud.*) But I'm not going to have anything out or off, and I need soothing. (*Takes papers.*) Thank you very much!

GENERAL: Well, if you will read 'em, of course you must. But I've warned you. (*Sits.*)

WIDOW (*after a pause*): I'm sorry to interrupt you again, but your voice and manner seem strangely familiar to me.

GENERAL: No, ma'am, they're not! Impossible—quite impossible! I've been in India and the Soudan for thirty years, on and off. Impossible! (*Aside.*) Confound the woman!

WIDOW: Why impossible? I was born in India.

GENERAL: God bless my soul! Ah! but you had to leave it at a very early age. Children of your generation were always sent home to school. (*Aside.*) And a great relief it was!

WIDOW (*aside*): My generation? What does he mean by my generation?

GENERAL: And I didn't go out until I joined the service.

WIDOW: Ah! then we must have arrived in India about the same time.

GENERAL: Yes, but not by the same route, ma'am.

WIDOW: But it was in England that I knew you. Don't you remember Wilsford, Captain——

GENERAL: Major-General, ma'am—Major-General, retired! Yes, I do remember Wilsford, but ages ago—ages ago.

WIDOW: You were at home on sick leave, and we played croquet.

GENERAL: Croquet! I? Never! Croquet!

WIDOW: Indeed you did! And when I was croqueted into the bushes you used to help me out.

GENERAL: God bless my soul! Why, you're never little Mary?

WIDOW: Yes, I am—little Mary.

GENERAL: But you've grown.

WIDOW: People do grow in thirty years, General.

GENERAL: Major-General! So you are little Mary? Well, well! I've forgotten what your other name was.

WIDOW: It does not matter. I have changed it since those days.

GENERAL: You're married?

WIDOW: I have been.

GENERAL (*aside*): I was right, then. I thought so. She is a widow.

WIDOW: And you are much older than you were.

GENERAL: Not a bit! All our family turn gray young. Thirty years ago, thirty years ago! Perhaps you're right. Why, I must be getting a battered old thing. I've had fever and ague, sword wounds from the Afghans and bullet wounds from the Dervishes. I've got a slug about me now.

WIDOW (*starting*): Good heavens! The horrid creature! How can you touch such a horrid, slimy thing? Don't let it loose, General!

GENERAL: Major-General! (*Aside*: Is she mad?) I wish I could get at it. A man doesn't carry a bullet in his body if he can get rid of it.

WIDOW: A bullet? I thought you said a slug?

GENERAL: So I did. They're the same thing, aren't they? (Aside: She's mad!)

WIDOW: I'm so glad it's only a bullet! I thought it was a slug, and never could bear snakes; they get on my nerves so.

GENERAL (*aside*): Snakes? Get on her nerves? She's not mad. She's a dipsomaniac, and old Thingumajig is treating her for it. And little Mary has come to this! A dipsomaniac!

WIDOW: My nerves are so shattered!

GENERAL (*aside*): They call it nerves, do they?

WIDOW: And the doctor is so clever with nerves.

GENERAL: I dare say! He tells you what to avoid?

WIDOW: Yes; one or two things.

GENERAL: Of course. (*Aside.*) Nips between meals. Well, she doesn't mind acknowledging it. But fancy little Mary ending as a dipsomaniac!

WIDOW: And you—are you also a patient?

GENERAL: Yes; but not from the same complaint.

WIDOW: No; of course not! Men never suffer from nerves.

GENERAL: Don't they? I've known one or two. But, then, it's called by another name when men suffer from it.

WIDOW: Ah, I suppose so! It isn't your complaint?

GENERAL: Good Lord, no! I have a touch of liver.

WIDOW: Ah, you want to be taken care of! You ought to have married, General.

GENERAL: Major-General! Not I, ma'am. Bad thing to marry too young. Nothing ages a man so much.

WIDOW: But a lonely old man is a very sad thing, don't you think?

GENERAL: Perhaps, perhaps; but not so bad as a hen-pecked old man. A man should never marry until he's come to years of discretion. (*Pause.*) Do you know, I've a sort of recollection—weren't we—a—um—engaged in a sort of a kind of a way?

WIDOW: In the usual way, I believe. You surely hadn't forgotten that?

GENERAL: Of course not! But thirty years is a long time ago.

WIDOW: I believe you had forgotten little Mary!

GENERAL: But you married some one else. I couldn't be expected to remember a girl who married some one else. There are so many girls who do that.

WIDOW: But I didn't want to marry anybody else.

GENERAL: Now, if little Mary had only waited, who knows?

WIDOW: Little Mary can't wait forever.

GENERAL: They say patience is a virtue.

WIDOW: Yes, and virtue is its own reward. A nice sort of a reward to be an old maid all one's days.

GENERAL: Well, well! You recommend marriage for my liver. What does the doctor recommend for your nerves?

WIDOW: Oh, the wretch! He has cut me off afternoon tea, which I love, and ordered me whisky and soda, which I hate. He says tea has ruined my nerves.

GENERAL (*aside*): Then she isn't a dipsomaniac, after all! (*Aloud.*) He does not recommend marriage to you, then?

WIDOW: No, not in so many words.

GENERAL: That's a pity! Well, I shall think over what you've said.

WIDOW: Yes, do!

GENERAL: Thirty years ago! I thought of marriage then, when I was only a captain and could not afford it; and, now that I'm a Major-General retired on half pay, I suppose marriage will not think of me. I had forgotten all about it until I met you again.

WIDOW: It's never too late to mend, General.

GENERAL: Well, I might mend even now, but it's only on one condition.

WIDOW: Really? What is that?

GENERAL: That you find me another little Mary.

WIDOW: I don't know. I'll see.

GENERAL: Instead of the one who would not wait.

WIDOW: Perhaps.

GENERAL: The little Mary of thirty years ago would not wait. But I have waited. Ask her if she will come back.

WIDOW: Oh, General!

GENERAL: Major-General!

WIDOW: She will; I'm sure she will—if you ask her.

GENERAL: Then I do ask her. Come, Mary! (*They embrace.*)

WIDOW: And what about the doctor?

GENERAL: We'll be our own doctors for the future.

WIDOW: And the butler—how shall we pass him?

GENERAL: I've got my fee here in paper. I'll slip it into his hand as we pass. That'll choke him off. Come, Mary,

let us go before the patient is released and I am summoned. (*Picking up hat and stick.*)

WIDOW: But your liver?

GENERAL: Oh, I haven't time to think about that! And your nerves?

WIDOW: I've forgotten all about them.

GENERAL: Ah, Mary, we will forget the years that have passed! And that will be one of the greatest miracles ever wrought in Harley Street.

## WHEN CHARLEY CAUGHT THE COUGH

HIS Fond Parents had talked about it for months, and when the Child finally, actually, started for his first day in the public schools that morning, they felt that a distinct step in the world's progress had been taken. They watched him out of sight from the front windows and felt exceedingly proud of the sturdy little figure, topped by his closely trimmed yellow hair. Nobody went with the Child to school, because the theory on which the Fond Parents were working just then was to cultivate as early as possible his independence and self-reliance.

The Child enjoyed it greatly. He came home at night enthusiastic over some of the new friends he had made.

" 'Reddy' Edwards," he assured his Mother, "is a great kid. I belong to his gang."

"What sort of a boy is 'Reddy'?" asked the Fond Mother.

"He's a big kid, with red hair. He kin lick any kid in the room. He licked 'Fatty' Rawlins at recess this afternoon. 'Fatty' bawled, and then he started to cough. He coughed till he got red and blue in the face, and I'll bet he won't try to fool with any of the kids in our gang again."

The Fond Mother, with maternal intuition, felt sure that the Child had been exposed to some malignant disease, and told her husband so when he got home from his day on the Board of Trade.

"Nonsense," said he. "It couldn't be anything worse than whooping-cough, anyway, and every boy has to have that before he amounts to anything. I'd be glad if Charley did catch it."

Ten days passed. Then Charley woke up in the middle of the night with a sore throat. He had never been sick before, but his mother knew in an instant what was the matter with him. It was croup. For the six years of Char-

ley's existence she had been preparing for an emergency of this kind. Five distinct and separate sure cures for croup were on hand, and within ten minutes the family doctor had been aroused by telephone and had added his advice on the situation.

"I'll come down in the morning," he said, "unless something more develops before. Meanwhile follow my directions."

Finally the Child got to sleep and seemed much better when the doctor came in the morning. After a fierce struggle he allowed his mouth to be pried open with a tablespoon while the doctor gazed wisely down into the exposed cavity.

"It's just possible," said the doctor, finally, "that it's whooping-cough. Keep him in the house a few days and we'll see."

The idea seemed to amuse the Fond Father greatly.

"Whooping-cough, eh?" he said. "Well, that's a pretty good joke, isn't it, doctor? Nothing much to do, is there, except just to let the little cuss cough?"

The doctor expressed his opinion that the disease was not likely to be serious, though it might prove to be tedious. Then he took his departure. A few days later it developed so that there was no longer any doubt. Little Charley showed himself possessed of an amount of lung power which was surprising. Three of four times a night he awoke his Parents, and most of the people in the flat building, with a series of shrill and penetrating whoops, which would have done credit to a siren steam whistle. After the Fond Father had leaped suddenly out of his warm bed on an average of six times each night for three weeks it began to lose some of its humorous effect and grew somewhat monotonous. He went to see the doctor.

"Is there nothing we can do to stop the infernal whooping?" he said.

"There are 267 specifics for whooping-cough laid down in the books," the doctor said with a smile. "We might try some of them." Then he wrote a prescription.

Next day a friend to whom the Fond Father told his

troubles gave him a certain remedy. He was to get a certain decoction of black tar and sulphur and burn a pint of it in the sleeping rooms, every night before going to bed. The Fond Father tried it. He thought he might as well make the trial good and strong while he was about it, so he got a quart of the stuff instead of a pint, and set it going at ten o'clock. His friend had warned him that the odor might seem unpleasant at first, but they would soon get used to it, and before the cough was cured they would get so they would like it. But for this warning it is doubtful if either of the Fond Parents could have stayed in the neighborhood after the remedy began to throw off its clouds of thick and stifling black vapor.

It spread and penetrated all through the flat, and it was two hours before any member of the family could get to sleep. Half an hour later they were aroused by a furious ringing at the front door. The Fond Father rushed to the door in his bath robe and opened it. There stood the janitor of the building in scanty apparel with a chemical fire extinguisher strapped to his back.

"What's on fire in your flat?" he said. "Everybody in the building has been smelling smoke for an hour and we've finally traced it down here."

The Fond Father smiled weakly and said he supposed it was a new cure for whooping-cough they had been trying which had caused the trouble. He was sorry if the other tenants had been disturbed.

Next morning when he got up he had a slight tickling in his own throat, due, no doubt, as he concluded, to the effects of the tar vapors of the night before. But the tickling did not leave him during the day. In fact, it was worse when he got home that night. After dinner he even coughed a little. Then an awful thought struck him.

"Whooping-cough is exclusively a child's disease, isn't it?" he asked his wife artlessly.

"Oh, no," she promptly answered. "When I had it my father caught it from me, and I remember he almost coughed his head off before it was cured."

He spent the next two or three days in trying to prevent himself from coughing while at home, though on the streets and down-town he gave free vent to unmistakable whoops. Finally, he confessed to his wife, and then he felt free to add his deep bass whoops to the treble explosions of the Child. Shortly it dawned upon the Fond Father that whooping-cough was not a joking matter. He coughed sometimes till he was purple and black in the face, and finally, in shame and despair, he called one evening at the doctor's office.

"Doctor," he began, "I think I'm going to die. I—"

A spasm of coughing seized him just then and he gave a demonstration in the whooping line which was strong and convincing.

"Oh, whooping-cough is just a joke, you know," said the hard-hearted physician. "It does a boy good to have it."

But the Fond Father was beyond feeling any insult. He begged for something to help his cough, and finally he got it. Then things went on a little more easily for a few days. Finally it got so that if either the Fond Parent or the Child commenced to cough in the presence of the other, the second invalid would immediately start whooping as if in sympathy.

But not even yet had the climax arrived. It was when the recent corn corner was at its height and the Fond Father had accumulated a fairly large line of the cereal, which he was waiting to sell at a big advance. One night he got a "tip" that the corner would be broken the next day. He went down to the board the next morning prepared for action. He knew that he must dispose of his stuff in the first few minutes of the session, if he wished to clean up the handsome profit which he had on paper. Finally business began in the corn pit, and he plunged into the thick of it. The first sales showed that the price was still at the top notch, and he determined to unload without a moment's delay. The king of the corner had just sold 50,000 at the top, and everything seemed propitious. His hand was raised, and he was about to shriek out his offer when he felt that terrible tickling in his throat. He crushed it down with a mighty effort.

"One hundred thou—"

The cough seized him in its remorseless grip. He bent over nearly double with the paroxysm. The other frantic brokers pushed and shoved him out of the way. He stood on the bottom step of the pit and whooped for a solid minute. In the babel of voices the sound of his coughing was entirely swallowed up and lost. He could hear, even as he shook and strained with effort, the pit break out into a fresh riot of confusion. The corner had broken. Corn had dropped 15 cents in two minutes. The Fond Father was barely able to save his distance by letting go his holdings at the low figure.

The family has now recovered its normal condition of health. But little Charley is now being reared on the "sheltered and protected" policy, while the Fond Father sees nothing approaching humor, in any jest about the diseases of children.

## PA BECOMES A BOY AGAIN

WHEN paw come Home last nite He says to maw: "Well I been up against it."

Maw she turned pail and says:

"Hen Moffit, you Don't mean to Say you've went and Spoilt that new seven-teen-doler soot of close."

Paw looked like Johnny Pickens Did when the Teacher ast Him How menny is Nine Times Six. But purty soon He says:

"What do you Mean?"

"Have you Been up against some paint?" maw ast.

Then paw Laft and says:

"Naw. I mean I Been Up aginst the Cure fer old age. I Got a Few Goat Sells threw into my systum."

"Well," says Maw, "if you could git to talkin' plane Inglish insted of that Slang what Seems to Be the Diplomatic Language in the Surcles where you associate mebby a Person could understand what you mean wunst in a While. What Goat Sells are you talkin' about, and How on erth Did They threw them Into your Systum?"

"Why Don't you read the Papers?" Paw ast. "If you Done that Sometimes insted of Spendin' so much time Findin' Out What the Nabers are Doin' mebby a Feller wouldent Haft to Give you a Diagram every Time He Sed ennything about What was goin' on. They are Some Doctors Here what Have discuvered How a Person Don't never need to Git into His second Childhood. They Git a Goat and make Him Give up what Sells He can Spair jist as well as not, and Then they take and Squirt Them into a Man's Arm, and the First Thing you no His nees Begins to Git Limber and He Kicks up His Heels, and little Brown Hares Begins to Sprout out on the Bald Spot up on the Back of His Hed, and purty soon He's a Boy agin. Jim Thurston Down to

the office knows one of the Doctors, so He Told me if I would Go with Him we'd Git a Few Sells pumped into us and See How it Would work. It's Grait stuff. They ain't no mistake about That."

Then Paw Grabbed maw and Begin Waltzin' around the room To show Her How young He felt, and She Broke away when she Was all out of Breth and says:

"I Don't no whether Them Sells Can Turn a Man Back into a Boy or not, but they ain't no mistake they can make a good Deal of a Gote out of Him."

Paw he laft, and then He walked under the Chandeleer and Says:

"Do you see this Here Gas Bracket? It's three Inches abuv my Hed, But I'll Bet I can kick it."

So He Hauled Back and let Go, and the rug Slipt on the Hard floor and I ain't Sure Whether Paw turned one or Two Summer sets Before He come Down. Mebby it might of Been three, But enny way He lit on the Back of His neck, and Dident Seem to take no interest in Ennything fer a Long time.

Maw She was Bathin' Him With witch hazel and Camfer and Vinnegar and a lot of other things nearly all nite, and Jist Before I went to Bed I thot I'd Cheer Him Up a little, so I stuck my Hed in the Dor and said:

"Ba-a-a-a!"

"When i git up agin," paw says to maw, "I'm agoin to Take that Boy and Whail the Livver out of Him but what I'll make Him Lurn to respect His fawther."

I never seen anybuddy That was as touchy as paw.

GEORGIE.

## A CHINESE PHYSICIAN

MY first acquaintance in the medical profession of the Middle Kingdom was Ong Ah Chin Peh Tsai, popularly known as Ah Chin. He was about fifty years old, tall, slender and dignified. He belonged to the mandarin class, having taken the second, or Kyn-jin, degree. His medical knowledge was hereditary, if I may use a bull, his father, grandfather, and other ancestors having been members of the profession. With the curious instinct begotten by ancestor worship, he credited his success in life, not to his father, whose assistant he had been, but to his grandfather, who had died before Ah Chin had reached manhood's estate. He had a large practise and enjoyed a professional income of probably twenty-five hundred a year, which is the equivalent of twenty-five thousand dollars in our Western civilization. He was popular and had a deserved reputation for generosity and kindness to the poor. His dress was simple, but very neat. He was entitled to wear a plastron on his coat, as well as a button in his cap, but he contented himself with the latter ornament alone. It took some time to break the ice with him, but after a while his confidence was won and in his leisure hours he would talk freely with a few of us Western barbarians upon his profession.

There were some topics upon which he preserved a smiling silence. These were professional secrets which had come down in his family and which he would transmit inviolate as valuable property to his oldest son, who had already entered uopn a successful medical career. The limitations of his mental horizon were very curious to one of our race. In some respects he had wonderful knowledge, while in others he was so ignorant as to arouse ridicule or pity. He was a master of acupuncture and could thrust a needle into

almost every part of the human frame without doing any damage. He knew what the Chinese call the safe points, the dangerous points, and the dead points. He had learned these by practising for years upon a manikin which was covered with opaque wax, concealing the apertures which every good Chinese surgeon must know. And yet he had very little idea of why one point was safe and another perilous.

He knew that there were veins and arteries in the body, but he knew nothing of their location and relation. He knew no more about the osseous system than an average American boy, but he did know considerable about the joints and how to treat dislocations. Of hygiene and sanitation he knew nothing and did not care about them. Outside of his own house, abutting upon the wall and flowing over into his yard, was a pile of filth and garbage whose stench could be perceived a hundred yards away.

He was very much interested in Western medicine, despising its theory and practise of medication, and puzzling over rather than admiring its surgery. He approved of the germ theory but denied that the microbes were microscopic creatures, holding very vehemently that they were creatures intermediate between worms and snakes, and that they were the causes of every kind of fever. He believed that these snakes, or worms, laid many eggs which passed from the patient's body through the bowels, the pores, and even the lungs, and settled in other bodies, and there hatched and attacked the new surroundings. He was quite successful in respect to several complaints, notably rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, eczema, ulcers, carbuncles, and diarrheal complaints.

His methods for rheumatism, neuralgia, and gout consisted in the liberal use of hot teas and broths and a relinquishment of all ordinary food. In most of the fluids there was the simplest tonic, ginseng; in others there were aperients, which apparently were impure Epsom salts; one broth contained peppermint leaves, chopped almonds, bay leaves, honey, blood, and wine. So far as I could make out, he

drenched the entire gastric system with immense quantities of hot water, washing out the entire body in that way, and relied upon the elements added to the water, for medicinal action as well as for nourishment. In treating eczema he distinguished between an inflamed skin from which blood came at points and one from which merely lymph came. To the former he applied a paste made of pitch, peppermint, and some oils, and to the latter a paste made of raw eggs, honey, calcined kaolin, peppermint oil, laudanum, and other substances. After the preparations were applied, the surface was covered with thin brown tissue paper, this in turn with thick brown paper, and this held in place by narrow strips of white cotton cloth. The heat of the inflammation dried the clay paste, which became quite hard in twenty-four or thirty-six hours. He broke it off by striking it with a little hammer, and then applied a new coating to the raw surface. An ordinary eczema he cured in a week, and a severe one in two weeks.

For stomach-ache, gastric chills, flatulency, indigestion, and most forms of dyspepsia he had a treatment which was truly heroic. The patient lay at full length, and the doctor with his muscular hands pinched the body. The pinching was done with the thumb and forefinger, or between the knuckles of the forefinger and middle finger. I must say that the method, though cruel, had excellent results. There was immediate relief and a very speedy cure.

Ah Chin scarified, as do all Chinese physicians, but did it in moderation. He used aperients in large quantities and preached the unhealthfulness of constipation.

For catarrhal troubles he used warm solutions of astringents rendered aseptic by peppermint and similar oils, and where there was pain, as in nasal catarrh, he often applied an oil into which he had put tincture of opium. For some forms of dyspepsia he used burned paper. The paper was a thick yellow tissue which, when burned, left a fluffy black ash that was probably one-half carbon and the rest silica and mineral salts. Occasionally, perhaps always, he wrote talismanic characters with colored pencils on the paper. At

first I thought the talisman was merely a melodramatic flourish, but after a while I noticed that he employed different pencils, and that each pencil was made of a substance which, when burned, would exercise a chemical or medicinal influence. The vermilion pencil consisted of red mercury; the brown pencil was red oxide of iron; the white pencil contained carbonates of calcium and magnesium; another pencil contained some salt of sodium, an impure carbonate if I remember aright. The pencils had blunt points, and in writing a talisman ten or twelve grains of material would be transferred to the paper. When it was burned and diffused in a cup of tea, the ingredient would pass into the stomach along with the carbon of the paper.

For sores and ulcers he had salves of various sorts, the active ingredients being peppermint oil, pitch oil, camphor oil, and opium. They were practically a simple antiseptic and disinfectant dressing, always giving relief and generally assisting Nature in effecting a prompt recovery. Take him for all in all, Ah Chin seemed to me much like the poor leech in Romeo and Juliet. He had about the same range of simples, the same blind trust in his science, and the same ignorance of the higher science which modern therapeutics has brought into being.

William E. S. Faas.

## SHE WANTED THE DOCTOR

ELIZABETH is more than plump. She is generously fat, although she objects to the word. She has refused to get on the scales ever since the day they flew past the one-hundred-and-seventy-pound-mark and she jumped off hastily. No one knows, therefore, how much Elizabeth weighs, Elizabeth least of all. But whereas she used to fly gayly up and down the two flights of stairs leading to their apartments, she now lazily walks; and whereas once an extra trip to the corner mail-box or drug-store meant nothing to her, she now gives the janitor's boy a penny to make the trip, or bribes her bachelor-girl associates to go, or does bravely without the stamp or the candy or the ginger cookies.

One night last week she sat up late writing letters which she decided had to be posted at once. Jean and Ellen had long since retired and so Elizabeth threw a shawl about her and crept softly down the stairs. She posted her letters and was half way back when suddenly on the deserted street appeared before her a distraught woman carrying with all tenderness a shawl-wrapped bundle.

"Oh, can you tell me where Dr. Hunter lives?" she cried softly. "I didn't wait to telephone, even. I thought I knew just where he lived, but I've missed it."

Elizabeth's heart leaped up at the thought of suffering and possible danger.

"I've heard the name," she said quickly. "I know he's around here somewhere. I'm almost positive that one of the girls can tell me about him. Wait outside that door yonder and I'll go on ahead and find out." So away sped Elizabeth. She ran down the street and into the flat building. She rushed up the two flights of stairs pell-mell, regardless of all impediments to swiftness.

"Girls," she cried aloud, as she burst into their apartments, "wake up, quick. Where does Dr. Hunter live, do either of you know? Quick!"

Jean and Ellen sat upright with hearts that refused to pump. Jean told her what she wanted to know, and without so much as a decent "thank you" Elizabeth turned and fled.

"You will have to go down the street two blocks," she explained to the waiting woman below. "You can't miss the house, for there's an electric light over the sign. I do hope the little thing isn't dangerously ill."

The woman murmured a grateful word and Elizabeth toiled up the stairs, to find at the head of the last flight two frightened, half-dressed girls who fell on her in wrath.

"Sorry I scared you," panted Elizabeth, sitting gratefully down on the top step. "I didn't have time to wait. Poor woman down there. Sick baby in her arms. Didn't know where on earth to find—"

"Elizabeth Fuller!" cried Jean, "you've sent her to a veterinary doctor!"

Elizabeth stared for a second, then she started up. "I must catch her," she said. "The poor thing! Those two long blocks and then disappointment at the end, and maybe the baby dead or dying."

With entire disregard of herself she flew down the steps again and out on the street. Under the electric light at the crossing she saw the hastening woman. Elizabeth called. In vain. Elizabeth ran. Elizabeth had read of flesh cures where fat ladies are put on a racetrack and are told to trot merrily about, and she had always declared that whenever she ran a step her days of sanity were numbered. Yet she ran that night two whole blocks, for she did not catch up with the woman till the latter stood on the doctor's doorstep. She turned at the sound of the flying feet and saw Elizabeth.

"I think he's all right," she said, without surprise and with what Elizabeth thought the sublime assurance of motherhood. She put back the shawl softly. "Poor little Baby Blue!" she murmured, and then there fell on Elizabeth's

ears, even before she had time to speak and tell her errand, a faint, plaintive, but decisive "mew."

"Oh!" gasped that portly young woman. Then she reeled home and up those endless stairs. "She knew the doctor she wanted," Elizabeth announced wearily. "It was a cat."

## DOCTOR ——

A RABBI told me: on the day allowed
Satan for carping at God's rule, he came,
Fresh from our earth, to brave the angel-crowd.

"What is the fault now?" "This I find to blame:
Many and various are the tongues below,
Yet all agree in one speech, all proclaim

"'Hell has no might to match what earth can show:
Death is the strongest-born of Hell, and yet
Stronger than Death is a Bad Wife, we know.'

"Is it a wonder if I fume and fret—
Robbed of my rights, since Death am I, and mine
The style of Strongest? Men pay Nature's debt

"Because they must at my demand; decline
To pay it henceforth surely men will please,
Provided husbands with bad wives combine

"To baffle Death. Judge between me and these!"
"Thyself shalt judge. Descend to earth in shape
Of mortal, marry, drain from froth to lees

"The bitter draught, then see if thou escape
Concluding, with men sorrowful and sage,
A Bad Wife's strength Death's self in vain would ape!"

How Satan entered on his pilgrimage,
Conformed himself to earthly ordinance,
Wived and played husband well from youth to age

Intrepidly—I leave untold; advance
Through many a married year until I reach
A day when—of his father's countenance

The very image, like him too in speech
As well as thought and deed,—the union's fruit
Attained maturity. "I needs must teach

"My son a trade: but trade, such a son to suit,
Needs seeking after. He a man of war?
Too cowardly! A lawyer wins repute—

"Having to toil and moil, though—both which are
Beyond this sluggard. There's Divinity:
No, that's my own bread-winner—that be far

'From my poor offspring! Physic? Ha, we'll try
If this be practicable. Where's my wit?
Asleep?—since, now I come to think—Ay, ay!

"Hither, my son! Exactly have I hit
On a profession for thee. *Medicus*—
Behold, thou art appointed! Yea, I spit

"Upon thine eyes, bestow a virtue thus
That henceforth not this human form I wear
Shalt thou perceive alone, but—one of us

"By privilege—thy fleshly sight shall bear
Me in my spirit-person as I walk
The world and take my prey appointed there.

"Doctor once dubbed—what ignorance shall balk
Thy march triumphant? Diagnose the gout
As colic, and prescribe it cheese or chalk—

"No matter! All's one: cure shall come about
And win thee wealth—fees paid with such a roar
Of thanks and praise, alike from lord and lout,

"As never stunned man's ears on earth before.
'How may this be?' Why, that's my skeptic! Soon
Truth will corrupt thee, soon thou doubt'st no more!

"Why is it I bestow on thee the boon
Of recognizing me the while I go
Invisibly among men, morning, noon,

"And night, from house to house, and—quick or slow—
Take my appointed prey? They summon thee
For help, suppose: obey the summons! so!

"Enter, look round! Where's Death? Know—I am he,
Satan who works all evil: I who bring
Pain to the patient in whate'er degree.

"I, then, am there: first glance thine eyes shall fling
Will find me—whether distant or at hand,
As I am free to do my spiriting.

"At such mere first glance, thou shalt understand
Wherefore I reach no higher up the room
Than door or window, when my form is scanned;

"Howe'er friends' faces please to gather gloom,
Bent o'er the sick,—howe'er himself desponds,—
In such case, Death is not the sufferer's doom.

"Contrariwise, do friends rejoice my bonds
Are broken, does the captive in his turn
Crow 'Life shall conquer!' Nip these foolish fronds

"Of hope a-sprout, if haply thou discern
Me at the head—my victim's head—be sure!
Forth now! This taught thee, little else to learn!"

And forth he went. Folk heard him ask demure,
"How do you style this ailment? (There he peeps,
My father through the arras!) Sirs, the cure

"Is plain as A B C! Experience steeps
Blossoms of pennyroyal half an hour
In sherris. *Sumat!*—Lo, how sound he sleeps—

"The subject you presumed was past the power
Of Galen to relieve!" Or else, "How's this?
Why call for help so tardily? Clouds lour

"Portentously indeed, Sirs! (Naught's amiss:
He's at the bed-foot merely.) Still, the storm
May pass averted—not by quacks, I wis,

"Like you, my masters! You, forsooth, perform
A miracle? Stand, sciolists, aside!
Blood, ne'er so cold, at ignorance grows warm!"

Which boasting my result was justified,
Big as might words be: whether drugged or left
Drugless, the patient always lived, not died.

Great the heir's gratitude, so nigh bereft
Of all he prized in this world: sweet the smile
Of disconcerted rivals: "Cure?—say, theft

"From Nature despite of Art—so style
This off-hand kill-or-cure work! You did much,
I had done more: folk cannot wait a while!"

But did the case change? was it—"Scarcely such
The symptoms as to warrant recourse
To your skill, Doctor! Yet since just a touch

"Of pulse, a taste of breath, has all the force
With you of long investigation claimed
By others,—tracks an ailment to its source

"Intuitively,—may we ask unblamed
What from this pimple you prognosticate?"
"Death!" was the answer, as he saw and named

The coucher by the sick man's head. "Too late
You send for my assistance. I am bold
Only by Nature's leave, and bow to Fate!

"Besides, you have my rivals: lavish gold!
How comfortably quick shall life depart
Cosseted by attentions manifold!

"One day, one hour ago, perchance my art
Had done some service. Since you have yourselves
Chosen—before the horse—to put the cart,

"Why, Sirs, the sooner that the sexton delves
Your patient's grave the better! How you stare—
Shallow, for all the deep books on your shelves!

"Fare you well, fumblers!" Do I need declare
What name and fame, what riches recompensed
The Doctor's practice? Never anywhere

Such an adept as daily evidenced
Each new vaticination! Oh, not he
Like dolts who dallied with their scruples, fenced

With subterfuge, nor gave out frank and free
Something decisive! If he said "I save
The patient," saved he was: if "Death will be

"His portion," you might count him dead. Thus brave,
Behold our worthy, sans competitor
Throughout the country, on the architrave

Of Glory's temple golden-lettered for
Machaon *redivivus!* So, it fell
That, of a sudden, when the Emperor

Was smit by sore disease, I need not tell
If any other doctor's aid was sought
To come and forthwith make the sick Prince well.

"He will reward thee as a monarch ought,
Not much imports the malady; but then,
He clings to life and cries like one distraught

"For thee—who, from a simple citizen,
May'st look to rise in rank,—nay, haply wear
A medal with his portrait,—always when

"Recovery is quite accomplished. There!
Pass to the presence!" Hardly has he crossed
The chamber's threshold when he halts, aware

Of who stands sentry by the head. All's lost!
"Sire, naught avails my art: you near the goal,
And end the race by giving up the ghost."

"How?" cried the monarch: "Names upon your roll
Of half my subjects rescued by your skill—
Old and young, rich and poor—crowd cheek by jowl

"And yet no room for mine? Be saved I will!
Why else am I earth's foremost potentate?
Add me to these and take as fee your fill

"Of gold—that point admits of no debate
Between us: save me, as you can and must,—
Gold, till your gown's pouch cracks beneath the weight!"

This touched the doctor. "Truly a home-thrust,
Parent, you will not parry! Have I dared
Entreat that you forego the meal of dust—

"Man that is snake's meat—when I saw prepared
Your daily portion? Never! Just this once,
Go from his head, then,—let his life be spared!"

Whisper met whisper in the gruff response:
"Fool, I must have my prey: no inch I budge
From where thou see'st me thus myself ensconce."

"Ah," moaned the sufferer, "by thy look I judge
Wealth fails to tempt thee: what if honors prove
More efficacious? Naught to him I grudge

Who saves me. Only keep my head above
The cloud that's creeping up around it—I'll divide
My empire with thee! No? What's left but—love?

"Does love allure thee? Well then, take as bride
My only daughter, fair beyond belief!
Save me—to-morrow shall the knot be tied!"

"Father, you hear him! Respite ne'er so brief
Is all I beg: go now and come again
Next day, for aught I care: respect the grief

"Mine will be, if thy first-born sues in vain!"
"Fool, I must have my prey!" was all he got
In answer. But a fancy crossed his brain.

"I have it! Sire, methinks a meteor shot
Just now across the heavens and neutralized
Jove's salutary influence; 'neath the blot

"Plump, are you placed now: well that I surmised
The cause of failure! Knaves, reverse the bed!"
"Stay!" groaned the monarch, "I shall be capsized—

"Jolt—jolt—my heels uplift where late my head
Was lying—sure I'm turned right round at last!
What do you say now, doctor?" Naught he said,

For why? With one brisk leap the Antic passed
From couch-foot back to pillow,—as before,
Lord of the situation. Long aghast

The doctor gazed, then "Yet one trial more
Is left me" inwardly he uttered. "Shame
Upon thy flinty heart! Do I implore

"This trifling favor in the idle name
Of mercy to the moribund? I plead
The cause of all thou dost affect: my aim

"Befits my author! Why would I succeed?
Simply that by success I may promote
The growth of thy pet virtues—pride and greed.

"But keep thy favors!—curse thee!—I devote
Henceforth my service to the other side.
No time to lose: the rattle's in his throat.

"So,—not to leave one last resource untried,—
Run to my house with all haste, somebody!
Bring me that knobstick thence, so often plied

"With profit by the astrologer—shall I
Disdain its help, the mystic Jacob's-Staff?
Sire, do but have the courage not to die

"Till this arrive! Let none of you dare laugh!
Though rugged its exterior, I have seen
That implement work wonders, send the chaff

"Quick and thick flying from the wheat—I mean,
By metaphor, a human sheaf it threshed
Flail-like. Go fetch it! Or—a word between

Just you and me, friend!—go bid, unabashed,
My mother, whom you'll find there, bring the stick
Herself—herself, mind!" Out the lackey dashed

Zealous upon the errand. Craft and trick
Are meat and drink to Satan: and he grinned—
How else?—at an excuse so politic

For failure: scarce would Jacob's-Staff rescind
Fate's firm decree! And ever as he neared
The agonizing one, his breath like wind

Froze to the marrow, while his eye-flash seared
Sense in the brain up: closelier and more close
Pressing his prey, when at the door appeared—

Who but his Wife the Bad? Whereof one dose,
One grain, one mite of the medicament,
Sufficed him. Up he sprang. One word, too gross

To soil my lips with,—and through ceiling went
Somehow the Husband. "That a storm's dispersed
We know for certain by the sulphury scent!

"Hail to the doctor! Who but one so versed
In all Dame Nature's secrets had prescribed
The staff thus opportunely? Style him first

"And foremost of physicians!" "I've imbibed
Elixir surely," smiled the Prince,—"have gained
New lease of life. Dear doctor, how you bribed

"Death to forego me, boots not: you've obtained
My daughter and her dowry. Death, I've heard,
Was still on earth the strongest power that reigned,

"Except a Bad Wife!" Whereunto demurred
Nowise the doctor, so refused the fee—
No dowry, no Bad Wife!

"You think
This tale absurd?"—the Rabbi added: "True, our Talmud
Boasts sundry such: yet—have our elders erred
In thinking there's some water there, not all mud?"
I tell it, as the Rabbi told it me.

ROBERT BROWNING.

## NO. 27 AND THE PUMPKIN PIE

THE death of the venerable and beloved Mrs. James W. Harris of Columbus, Miss., recalls an amusing yet pathetic hospital experience of that lady.

The women of Columbus, when the necessity arose, organized a soldiers' relief association, of which Mrs. Harris was president. The association charged itself with the duty of ministering to the wants of confederate soldiers as far as lay in its power, and of nursing the sick and wounded.

Medicine, by reason of the blockade, was hard to get and exorbitantly high, and quinine had been declared contraband of war. In every storeroom there had been religiously hoarded small stores of tea, coffee, and sugar, against the possible evil day when some member of the family might be taken sick, but when the sick and wounded soldiers began to come in, these precious stores were distributed among them. Daily the ladies went to the hospital with hampers of delicately prepared food, with which the men were nourished under the direction of the surgeon in charge. One day Mrs. Harris, making her usual rounds, leaving cheer and comfort in her wake, stopped to chat with one of her "boys," who was then convalescent. Just as she turned to leave, her eyes fell upon the occupant of a bed which had been empty the previous evening.

"When did he come in, and who is he?" she asked.

"Some poor devil of a Yankee our boys took prisoner. He was brought in with a lot of our men last night. He has typhoid fever, they say, and is pretty bad off, I believe."

For a moment a wave of repulsion, of hate, almost, swept over her, but she was of an exceedingly gentle, sympathetic nature, and she had three young sons in the army—what if they, too, should fall into a like plight?

She stepped to his bedside and beheld a long, lean, gawky youth of not more than nineteen, burning with fever and tossing in delirium. "Mother, mother, where are you?" was his incessant and piteous cry. Her eyes filled with tears at the sight of the young fellow who but a few moments ago had been the "enemy," but was now become one of her "boys," to be tenderly nursed. She sought the surgeon, a good man, but harassed from overwork and inadequate means for the perfect discharge of the duties he had undertaken.

"Doctor, what is the matter with No. 27?"

"No. 27 has typhoid fever, madam," he replied. "It is almost a hopeless case."

"Is there nothing to be done for him, then?"

"Very little, I fear. By the help of stimulants and nourishing food we might pull him through, but, as you are aware, we have nothing to spare. Our own men will soon be without," and he sighed deeply. "But it will be only one Yankee the less," shrugging his shoulders.

"Doctor, I'm going to take that poor boy in my own special charge, and as long as there is any food or medicine left he shall have his share of it. And I know you well enough, doctor, to feel sure that you will expend on that Yankee boy of mine as much care and skill as if he were one of my own double-dyed rebel sons."

The next day and the next, and for many more long weary days after, Mrs. Harris and the doctor tended and nursed the prisoner boy from Maine. But he grew steadily worse. His constant cry had been for his mother, but after awhile he came to believe that Mrs. Harris was his mother, and as long as she was near him he was quiet. The days lengthened into weeks, and at last the fever burned itself out, but it seemed also to have consumed the vitality of its victim. Mrs. Harris hardly needed to ask the doctor his opinion of his patient—death was written large on that wan face.

"Is there any chance for him?" she asked huskily.

"None whatever, in my opinion, madam."

She stooped and kissed the sick man's brow; then, sad

and tearful, left him, to try to lose herself in a round of duties.

The next day, upon her return to the hospital, she was astonished to hear that her patient was still alive. She hastened to him and found him conscious.

"My son," she said, bending over him, "is there anything more I can do for you? Is there anything at all you fancy?"

He was too weak to speak aloud, but she fancied she caught his faintly whispered answer, "Pumpkin pie."

Thinking she must be mistaken, she repeated her question.

"Pumpkin pie," he whispered, and the effort exhausted him utterly.

She sought the surgeon. "Doctor, you say there is no possible chance for No. 27?"

"None whatever, madam. He will be dead in 24 hours."

"He wants pumpkin pie."

The surgeon laughed. "A queer fancy for a dying man. But nothing can hurt him now; it can only hasten his death by a few hours."

"Then, doctor, No. 27 shall have his last wish. I'm going home this very minute and make that pumpkin pie myself."

The next morning when Mrs. Harris entered the hospital it was with a heavy heart. Of course No. 27 was dead.

"Good morning, doctor. How are the sick?"

"Well, madam, No. 27 for one is better."

"You don't mean it?"

"But I do, though, and he is asking for more pumpkin pie."

"May I let him have it?"

"My dear Mrs. Harris, after this you may feed him on thistles—give him ground glass—unexploded shells—anything! You can't kill that Yankee."

With a lighter heart No. 27's nurse sought his bedside.

"Well, my son, how do you feel this morning?"

"Better, ma'am. Can I have some more pumpkin pie?"

The voice was weak, but there was in it a note of strength which had been absent the day before. His skin was moist, his eye clear—decidedly No. 27 was better.

"I can have it, can't I, ma'am?" his voice quavering with anxious expectancy.

"My boy, I'll send you one directly. But be careful. Don't eat too much at a time."

A ghost of a smile played about his pale, shrunken lips as he replied, "I'll try, ma'am."

Not very long afterward Tildy entered the hospital all a-giggling, bearing the pumpkin pie. Again he ate greedily, and again fell into a refreshing sleep.

So the boy from Maine got well, and he always declared that if it had not been for those pumpkin pies he surely must have died. His gratitude to Mrs. Harris and the love he bore for the sweet rebel lady who had done so much for him were too great to be expressed in the limited language at the command of the boy from the backwoods of Maine.

## THE OLD PHYSIC AND THE NEW

IN his method of treating the sick, the practitioner of the old school had a lively sense of the value of medicines and of remedial substances generally. He cared little or nothing about hygiene. He let his nurses draw down the blinds of the windows in the sick-room, and make it a dark and dirty dungeon, without the slightest compunction. He had no love for open windows; and, unless the weather was very cold, he never troubled about the fire or the external temperature, but he enforced freedom from noise, and secured mental repose by directing the streets below to be covered with straw. He ordered low diet in acute cases; and, as a rule, he knocked off stimulants so rigorously that his permission to administer a glass of wine or beer was looked upon by the joyful family as the first and certain sign of recovery; a practise out of which Dr. Cheyne of Dublin made fine satire. He never for a moment forgot his potent remedies. The lancet, the cupping-glass, the leech, the calomel pill and black draught, the effervescing mixture to be taken every three or four hours, the sleeping draught, the cooling lotion to be applied to the head, the blister and the blister ointment, followed by the "tonic" day after day "during convalescence"—these were almost inseparable from his routine. We had our medicine boy, who took out the physic in a basket with two lids opening from the centre. One half would take about "six lots," and one small boy would deliver both halves—a good load—in one round, while in busy times we would press the postman into our service to relieve the boy or boys.

Say what we may, the doctor of the old school was right loyal to his remedies. He had at his command fearful means, and he stuck to them. They were not many nor much varied; but such as they were, there was no mistake about

them. Tartar emetic in sixth-of-a-grain dose until it was "tolerated"; mercury until it "touched the gums"; half an ounce or even an ounce of Epsom salts; effervescing tartrate of potash, or soda mixture, *ad libitum;* bark up to cinchonism; and occasionally a bolus! But the great remedy was blood-letting; every man carried a lancet; and a tortoise-shell lancet-case holding two bright blades was considered the most befitting present for a youth about to be articled. Mine I still keep as a souvenir. It was a joke to direct a youth to learn to practise venesection on what were called "the veins of a cabbage-leaf"; and some, thinking it proper advice, did, in their innocence, begin in that style. The lancet, in frequent use, was supplemented by the leech and the cupping-glass. It may seem incredible, but it is a fact, that I knew of one practise in which the leech bill alone reached the sum of £150 a year. I also knew a practise, in which a man who had learned to apply leeches skilfully was attached to the firm as the regular "leech-man." He—dear old fellow—was too good and devoted to his work ever to be forgotten; he could make leeches bite when no one else could, "they loved him so"; he was known to fame the country round, and many a countryman was ready to swear that he owed his life to "Old Josh" the "leech-man."

There is no wonder that, in acute disease, medicine was not eminently successful in those days. The wonder is rather that patients recovered so well as they did. Dr. Robert Willis told me that the famous Dr. Gregory, when piling on the "heroic treatment," would say to his students, "Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; it takes a great deal to kill a man." Gregory was right, and if some were not really killed it was more by good luck than good management. It was not successful treatment, as all who have lived to compare it with our reformed treatment admit. It was bad at the time, for it left many bad after-effects, and it was far worse than no treatment at all of a medicinal kind: a fact the discovery of which every honest observer must in justice accord to the schismatic school of homeopathy. The contrast between new and old physic in matter of practise is striking. Our fathers

followed Galen in the view that every practitioner ought to hold all his remedies in his own hand and dispense them himself; the chemist and druggist was the demon.

Now it is deemed commonplace if the doctor dispense his own remedies; and when he does so, it is as a sort of favor or necessity—something thrown in, to form, accidentally or not at all, an addition to the fees for attendance. The pharmaceutist pushes his trade industriously to meet our wants, and our wants are many. He grows bolder; he invents for us in advance of our needs. He floods our breakfast-tables with his nostrums, advices, and temptations. He is a professor of *materia medica,* pharmacology, hygienics, diet, and regimen, all rolled into one. He has a new remedy for every day in the year, with two for holy days, so that any remedy that lives for a year has a long life. The result is that a large section of practitioners is flying after everything, trying everything, and holding fast by nothing; while another smaller section is giving up everything, or, in state of greatest activity, is playing placebo, with considerable luck in the play, to their own astonishment. For several years past specialism has taken such hold on the public mind that perforce the universalists have been almost driven to haul down their colors. Some particular persons seem to have as many specialists as they have organs. I know a lady who boasts of her eye doctor, ear doctor, chest doctor, heart doctor, brain doctor, and nose doctor, as well as what she calls her "general prac."; and of all of them she speaks as if they were men of different professions, just as she might speak of her watchmaker, her bellows-maker, or her undertaker. Some of these particularly acute persons run specialism finer still. One of them carries a "hussif list" of doctors, in which she has written out for her friends, as well as for herself and family, what every man "is clever for" down to a nicety. I got a look at the list, and found my good friend Dr. A. booked as "very clever for the upper part of the apex of the right lung," and Dr. B. for the "lower part of the upper intestine and the neck of the gall bladder." In the past the general practitioner took his patient to the great

man, held a *bona-fide tête-à-tête* with the most studied ceremony, and all was over. With less ceremony the same may take place still; but in this day patients, without a word to their regular attendants, rush to the consultant, or, as they say, in the flattery of their words, to the "fountain-head" direct, and the fountain-head will now receive them—it is as awful as it is true—alone. Sometimes a patient will go round to five or six fountain-heads on the same morning, without telling any one of them that he has already gambolled under another, and, having got home with a prescription from each of the heads, will be guided by the opinion of his regular adviser, the chemist and druggist round the corner, as to the prescription most likely to do him good.

Dr. B. W. Richardson.

## THE MODERN NOVELIST AND MEDICAL SUBJECTS

ERRONEOUS statements on medical subjects are very frequent in the modern novel, and appear to be becoming more so. Impossible and contradictory descriptions of the symptoms and course of a disease, together with a display of ignorance of medical matters in general, are a feature of up-to-date fiction. One would imagine in this age of realism that writers would try to be fairly accurate, or at least not make glaring mistakes. A literary production emanating from the fertile and imaginative brain of Mr. Hall Caine is a startling example of this slipshod tendency on the part of modern romancists. "The Christian" has raised a storm of criticism on all sides. Its accuracy as to details has been severely questioned, both from a lay and from a medical standpoint, and certainly the misstatements to be found in the work in respect to matters medical are extraordinary and amusing. The word pictures of hospital life and of a nurse's duties as portrayed in the description of Nurse Glory, while exhibiting the author's powers of imagination in a favorable light, also tend to show that his real knowledge of the subject is very little. To one who is acquainted from practical experience with the internal management of large hospitals, the accounts of the doings therein, as set forth in "The Christian," will appear wonderfully funny. The entire book, indeed, is full of amusing perversions of medical knowledge, of which perhaps the most comical is Mr. Caine's definition of a stillborn child as one that has breathed but never cried.

The writer of fiction of the present day does not appear to advantage with many of the novelists of the past generation, in his acquaintance with medical subjects, although it must be confessed that even among the dead giants of romance

there were but few whose description of a disease was absolutely correct. George Eliot is without doubt entitled to first place in this list; her sketches of doctors and her statements in regard to the disease of which she treats, are drawn with a masterly hand, and are as accurate as if written for a medical text-book. Charles Kingsley, in "Two Years Ago," traces the history of a cholera epidemic with the utmost attention to technical minutiæ. Thackeray also described the course of a malady as correctly as he did the treatment pursued by the physicians of his time. Of modern novelists, Besant, in the "Ivory Gate," gives an interesting study of an obscure brain disease, and, as he informs us in the preface that he procured his medical information from a competent doctor, it may be taken for granted that his statements are correct. Putting on one side, however, the comparatively few instances in which the diseases dealt with by novelists are to be depended upon as being correctly described, the majority of the medical statements in fiction can be divided into two classes: those in which the accounts of diseases given are false in every respect; and those in which the author, not being *au fait* with his subject, is careful not to commit himself, and therefore wisely confines himself to vague generalities.

Another point worthy of notice is the small number of diseases brought into the service of the novelist. At one time brain fever was the universal favorite, with typhoid a good second, and although, within recent years, neurosis has to a certain extent banished brain fever from its proud position, yet the latter disease still holds its own in fiction. That nervous prostration is much more likely to attack the hero or heroine suffering from the storm and stress in life, as depicted in the ordinary modern novel, than is brain fever, cannot be denied. Nevertheless, there are occasions when an author, in order to extricate himself from a complicated situation, is compelled to fall back upon disease of an acute nature; and in such a predicament, what so suitable as brain fever or what so convenient as its delirious ravings? The fact has been more than once pointed out that there is a

disease which has been strangely overlooked, and which certainly deserves to find more favor in the eyes of the novelist than has hitherto been the case. This complaint is pneumonia, for, while it fulfills all the conditions required by the novelist, and to a fuller extent than brain fever, it has none of the disagreeable associations connected with typhoid. Pneumonia may be termed an aristocratic disease, while typhoid, though no respecter of persons, still has a certain plebeian flavor, savoring of foul-smelling drains and tainted water. In novels, acute diseases invariably end suddenly. Pneumonia terminates by crisis; the onset of the attack is sudden, the temperature is always high; delirium, stupor, or complete unconsciousness is a feature in its progress. Thus in this disease there is a choice of dramatic climax found in no other malady. A wicked man can be cut off in the midst of his sins, or a good one can be made to provide an edifying death-bed scene. Pneumonia may be recommended to authors as a disease whose merits as an aid to fiction have not as yet received the appreciation from them which is undoubtedly its due. Consumption is a disease of such a nature that most novelists fight shy of it, and are very chary of relating its tedious course. William D. Howell, in one of his works, has been bold enough to introduce a family, all of whose members but one are afflicted with phthisis; and Gilbert Parker, in an interesting book he has lately written, has succeeded in rendering his consumptive hero a most fascinating and attractive personality. In connection with consumption in fiction, it is instructive under the present circumstances to note that Smollett, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, draws attention in "The Expedition of Humphry Clinker" to the prevailing opinion then existing that consumption was contagious. Heart disease is naturally a favorite with writers of romance when a character gets rather too obtrusive and it is deemed advisable to remove her or him from the scene. Marion Crawford, in "A Rose of Yesterday," has drawn a graphic picture of the life and death of a fast man; but the most powerful sketch of the stages of syphilis was that of Samuel Warren, entitled

"A Man About Town," included in his "Diary of a Late Physician."

In present and past fiction too, many examples have been afforded of the manner in which eminent writers can err when they enter upon descriptions of technical matters without taking the trouble to verify their statements. It cannot be expected of a novelist, however talented he may be, that he should be conversant with a disease by mere intuition, and if he trusts to his imagination and to some superficial observation he will surely fall into grievous errors.

## ORMSBY'S *ENFANT TERRIBLE*

### I

THAT Frederick Ormsby, M. D., is destined to attain a position of eminence in his profession there seems now to be no apparent reason to doubt. There has been a vast change in his fortunes since that wintry night when he left the apartment which we then occupied together, to visit his first patient and distinguish himself by a performance which resulted in his becoming known to his friends as "Doctor Jupiter."

We had taken our degrees that year—having gone through college together—and only tarried in New York in order that we might attend a supplementary series of lectures then being delivered by an eminent surgeon.

We occupied an apartment in a lodging-house in West Twelfth Street and were in a lamentable though chronic condition of bankruptcy. To make matters still more complicated, there resided in the same house a certain Miss Gilberta Wylie, who might, had she so inclined, have regarded my chum and myself as her devoted slaves.

In order to maintain the respect and esteem of this young woman, Ormsby and I made the most strenuous efforts to keep up appearances, and as our finances were in about an equally deplorable state, it was a case of nip and tuck between us in the matter of personal adornment and invitations to places of refreshment and amusement—the enchantress accepting our attentions indiscriminately.

One December night we sat together in our room—Ormsby with his feet on the fender and I with my heels on the table.

Ormsby had just invested his last three dollars in a couple of Lyceum orchestra chairs for an opening night and was,

therefore, as elated as I was depressed. Miss Wylie, be it observed, was especially fond of Lyceum performances and confessed a partiality for the orchestra chairs.

About nine o'clock we were aroused from our reveries by a thumping on the door, and a moment later, in obedience to our mutual invitation. the housemaid appeared on the threshold.

Now, there are housemaids and housemaids, and their idiosyncrasies are legion, but in the ranks of the long-suffering sisterhood, not one could rival in guilelessness of expression, or density of ideas, the damsel we fondly denominated as "Our Mary."

Her face was like an open book—badly soiled, to be sure—but as easy to read as a two-foot thermometer. It was, therefore, no difficult matter to assume, as she stood before us with her eyes reverently turned towards Ormsby, and her smutty features transfigured with awe and astonishment, that her soul was stirred to a degree neither Ormsby nor I had ever thought it possible for that soul to attain.

Naturally we inferred that some extraordinary event was about to occur, but we were scarcely prepared for the full force of her announcement.

"Please, sir, a little boy downstairs wants Dr. Ormsby to go to his house and see a sick child."

If the death angel had suddenly appeared in the door and offered to stand a round of ale, immediately after this declaration, we would not have noticed his presence.

"Wants Ormsby!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, Dr. Ormsby," said our servitor.

There was a wild look in Ormsby's eyes, and as he rose he trembled.

"Tell him to wa-wa-wait," he stammered.

The maid continued to gaze at us alternately, in idiotic amazement.

"There, there, that will do!" I exclaimed. "Don't you see the doctor is beginning to change his clothes?"

"Yes—get out," gasped Ormsby between his trembling jaws.

The girl, with reluctant steps, took her departure, and Ormsby, in feverish haste, proceeded to don his best black suit.

"What are you going to charge 'em?" I enquired.

Ormsby didn't vouchsafe an answer.

"I only ask," I continued, "because our tobacco box is about empty, and it might be well to bear in mind the fact that the jack of spades is missing from that antediluvian pack of playing cards."

Ormsby had now arrived at the hair-brushing stage and was working furiously.

"You owe me ten dollars—first patient, you know," he observed pleasantly.

"Yes," said I, "you've won; but, while you are waiting for those ten dollars, these little items I have mentioned might be supplied."

Ormsby gave me a withering glance; then slid into his overcoat and made for the door.

"Hold on," I shouted, "better take off that smoking cap and put on your tile. The Arab physician act isn't likely to catch on in New York." Ormsby glared at me fiercely, but condescended to act in accordance with my advice. Then he bolted.

Now, although I had affected a spirit of levity, it must not be supposed that I was in an enviable frame of mind. Those Lyceum tickets, and the influence which Ormsby's actual entry into practice would have on the mind of the fair Gilberta, irritated me exceedingly.

Then, too, that wager of ten dollars which I made with Ormsby was a debt of honor, and would have to be paid. Practically I was paying for those Lyceum tickets out of my own pocket.

## II

At the expiration of half an hour I threw my clay pipe violently into the fireplace and climbed into bed. Fifteen minutes later Ormsby returned.

"Well, how did you make out?" I yawned.

"Quite satisfactorily," replied Ormsby. "A case of meningitis."

"Will it cover the jack and the tobacco?"

Ormsby was whistling softly and did not respond. He went over to the table and laid down a package wrapped in brown paper, after which he prepared to retire.

I rolled out of bed and directed my steps toward the table.

"What's this?' I asked.

Ormsby made no response, so I forthwith proceeded to unfold the brown paper.

A few seconds later the body of a six-month-old infant lay before my eyes.

"What the deuce do you mean by bringing this here?" I demanded. "I knew, of course, when you went out that the jig would be up with somebody before you got back. It wasn't necessary to carry your victim all the way up here to prove it."

"Cut that," said Ormsby savagely. "The young one was dying when I arrived. I did all I could—all any one could do; but it was no use. The parents were poverty-stricken and unable to pay the dollar I charged them, and, furthermore, bewailed the expense of a funeral. I told them that I would take the infant as a fee and apply it to scientific purposes. They agreed to this proposition and I signed a death certificate, gave them a receipt for the 'subject,' and left the house. I'll take it with me to the college tomorrow. We have needed a well-formed infant for some time, and now we've got one, so go to bed and give that fund of sarcasm of yours a chance to replenish itself. It has manifested symptoms of exhaustion lately. Good-night."

With this he gathered up his perquisite, and opening the top drawer of the bureau he deposited the "subject" within. Five minutes later he crawled into bed beside me and we both went to sleep.

How long I slumbered I am unable to affirm positively, but I do not think I had been asleep more than half an hour

when I was suddenly awakened by my bedfellow, who was shaking me violently.

In language rather more forcible than polite, I commanded him to desist, and asked him what was the matter.

"Listen! Don't you hear anything?" he asked in an excited whisper. I listened for a few minutes; then, as all was still, I besought him to let me alone, and turn over and go to sleep.

He released my arm and I heard him rise to a sitting posture in the bed. Suddenly he thew off the bed covers and jumped out, and at that moment I heard a succession of faint sounds, not altogether unlike the smothered cries of a cat.

Ormsby lighted the gas and turned his pale face with an inquisitive expression in my direction.

"Hear it now?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes," I answered, and a moment later I was on the floor beside him. We both listened intently.

Again we heard the sounds, and this time there was no longer any doubt as to the source whence they emanated. They came from the bureau drawer.

We regarded each other in horrified astonishment. Then, with one accord, we cautiously advanced towards the bureau and after a brief hesitation Ormsby tremulously opened the drawer.

Immediately the cries ceased, and there among some discarded shoes, with a frayed collar tightly clasped in a diminutive hand, and eyes blinking as the flood of light was thus thrown suddenly upon them—lay Ormsby's virgin tribute to old Dame Science.

We continued to stare in speechless amazement, and the young lady, who was attired only in a negligee wrapper of brown paper, began to splutter and crow, while beating the air vigorously with the captive collar, as if protesting against our utter lack of chivalry.

"It's alive," affirmed Ormsby positively.

"Quite so," I replied. "The young lady seems to have recovered from that little attack of meningitis you gave her, and now appears to be suffering from a violent attack of

life. Under these circumstances, I think it might be well to return her to her paternal roof at once."

Ormsby agreed to this proposition, and we quickly appropriated two towels and a pillow-case, in which we proceeded to swaddle the infant. When this was satisfactorily accomplished my colleague dressed himself and went out with his charge, whereupon I returned to bed.

About an hour later Ormsby returned. As he entered the apartment I observed that his features were singularly disturbed and also that the infant was still with him.

"What the devil does this mean?" I exclaimed, now thoroughly alarmed. "What did you bring it back for?"

"Couldn't shake it," returned Ormsby disconsolately.

"Do you mean to tell me that we shall have to harbor it here all night? Have you any idea what the people in the house will think?"

"Can't help it," said Ormsby desperately. "I'm hanged if I am going to walk the streets any longer on a cold night like this with that roll of baby and towels in my arms."

"Why don't you take it where it belongs?"

"I did; but they won't have it back. They declare that they have the death certificate and that they have had enough of babies. They pretend to believe I am trying to foist one upon them that is not their own."

"I should have left it on the doorstep," I remarked.

"I dare say you would," he retorted. "I, however, have a little reputation to lose at the college, and don't care to have the matter dragged into the newspapers. A doorstep suggested itself to my mind though, and after walking a few blocks I found one, laid down the bundle and made off. Just then a policeman hove in sight, and upon discovering what I had done he placed me under arrest.

"I explained the circumstances, told him I was sorry and promised to bring the young one home with me again. He told me to hang my sorrow and to go along with him; but when I slipped my watch into his hand, he thought better of it and let me go. I'll smuggle it out of here in the morn-

ing before you are awake, and take it to a founding asylum, so climb into bed again, go to sleep and keep quiet."

I didn't like the way he addressed me, and I was about to tell him so, when the infant began to pucker its face in a manner that boded evil. As Ormsby observed the series of facial contortions, he paled visibly.

"The infernal thing is going to bawl!" he exclaimed.

"Yes the symptoms are obvious," I said. "A bawl is coming as sure as you are a foot high."

"Suppose the people in the house should hear it?"

"Invite them in to witness the performance," I returned. "Meanwhile, I am going to climb into bed, go to sleep and keep quiet as you suggested."

Ormsby seized me by the arm.

"I say, MacFarland, don't talk like that. Haven't you any interest in concealing this business?"

"None at all, my dear fellow," I replied. "Meningitis is not my specialty, and you appear to overlook the fact that this is not my funeral."

## III

I had scarcely finished speaking when, after a few preliminary gulps and splutterings, the overture began.

I was becoming jubilant now. The perspiration stood in large beads on Ormsby's forehead.

"What the devil are we going to do?" he asked desperately.

"If I were consulted professionally, I should prescribe milk," I returned.

"That's it! that's it!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Get some, won't you, old chap? Get a bottle, too, that's a good fellow."

"With pleasure," I replied. "The landlady has milk and, having been a woman of family, I dare say she has the necessary machinery with which to administer it, in the garret. I'll ask her."

"Stop!" he exclaimed wildly. "Don't be an idiot! Buy

the milk at a saloon, and get a bottle and the other things at the druggist's. I have no money, but you have."

"At this time of the night? Not I!" I rejoined. "And as for the money—well, I am too hard up myself to indulge in the luxury of buying provender for—well—ahem—other people's children."

I coughed significantly.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded fiercely.

I pursed my lips and shrugged my shoulders.

"Well, old chap," I said, "you must admit that the circumstances are so very extraordinary, it is only natural that even one's best friends should be suspicious."

Ormsby stared at me in blank amazement, and paled and flushed alternately. Fortunately he was a little man, else I might have regretted having gone so far.

"That's rubbing it in too hard, Mac. I know what's the matter though. Those theatre tickets are yours, but get the milk!"

"Ormsby!" I thundered with righteous indignation.

"I'll cancel our wager—only get the milk!"

"I'm not a 'cop,'" I retorted. "It's no use, Ormsby. I am not to be insulted one minute and fawned upon the next."

The infantile whimpering was now becoming more pronounced.

"Then I'll go," said Ormsby, starting in the direction of his garments.

This proposition was startling. I was not going to be left alone with that infant if I knew myself.

"Never mind, old chap, I'll go," I said indulgently.

"Don't trouble yourself," was the grim response.

"Oh, but I insist," I said. Then I added: "I shall go whether you do or not."

The consequence was that I sallied out for the milk and baby bottle.

I was not gone long, and when I returned and opened the door of our bedroom I saw Ormsby on his hands and knees in the bed, with the bed covers drawn up over his head, and looking for all the world like a kneeling dromedary. Orms-

by was warbling "Hello Mah Baby," and the infant was crooning plaintively.

"What are you doing?" I asked in amazement.

"Smothering the sound. Did you get the milk?"

"Yes!" I replied.

"Warm it!"

Then the warbling resumed—this time a dirge adaptation of "I'll Never Go to Heaven Till I Die."

I heated the milk, and when we had forced the nozzle of the bottle between the toothless jaws of the infant, quiet was again restored and my colleague and I took advantage of the respite to secure a few minutes' rest.

"If it only wasn't a girl," sighed Ormsby.

"I say, old man," returned I, "this is getting to be a sort of compromising business all around. It seems to me that as you are responsible for this utterly idiotic predicament, you ought to bear the odium of it yourself. I think I'll go round to a hotel somewhere and turn in for the night."

"Now Mac—please Mac—don't leave me this way, Mac! I haven't treated you right—I know it—I apologize."

Ormsby was coming round now. I felt half tempted to pity him, but I thought of Gilberta and—don't I despise a man who, while playing a winning game, weakens at critical moments?

By this time my colleague's perquisite had had enough of the bottle, and forthwith resumed its series of vocal exercise. Ormsby made a flying leap towards the bed and drew the covers over the distorted features of his charge.

"Mac, this thing can't go on forever. We must stop it you know—we must!"

"Well," I said, "that field of invention is absolutely and solely yours. Stop it by all means."

"Perhaps," he said hesitatingly, "perhaps a little chloral, or morphine, administered in small doses, might have a salutary effect. Would you—?"

"No, no, Ormsby!" I exclaimed, assuming an attitude of tragic expostulation. "None of that here. Silence it by legitimate means or I'll get out."

"Of course I didn't mean that," returned my room-mate disconsolately. "I merely offered it as a suggestion."

"Oh, of course," I said dryly.

Here the young lady suddenly began to emit a volume of sounds such as I should have believed impossible to have been generated in a pair of lungs so small and immature. Ormsby thrust his hands into his disheveled locks and began to sing.

"Go it," I cried gleefully. "That will fetch her."

"Sing! Sing! Hang you, sing!" cried Ormsby fiercely, and as he glared threateningly at me he clenched his fists.

I joined in. The tune we mutually agreed upon was "Sailing, Sailing." There is a lot of volume to that old air, and we threw our very souls into its interpretation.

It must be observed that our object was not so much to quiet the infant as to prevent its cries from being heard. Ormsby sang an agonized tenor, and I, who always prided myself on the possibilities of my uncultivated bass, went about my task deliberately.

In three minutes Ormsby was a line and a half ahead of me and gaining steadily. No matter, thought I, the instincts of a true artist should not be thrust aside for the empty honor to be derived from outdistancing a hopeless tenor in a reach for notes.

Thus it went on for several minutes, until at length I began to find the discord getting somewhat monotonous. Then without a word of warning I sailed into "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me."

Pretty soon Ormsby followed suit, and it was not long before he caught up and passed me.

The last named musical gem is, of course, rather short, and as Ormsby arrived at the end of it first, he waded in on "Tell Me Pretty Maiden, Are There Any More at Home Like You?" to kill time, until we could think of something else.

And now there began a pounding on the wall and we heard the muffled sound of a human voice. We gave it no

heed, however, but went right on with our work. Then we tackled "Ben Bolt."

We hadn't finished with our recollections of "Sweet Alice" when we became aware that somebody or aggregation of bodies, was or were thumping our door vigorously.

A thrill of joyful emotion pervaded my spirit. My moment of triumph was now at hand.

Still singing I went to the door. Ormsby, with the child in his arms, swung it to and fro and was so thoroughly oblivious of all else that he failed to hear the thumping or to mark my purpose.

I opened the door and went out into the hall. Nearly every lodger in the house was in evidence. Still I sang.

"What in the world is the matter? Have you men taken leave of your senses, or are you intoxicated?" asked the bewildered landlady.

"Oh, Mrs. Conder, is it you?" I exclaimed. "It is all right now. Father and child are both doing well. It's a girl."

There was an exclamation of astonishment from the assembled lodgers.

"What do you mean?" asked the amazed landlady, shrinking away from me as if I were a lunatic. The others began a cautious retreat.

"Why, you see Ormsby has been repeating the god Jupiter's immortal experiment—evolving a daughter from his brain, and all that sort of thing. We have named the little one Minerva—Minerva the Second, you know—beautiful child—really quite creditable to Ormsby. In the dual capacity of physician and nurse, however, I must forbid any one to see him until tomorrow. Such an extraordinary drain on the brain is a very serious matter, and Ormsby, you know, has always been a little delicate in this particular."

Just then Ormsby, realizing the fact that the game was up, ceased singing, and the lamentations of the infant again became more audible. The maternal instinct of Mrs. Conder here asserted itself.

"There is a baby in there—they are murdering it—the brutes! Give me the child—give it to me, I say!"

"With pleasure," I said.

Then returning to the room I addressed Ormsby.

"Kindly pass Miss Minerva this way, old man. Mrs. Conder and Miss Wylie would like to have a look at her."

After having seen Ormsby's face as I saw it then, I am a devout believer in the existence of Medusa—I was nearly petrified myself.

I took the child to Mrs. Conder, who removed it to her room.

Ormsby and I remained up all night by ourselves. I didn't trust Ormsby on that memorable occasion. There was an expression of incipient homicidal mania in his eyes, that suggested unpleasant possibilities, so I remained up in a spirit of self-protection.

To pass away the time I opened the backgammon board, and began to shake the dice. Presently Ormsby picked up the pieces and arranged them to play. We played together until morning—neither of us uttering a word.

At breakfast Ormsby explained everything, and we all listened indulgently. When he concluded all the boarders agreed that it was really a most extraordinary experience.

It was somewhat unfortunate that at this time I should be afflicted by that little cough that had troubled me slightly the night before. The cough was—greatly to my chagrin of course—evidently infectious. It is possible, however, that the coughing of the other boarders was nothing more than a coincidence.

During the next week I observed that Gilberta was not so cordial as she had been toward Ormsby. Perhaps she suspected that—oh, well I don't know.

Mrs. Conder kept the child for about a week, then, as it gave her a great deal of trouble, it was at length decided to send it to a foundling asylum. The fair Gilberta said it was a shame to so dispose of it, and I agreed with her.

I should, I suppose, have stoped here; but Gilberta seemed so regretful, I, like an idot, told her I would send it

home to my folks, and did so. Gilberta thanked me with her eyes and I was satisfied—for the time.

Soon after this Ormsby and I entered into practice in neighboring towns in West Virginia.

Miss Minerva, however, inflicted upon me a terrible burden of responsibility. What was I, an irresponsible and financially embarrassed bachelor, going to do with a little child like that? I was really becoming quite attached to it, but I had the good sense to think the matter over carefully. The result was that when Ormsby married the adorable Gilberta, I offered Miss Minerva to them as a wedding present. Much to my satisfaction, they accepted her with thanks.

J. AUBREY TYSON.

## THE BULLETIN

HARK!—the doctors come again,
Knock—and enter doctors twain—
Dr. Keeler, Dr. Blane:—
"Well, sir, how
Go matters now?
Please your tongue put out again!"
Meanwhile, t'other side the bed,
Doctor Keeler
Is a feeler
Of my wrist, and shakes his head:—
"Rather low, we're rather low!"
(Deuce is in't, an 'twere not so!
Arrowroot, and toast—and water,
Being all my nursing daughter,
By their order, now allows me;
If I hint at more she rows me,
Or at best will let me soak a
Crust of bread in tapioca.)
"Cool and moist though, let me see—
Seventy-two, or seventy-three,
Seventy-four, perhaps, or so;
Rather low, we're rather low;
Now, what sort of night, sir, eh?
Did you take the mixture, pray?
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
And the draught and pills at nine?"

PATIENT (*loquitur*)

"Coughing, doctor, coughing, sneezing,
Wheezing, teazing, most unpleasing,
Till 'Tired nature's sweet restorer,'
Sleep, did cast her mantle o'er her
Poor unfortunate adorer,
And became at last a snorer.
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
Nor the draughts did I decline;
But those horrid pills at nine!
Those I did not try to swallow.

Doctor, they'd have beat me hollow.
I as soon
Could gulp the moon
Or the great Nassau balloon,
Or a ball for horse or hound, or
Bullet for an eighteen-pounder."

DOCTOR K.

"Well, sir—well, sir—we'll arrange it,
If you can't take pills, we'll change it;
Take, we'll say,
A powder gray,
All the same to us which way:
Each will do;
But, sir, you
Must perspire whate'er you do,
(Sudorific comes from *sudo!*)
Very odd, sir, how our wills
Interfere with taking pills!
I've a patient, sir, a lady
Whom I've told you of already,
She'll take potions,
She'll take lotions,
She'll take drugs, and draughts by oceans;
She'll take rhubarb, senna, rue;
She'll take powders gray and blue,
Tinctures, mixtures, linctures, squills,
But, sir, she will *not* take pills!
Now the throat, sir; how's the throat?"

PATIENT.

"Why, I can't produce a note!
I can't sound one word, I think, whole,
But they hobble,
And they gobble,
Just like soapsuds down a sink-hole,
Or I whisper like the breeze,
Softly sighing through the trees!"

DOCTOR.

"Well, sir—well, sir—never mind, sir,
We'll put all to rights you'll find, sir:
Make no speeches,
Get some leeches;
You'll find twenty
Will be plenty,
Clap them on, and let them lie
On the *pomum Adami;*

Let them well the trachea drain,
And your larynx,
And your pharynx—
Please put out your tongue again!
Now, the blister!
Ay, the blister!
Let your son, or else his sister,
Warm it well, then clap it here, sir;
All across from ear to ear, sir;
That suffices.
When it rises,
Snip it, sir, and then your throat on
Rub a little oil of Croton;
Never mind a little pain!
Please put out your tongue again!
Now, sir, I must down your maw stick
This small sponge of lunar caustic.
Never mind, sir,
You'll not find, sir,
I, the sponge shall leave behind, sir,
Or my probing make you sick, sir,
I shall draw it back so quick, sir;—
This I call my prime elixir!
How, sir! choking?
Pooh! you're joking—
Bless me! this is quite provoking!
What can make you, sir, so wheezy?
Stay! sir!—gently!—take it easy!
There, sir! that will do today.
Sir, I think that we may say
We are better, doctor, eh?
Don't you think so, Doctor Blane?
Please put out your tongue again!
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
And since you the pills decline,
Draught and powder gray at nine.
There, sir! there, sir! now good day,
I've a lady 'cross the way,
I must see without delay!"

(*Exeunt Doctors.*)

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

# THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

## I

### DR. MARTIN DOBRÉE

MY name is Martin Dobrée. Martin or Doctor Martin I was called throughout Guernsey. It will be necessary to state a few particulars about my family and position, before I proceed with my part of this narrative.

My father was Dr. Dobrée. He belonged to one of the oldest families in the island—a family of distinguished *pur sang;* but our branch of it had been growing poorer instead of richer during the last three of four generations. We had been gravitating steadily downward.

My father lived ostensibly by his profession, but actually upon the income of my cousin, Julia Dobrée, who had been his ward from her childhood. The house we dwelt in, a pleasant one in the Grange, belonged to Julia; and fully half of the year's household expenses were defrayed by her. Our practise, which he and I shared between us, was not a large one, though for its extent it was lucrative enough. But there always is an immense number of medical men in Guernsey in proportion to its population, and the island is healthy. There was small chance for any of us to make a fortune.

Then how was it that I, a young man still under thirty, was wasting my time and skill and professional training by remaining there, a sort of half pensioner on my cousin's bounty? The thickest rope that holds a vessel weighing scores of tons, safely to the pier-head, is made up of strands so slight that almost a breath will break them.

First, then—and the strength of two-thirds of the strands lay there—was my mother. I could never remember the

time when she had not been delicate and ailing, even when I was a rough schoolboy at Elizabeth College. It was that infirmity of body which occasionally betrays the wounds of a soul. I did not comprehend it while I was a boy; then it was headache only. As I grew older I discovered that it was heartache. The gnawing of perpetual disappointment, worse than a sudden and violent calamity, had slowly eaten away the very foundation of healthy life. No hand could administer any medicine for this disease except mine, and as soon as I was sure of that, I felt what my first duty was.

I knew where the blame of this lay, if any blame there were. I had found it out years ago by my mother's silence, her white cheeks, and her feeble tone of health. My father was never openly unkind and careless, but there was always visible in his manner a weariness of her, an utter disregard for her feelings. He continued to like young and pretty women, just as he had liked her because she was young and pretty. He remained at the very point he was at, when they began their married life. There was nothing patently criminal in it, God forbid!—nothing to create an open and a grave scandal on our little island. But it told upon my mother; it was the one drop of water falling day by day. "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike," says the book of Proverbs. My father's small infidelities were much the same to my mother. She was thrown altogether upon me for sympathy and support and love.

When I first fathomed this mystery, my heart rose in very undutiful bitterness against Dr. Dobrée; but by-and-by I found that it resulted less from a want of fidelity to her than from a radical infirmity in his temperament. It was almost as impossible for him to avoid or conceal his preference for younger and more attractive women, as for my mother to conquer the fretting vexation this preference caused to her.

Next to my mother came Julia, my cousin, five years older than I, who had coldly looked down upon me, and snubbed me like a sister, as a boy; watched my progress through Elizabeth College, and through Guy's Hospital; and per-

ceived at last that I was a young man whom it was no disgrace to call cousin. To crown all, she fell in love with me; so at least my mother told me, taking me into her confidence, and speaking with a depth of pleading in her sunken eyes, which were worn with much weeping. Poor mother! I knew very well what unspoken wish was in her heart. Julia had grown up under her care as I had done, and she stood second to me in her affection.

It is not difficult to love any woman who has a moderate share of attractions—at least I did not find it so then. I was really fond of Julia, too—very fond. I knew her as intimately as any brother knows his sister. She had kept up a correspondence with me all the time I was at Guy's, and her letters had been more interesting and amusing than her conversation generally was. Some women, most cultivated women, can write charming letters; and Julia was a highly cultivated woman. I came back from Guy's with a very greatly increased regard and admiration for my cousin Julia.

So, when my mother, with her pleading, wistful eyes, spoke day after day of Julia, of her dutiful love toward her, and her growing love for me, I drifted, almost without an effort of my own volition, into an engagement with her. You see there was no counterbalance. I was acquainted with every girl of my own class on the island; pretty girls were many of them, but there was after all not one I preferred to my cousin. My old dreams and romances about love, common to every young fellow, had all faded into a very commonplace, every-day vision of having a comfortable house of my own, and a wife as good as most other men's wives. Just in the same way, my ambitious plans for rising to the very top of the tree in my profession had dwindled down to satisfaction with the very limited practise of one of our island doctors. I found myself chained to this rock in the sea; all my future life would probably be spent there; and Fate offered me Julia as the companion fittest for me. I was contented with my fate, and laughed off my boyish fancy that I ought to be ready to barter the world for love.

Added to these two strong ties keeping me in Guernsey,

there were the hundred, the thousand, small associations which made that island, and my people living upon it, dearer than any other place or any other people in the world. Taking the strength of the rope which held me to the pier-head as represented by 100, then my love for my mother would stand at 66½, my engagement to Julia at about 20, and the remainder may go toward my old associations. That is pretty nearly the sum of it.

My engagement to Julia came about so easily and naturally, that I was perfectly contented with it. We had been engaged since the previous Christmas, and were to be married in the early summer, as soon as a trip through Switzerland would be agreeable. We were to set up housekeeping for ourselves; that was a point Julia was bent upon. A suitable house had fallen vacant in one of the higher streets of St. Peterport, which commanded a noble view of the sea and the surrounding islands. We had taken it, though it was farther from the Grange and my mother than I should have chosen my home to be. She and Julia were busy, pleasantly busy, about the furnishings.

Never had I seen my mother look so happy, or so young. Even my father paid her a compliment or two, which had the effect of bringing a pretty pink flush to her white cheeks; and of making her sunken eyes shine. As to myself, I was quite happy without a doubt. Julia was a good girl, everybody said that, and Julia loved me devotedly. I was on the point of becoming master of a house and owner of a considerable income; for Julia would not hear of there being any marriage settlements which would secure to her the property she was bringing to me. I found that making love, even to my cousin who was like a sister to me, was upon the whole a pleasurable occupation. Everything was going on smoothly. That was, till about the middle of March.

I had been to church one Sunday morning with these two women, both devoted to me, and centering all their love and hopes in me, when, as we entered the house on our return, I heard my father calling "Martin! Martin!" as loudly as he could, from his consulting-room. I answered the call in-

stantly, and whom should I see but a very old friend of mine, Tardif, of the Havre Gosselin. He was standing near the door, as if in too great a hurry to sit down. His handsome but weather-beaten face betrayed great anxiety, and his shaggy mustache rose and fell, as if the mouth below it was tremulously at work. My father looked chagrined and irresolute.

"Here's a pretty piece of work, Martin," he said; "Tardif wants one of us to go back with him to Sark, to see a woman who has fallen from the cliffs and broken her arm, confound it!"

"For the sake of the good God, Dr. Martin," cried Tardif excitedly, and of course speaking in the Sark dialect, "I beg of you to come this instant even. She has been lying in anguish since mid-day yesterday—twenty-four hours now, sir. I started at dawn this morning, but both wind and tide were against me, and I have been waiting here some time. Be quick, doctor. *Mon Dieu!* if she should be dead!"

The poor fellow's voice faltered, and his eyes met mine imploringly. He and I had been fast friends in my boyhood, when all my holidays were spent in Sark, although he was some years older than I; and our friendship was still firm and true, though it had slackened a little from absence. I took his hand heartily, giving it a good hard grip in token of my unaltered friendship—a grip which he returned with his fingers of iron till my own tingled again.

"I knew you'd come," he gasped.

"Ah, I'll go, Tardif," I said; "only I must get a snatch of something to eat while Dr. Dobrée puts up what I shall have need of. I'll be ready in half an hour. Go into the kitchen, and get some dinner yourself."

"Thank you, Dr. Martin," he answered, his voice still unsteady and his mustache quivering; "but I can eat nothing. I'll go down and have the boat ready. You'll waste no time?"

"Not a moment," I promised.

I left my father to put up the things I should require, supposing he had heard all the particulars of the accident

from Tardif. He was inclined to grumble a little at me for going; but I asked him what else I could have done. As he had no answer ready to that question, I walked away to the dining-room, where my mother and Julia were waiting; for dinner was ready, as we dined early on Sundays on account of the servants. Julia was suffering from the beginning of a bilious attack, to which she was subject, and her eyes were heavy and dull. I told them hastily where I was going, and what a hurry I was in.

"You are never going across to Sark today!" she exclaimed.

"Why not?" I asked, taking my seat and helping myself quickly.

"Because I am sure bad weather is coming," she answered, looking anxiously through a window facing the west. "I could see the coast of France this morning as plainly as Sark, and the gulls are keeping close to the shore, and the sunset last night was threatening. I will go and look at the storm-glass."

She went away, but came back again very soon, with an increase of anxiety in her face. "Don't go, dear Martin," she said, with her hand upon my shoulder; "the storm-glass is as troubled as it can be, and the wind is veering round to the west. You know what that foretells at this time of the year. There is a storm at hand; take my word for it, and don't venture across to Sark today."

"And what is to become of the poor woman?" I remonstrated. "Tardif says she has been suffering the pain of a broken limb these twenty-four hours. It would be my duty to go even if the storm were here, unless the risk was exceedingly great. Come, Julia, remember you are to be a doctor's wife, and don't be a coward."

"Don't go!" she reiterated, "for my sake and your mother's. I am certain some trouble will come of it. We shall be frightened to death; and this woman is only a stranger to you. Oh, I cannot bear to let you go!"

I did not attempt to reason with her, for I knew of old that when Julia was bilious and nervous she was quite deaf

to reason. I only stroked the hand that lay on my shoulder, and went on with my dinner as if my life depended upon the speed with which I despatched it.

"Uncle," she said, as my father came in with a small portmanteau in his hand, "tell Martin he must not go. There is sure to be a storm tonight."

"Pooh! pooh!" he answered. "I should be glad enough for Martin to stay at home, but there's no help for it, I suppose. There will be no storm at present, and they'll run across quickly. It will be the coming back that will be difficult. You'll scarcely get home again tonight, Martin."

"No," I said. "I'll stop at Gavey's, and come back in the Sark cutter, if it has begun to ply. If not, Tardif must bring me over in the morning."

"Don't go," persisted Julia, as I thrust myself into my rough pilot coat, and then bent down to kiss her check. Julia always presented me her cheek, and my lips had never met hers yet. My mother was standing by and looking tearful, but she did not say a word; she knew there was no question about what I ought to do. Julia followed me to the door and held me fast with both hands round my arm, sobbing out hysterically, "Don't go!" Even when I had released myself and was running down the drive, I could hear her still calling, "O Martin, don't go!"

I was glad to get out of hearing. I felt sorry for her, yet there was a considerable amount of pleasure in being the object of so much tender solicitude. I thought of her for a minute or two as I hurried along the steep streets leading down to the quay. But the prospect before me caught my eye. Opposite lay Sark, bathed in sunlight, and the sea between was calm enough at present. A ride across, with a westerly breeze filling the sails, and the boat dancing lightly over the waves, would not be a bad exchange for a dull Sunday afternoon, with Julia at the Sunday-school and my mother asleep. Besides, it was the path of duty which was leading me across the quiet gray sea before me.

Tardif was waiting, with his sails set and oars in the rowlocks, ready for clearing the harbor. I took one of them,

and bent myself willingly to the light task. There was less wind than I had expected, but what there was blew in our favor. We were very quickly beyond the pier-head, where a group of idlers was always gathered, who sent after us a few warning shouts. Nothing could be more exhilarating than our onward progress. I felt as if I had been a prisoner, with chains which had pressed heavily yet insensibly upon me, and that now I was free. I drew into my lungs the fresh, bracing, salt air of the sea with a deep sigh of delight.

It struck me after a while that my friend Tardif was unusually silent. The shifting of the sails appeared to give him plenty to do; and to my surprise, instead of keeping to the ordinary course, he ran recklessly as it seemed across the *grunes,* which lie all about the bed of the channel between Guernsey and Sark. These *grunes* are reefs, rising a little above low water, but as the tide was about half-flood they were a few feet below it; yet at times there was scarcely enough depth to float us over them, while the brown seaweed torn from their edges lay in our wake, something like the swaths of grass in a meadow after the scythe has swept through it. Now and then came a bump and a scrape of the keel against their sharp ridges.

The sweat stood in beads upon Tardif's face, and his thick hair fell forward over his forehead, where the great veins in the temples were purple and swollen. I spoke to him after a heavier bump over the rocks than any we had yet come to.

"Tardif," I said, "we are shaving the weeds a little too close, aren't we?"

"Look behind you, Dr. Martin," he answered, shifting the sails a little.

I did look behind us. We were more than half-way over the channel, and Guernsey lay four miles or so west of us; but instead of the clear outline of the island standing out against the sky, I could see nothing but a bank of white fog; the afternoon sun was shining brightly over it, but before long it would dip into its dense folds.

The fogs about our islands are peculiar. You may see

them form, apparently thick blocks of blanched vapor, with a distinct line between the atmosphere where the haze is and where it is not. To be overtaken by a fog like this, which would almost hide Tardif at one end of the boat from me at the other, would be no laughing matter in a sea lined with sunken reefs. The wind had almost gone, but a little breeze still caught us from the north of the fog-bank. Without a word I took the oars again, while Tardif devoted himself to the sails and the helm.

"A mile nearer home," he said, "and I could row my boat as easily in the dark as you could ride your horse along a lane."

## II

### A SURPRISE

My face was turned westward now, and I kept my eye upon the fog-bank creeping stealthily after us. I thought of my mother and Julia, and the fright they would be in. Moreover a fog like this was pretty often succeeded by a squall, especially at this season; and when a westerly gale blew up from the Atlantic in the month of March, no one could foretell when it would cease.

I had been weather-bound in Sark, when a boy, for three weeks at one time, when provisions ran short, and it was almost impossible to buy a loaf of bread. I could not help laughing at the recollection, but I kept an anxious lookout toward the west. Three weeks' imprisonment in Sark now would be a bore.

But the fog remained almost stationary in front of Guernsey, and the round red eyeball of the sun glared after us as we ran nearer and nearer to Sark. The tide was with us, and carried us on buoyantly. We anchored at the fisherman's landing-place below the cliff of the Havre Gosselin, and we climbed readily up the rough ladder which leads to the path. Tardif made his boat secure, and followed me; he passed me, and strode on up the steep track to the summit of the cliff, as if impatient to reach his home. It was then

that I gave my first serious thought to the woman who had met with the accident.

"Tardif, who is the person that is hurt?" I asked, "and whereabout did she fall?"

"She fell down yonder," he answered, with an odd quiver in his voice, as he pointed to a rough and rather high portion of the cliff running inland; "the stones rolled from under her feet so," he added, crushing down a quantity of the loose gravel with his foot, "and she slipped. She lay on the shingle underneath for two hours before I found her—two hours, Dr. Martin!"

"That was bad," I said, for the good fellow's voice failed him—"very bad. A fall like that might have killed her."

We went on, he carrying his oars, and I my little portmanteau. I heard Tardif muttering, "Killed her!" in a tone of terror; but his face brightened a little when we reached the gate of the farmyard. He laid down the oars noiselessly upon the narrow stone causeway before the door, and lifted the latch as cautiously as if he was afraid to disturb some sleeping baby.

He had given me no information with regard to my patient; and the sole idea I had formed of her was of a strong, sturdy, Sark woman, whose constitution would be tough, and her temperament of a stolid, phlegmatic tone. There was not ordinarily much sickness among them, and this case was evidently one of pure accident. I expected to find a nut-brown, sunburnt woman, with a rustic face, who would very probably be impatient and unreasonable under the pain I should be compelled to inflict upon her.

It had been my theory that a medical man, being admitted to the highest degree of intimacy with his patients, was bound to be as insensible as an anchorite to any beauty or homeliness in those whom he was attending professionally; he should have eyes only for the malady he came to consider and relieve. Dr. Dobrée had often sneered and made merry at my high-flown notions of honor and duty; but in our practise at home he had given me no opportunities of trying them. He had attended all our younger and more attractive

patients himself, and had handed over to my care all the old people and children—on Julia's account, he had said, laughing.

Tardif's mother came to us as we entered the house. She was a little ugly woman, stone deaf, as I knew of old. Yet in some mysterious way she could make out her son's deep voice, when he shouted into her ear. He did not speak now, however, but made dumb signs as if to ask how all was going on. She answered by a silent nod, and beckoned me to follow her into a inner room, which opened out of the kitchen.

It was a small crowded room, with a ceiling so low, it seemed to rest upon the four posts of the bedstead. There were of course none of the dainty little luxuries about it with which I was familiar in my mother's bedroom. A long, low window, opposite the bed, threw a strong light upon it. There were check curtains drawn round it and a patchwork quilt and rough, home-spun linen. Everything was clean, but coarse and frugal, such as I expected to find about my Sark patient, in the home of a fisherman.

But when my eye fell upon the face resting on the rough pillow, I paused involuntarily, only just controlling an exclamation of surprise. There was absolutely nothing in the surroundings to mark her as a lady, yet I felt in a moment that she was one. There lay a delicate, refined face, white as the linen, with beautiful lips almost as white; and a mass of light, shining silky hair tossed about the pillow; and large dark eyes gazing at me beseechingly, with an expression that made my heart leap as it had never leapt before.

That was what I saw, and could not forbear seeing. I tried to recall my theory, and to close my eyes to the pathetic beauty of the face before me; but it was altogether in vain. If I had seen her before, or if I had been prepared to see any one like her, I might have succeeded; but I was completely thrown off my guard. There the charming face lay; the eyes gleaming, the white forehead tinted, and the delicate mouth contracting with pain, the bright silky curls

tossed about in confusion. I see it now, just as I saw it then.

## III

### WITHOUT RESOURCES

I suppose I did not stand still more than five seconds, yet during that pause a host of questions had flashed through my brain. Who was this beautiful creature? Where had she come from? How did it happen that she was in Tardif's house? and so on. But I recalled myself sharply to my senses; I was here as her physician, and common sense and duty demanded of me to keep my head clear.

I then advanced to her side, and took the small, blue-veined hand into mine, and felt her pulse with my fingers. It beat under them a low but fast measure; too fast by a great deal. I could see that the general condition of her health was perfect, a great charm in itself to me; but she had been bearing great pain for over twenty-eight hours, and she was becoming exhausted. A shudder ran through me at the thought of that long spell of suffering.

"You are in very great pain, I fear," I said, lowering my voice.

"Yes," her white lips answered, and she tried to smile a patient though a dreary smile, as she looked up into my face; "my arm is broken. Are you a doctor?"

"I am Dr. Martin Dobrée," I said, passing my hand softly down her arm. The fracture was above the elbow, and was of a kind to make the setting of it give her sharp, acute pain. I could see she was scarcely fit to bear any further suffering just then; but what was to be done? She was not likely to get much rest till the bone was set.

"Have you had much sleep since your fall?" I asked, looking at the weariness visible in her eyes.

"Not any," she replied; "not one moment's sleep."

"Did you have no sleep all night?" I inquired again.

"No," she said, "I could not fall asleep."

There were two things I would do—give her an opiate, and strengthen her with sleep beforehand, or administer chloroform to her before the operation. I hesitated between the two. A natural sleep would have done her a world of good, but there was a gleam in her eyes, and a feverish throb in her pulse, which gave me no hope of that. Perhaps the chloroform, if she had no objection to it, would answer best.

"Did you ever take chloroform?" I asked.

"No, I never needed it," she answered.

"Should you object to taking it?"

"Anything," she replied passively. "I will do anything you wish."

I went back into the kitchen and opened the portmanteau my father had put up for me. Splints and bandages were there in abundance, enough to set half the arms in the island, but neither chloroform nor anything in the shape of an opiate could I find. I might almost as well have come to Sark altogether unprepared for my case.

What could I do? There are no shops in Sark, and drugs of any kind were out of the question. There was not a chance of getting what I needed to calm and soothe a highly-nervous and finely-strung temperament like my patient's. A few minutes ago I had hestitated about using chloroform. Now I would have given half of everything I possessed in the world for an ounce of it.

I said nothing to Tardif, who was watching me with his deep-set eyes, as closely as if I was meddling with some precious possession of his own. I laid the bundle of splints and rolls of linen down on the table with a professional air, while I was inwardly execrating my father's negligence.

I emptied the portmanteau in the hope of finding some small phial or box. Any opiate would have been welcome to me, that would have dulled those over-wrought nerves. But the practise of using anything of the kind was not in favor with us generally in the Channel Islands, and my father had probably concluded that a Sark woman would not

consent to use them. At any rate, they were not to be found.

I stood for a few minutes deep in thought. The daylight was going, and it was useless to waste time; yet I found myself shrinking oddly from the duty before me. Tardif could not help but see my chagrin and hesitation.

"Doctor," he cried, "she is not going to die?"

"No, no," I answered, calling back my wandering thoughts and energies; "there is not the smallest danger of that. I must go and set her arm at once, and then she will sleep."

I returned to the room, and raised her as gently and painlessly as I could, motioning to the old woman to sit beside her on the bed, and hold her steadily. I thought once of calling in Tardif to support her with his strong frame, but I did not.

She moaned, though very softly, when I moved her, and she tried to smile again as her eyes met mine looking anxiously at her. That smile made me feel like a child. If she did it again I knew my hands would be unsteady, and her pain would be tenfold greater.

"I would rather you cried out or shouted," I said. "Don't try to control yourself when I hurt you. You need not be afraid of seeming impatient, and a loud scream or two would do you good."

But I knew quite well, as I spoke, that she would never scream aloud. There was the self-control of culture about her. A woman of a lower class might shriek and cry, but this girl would try to smile at the moment when the pain was keenest. The white round arm under my hands was cold, and the muscles were soft and unstrung.

I felt the ends of the broken bone grating together as I drew them into their right places, and the sensation went through and through me. I had set scores of broken limbs before with no feeling like this, which was so near un-nerving me. But I kept my hands steady, and my attention fixed upon my work. I felt like two persons—a surgeon who had a simple scientific operation to perform, and a mother who feels in her own person every pang her child has to suffer.

All the time the girl's white face and firmly-set lips lay

under my gaze, with the wide-open, unflinching eyes looking straight at me: a mournful, silent, appealing face, which betrayed the pain I made her suffer ten times more than any cries or shrieks could have done. I thanked God in my heart when it was over and I could lay her down again. I smoothed the coarse pillows for her to lie more comfortably upon them, and I spread my cambric handkerchief in a double fold between her cheek and the rough linen—too rough for a soft cheek like hers.

"Lie quite still," I said. "Do not stir, but go to sleep as fast as you can."

She was not smiling now, and she did not speak; but the gleam in her eyes was growing wilder, and she looked at me with a wandering expression. If sleep did not come very soon there would be mischief. I drew the curtains across the window to shut out the twilight, and motioned to the old woman to sit quietly by the side of our patient.

Then I went out to Tardif.

He had not stirred from the place and position in which I had left him. I am sure no sound could have reached him from the inner room, for we had been so still that during the whole time I could hear the beat of the sea dashing up between the high cliffs of the Havre Gosselin. Up and down went Tardif's shaggy mustache, the surest indication of emotion with him, and he fetched his breath almost with a sob.

"Well, Dr. Martin?" was all he said.

"The arm is set," I answered, "and now she must get some sleep. There is not the least danger, only we will keep the house as quiet as possible."

"I must go and bring in the boat," he replied, bestirring himself as if some spell was at an end. "There will be a storm tonight, and I should sleep the sounder if she was safe ashore."

"I'll come with you," I said, glad to get away from the seaweed fire.

It was not quite dark, and the cliffs stood out against the sky in odder and more grotesque shapes than by daylight.

A host of sea-mews were fluttering about and uttering the most unearthly hootings, but the sea was as yet quite calm, save where it broke in wavering, serpentine lines over the submerged reefs which encircle the island. The tidal current was pouring rapidly through the very narrow channel between Sark and the little isle of Breckhou, and its eddies stretching to us made it rather an arduous task to get Tardif's boat on shore safely. But the work was pleasant just then. It kept our minds away from useless anxieties about the girl. An hour passed quickly, and up the ravine, in the deep gloom of the overhanging rocks, we made our way homeward.

"You will not quit the island tomorrow, doctor," said Tardif, standing at his door, and scanning the sky with his keen, weather-wise eyes.

"I must," I answered; "I must indeed, old fellow. You are no land lubber, and you will run me over in the morning."

"No boat will leave Sark tomorrow," said Tardif, shaking his head.

We went in, and he threw off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves, preparatory to frying some fish for supper. I was beginning to feel ravenously hungry, for I had eaten nothing since dinner, and as far as I knew Tardif had had nothing since his early breakfast, but as a fisherman he was used to long spells of fasting. While he was busy cooking I stole quietly into the inner room to look after my patient.

The feeble light entering by the door, which I left open, showed me the old woman comfortably asleep in her chair, but not so the girl. I had told her when I laid her down that she must lie quite still, and she was obeying me implicitly. Her cheek still rested upon my handkerchief, and the broken arm remained undisturbed upon the pillow which I had placed under it. But her eyes were wide open and shining in the dimness, and I fancied I could see her lips moving incessantly, though soundlessly. I laid my hands across her eyes, and felt the long lashes brush against the palm, but the eyelids did not remain closed.

"You must go to sleep," I said, speaking distinctly and authoritatively; wondering at the time how much power my will would have over her. Did I possess any of that magnetic, tranquilizing influence about which Jack Senior and I had so often laughed incredulously at Guy's? Her lips moved fast; for now my eyes had grown used to the dim light I could see her face plainly, but I could not catch a syllable of what she was whispering so busily to herself.

Never had I felt so helpless and disconcerted in the presence of a patient. I could positively do nothing for her. The case was not beyond my skill, but all medical resources were beyond my reach. Sleep she must have, yet how was I to administer it to her?

I returned, troubled and irritable, to search once more my empty portmanteau. Empty it was, except of the current number of *Punch,* which my father had considerately packed among the splinters for my Sunday evening reading. I flung it and the bag across the kitchen, with an ejaculation not at all flattering to Dr. Dobrée nor in accordance with the fifth commandment.

"What is the matter, doctor?" inquired Tardif.

I told him in a few sharp words what I wanted to soothe my patient. In an instant he left his cooking and thrust his arms into his blue jacket again.

"You can finish it yourself, Doctor Martin," he said hurriedly; "I'll run over to old mother Renouf; she'll have some herbs or something to send mam'zelle to sleep."

"Bring her back with you," I shouted after him as he sped across the yard. Mother Renouf was no stranger to me. While I was a boy she had charmed my warts away, and healed the bruises which were the inevitable consequences of cliff-climbing. I scarcely liked her coming in to fill up my deficiencies, and I knew our application to her for help would be inexpressibly gratifying. But I had no other resource than to call her in as a fellow-practitioner, and I knew she would make a first-rate nurse, for which Suzanne Tardif was unfitted by her deafness.

## IV

### A RIVAL PRACTITIONER

Mother Renouf arrived from the other end of the island in an incredibly short time, borne along by Tardif as if he were a whirlwind and she a leaf caught in its current. She was a short, squat old woman, with a skin tanned like leather, and kindly little blue eyes, which twinkled with delight and pride.

Yes, there they are, photographed somewhere in my brain, the wrinkled, yellow, withered faces of the two old women, their watery eyes and toothless mouths, with figures as shapeless as the boulders on the beach, watching beside the bed where lay the white but tenderly beautiful face of the young girl, with her curls of glossy hair tossed about the pillow, and her long, tremulous eyelashes making a shadow on her rounded cheek.

Mother Renouf gave me a hearty tap on the shoulder, and chuckled as merrily as the shortness of her breath, after her rapid course, would permit. The few English phrases she knew fell far short of expressing her triumph and exultation; but I was resolved to confer with her affably. My patient's case was too serious for me to stand upon my dignity.

"Mother," I said, "have you any simples to send this poor girl to sleep? Tardif told me that you had taken her sprained ankle under your charge. I find I have nothing with me to induce sleep, and you can help us if any one can."

"Leave her to me, my dear little doctor," she answered, a laugh gurgling in her thick throat; "leave her to me. You have done your part with the bones. I have no touch at all for broken limbs, though my father, good man, could handle them with any doctor in all the islands. But I'll send her to sleep for you, never fear."

"You will stay with us all night?" I said coaxingly. "Suzanne is deaf, and ears are of use in a sick-room, you know. I intended to go to Gavey's, but I shall throw my-

self down here on the fern bed, and you can call me at any moment, if there is need."

"There will be no need," she replied, in a tone of confidence. "My little mam'zelle will be sound asleep in ten minutes after she has taken my draught."

I went into the room with her to have a look at our patient. She had not stirred yet, but was precisely in the position in which I placed her after the operation was ended. There was something peculiar about this which distressed me. I asked mother Renouf to move her gently, and bring her face more toward me. The burning eyes opened widely as soon as she felt the old woman's arm under her, and she looked up, with a flash of intelligence, into my face. I stooped down to catch the whisper with which her lips were moving.

"You told me not to stir," she murmured.

"Yes," I said; "but you are not to lie still till you are cramped and stiff. Are you in much pain now?"

"He told me not to stir," muttered the parched lips again —"not to stir. I must lie quite still, quite still, quite still!"

The feeble voice died away as she whispered the last words, but her lips went on moving, as if she was repeating them to herself.

Certainly there was mischief here. My last order, given just before her mind began to wander, had taken possession of her brain, and retained authority over her will. There was a pathetic obedience in her perfect immobility, united with the shifting, restless glance of her eyes, and the ceaseless ripple of movement about her mouth, which made me trebly anxious and uneasy. A dominant idea had taken hold upon her which might prove dangerous. I was glad when mother Renouf had finished stewing her decoction of poppyheads, and brought the nauseous draught for the girl to drink.

But whether the poppyheads had lost their virtue, or our patient's nervous condition had been too critical, too full of excitement and disturbance, I cannot tell. It is certain that she was not sleeping in ten minutes' or in an hour's time. Old

dame Tardif went off to her bedroom, and mother Renouf took her place by the girl's side. Tardif could not be persuaded to leave the kitchen, though he appeared to be falling asleep heavily, waking up at intervals, and starting with terror at the least sound. For myself I scarcely slept at all, though I found the fern bed a tolerably comfortable resting-place.

The gale that Tardif had foretold came with great violence about the middle of the night. The wind howled up the long narrow ravine, like a pack of wolves; mighty storms of hail and rain beat in torrents against the windows, and the sea lifted up its voice with unmistakable energy. Now and again a stronger gust than the others appeared to threaten to carry off the thatched roof bodily, and leave us exposed to the tempest with only the thick stone walls about us; and the latch of the outer door rattled as if some one was striving to enter.

I am not at all fanciful, but just then the notion came across me that if that door opened we should see the grim skeleton, Death, on the threshold, with his bleached, unclad bones dripping in the storm. I laughed at the ghastly fancy, and told it to Tardif in one of his waking intervals, but he was so terrified and troubled by it, that it grew to have some little importance in my own eyes. So the night wore slowly away, the tall clock in the corner ticking out the seconds and striking the hours with a fidelity to its duty, which helped to keep me awake.

Twice or thrice I crept, with quite unnecessary caution, into the room of my patient. No, there was no symptom of sleep there. The pulse grew more rapid, the temples throbbed, and the fever gained ground. Mother Renouf was ready to weep with vexation. The girl herself sobbed and shuddered at the loud sounds of the tempest without; but yet, by a firm, supreme effort of her will, which was exhausting her strength dangerously, she kept herself quite still. I would have given up a year or two of my life to be able to set her free from the bondage of my own command.

## V

### LOCKS OF HAIR

The westerly gale, rising every few hours into a squall, gave me no chance of leaving Sark the next day, nor for some days afterward; but I was not at all put out by my captivity. All my interest, my whole being in fact, was absorbed in the care of this girl, stranger as she was. I thought and moved, lived and breathed, only to fight step by step against delirium and death, and to fight without my accustomed weapons. Sometimes I could do nothing but watch the onset and inroads of the fever most helplessly.

There seemed to me to be no possibility of aid. The stormy waters which beat against that little rock in the sea came swelling and rolling in from the vast plain of the Atlantic, and broke in tempestuous surf against the island. The wind howled, and the rain and hail beat across us almost incessantly for two days, and Tardif himself was kept a prisoner in the house, except when he went to look after his live stock. No doubt it would have been practicable for me to get as far as the hotel, but to what good? It would be quite deserted, for there were no visitors to Sark at this season, and I did not give it a second thought. I was entirely engrossed in my patient, and I learned for the first time what their task is, who hour after hour watch the progress of disease in the person of one dear to them.

Tardif occupied himself with mending his nets, pausing frequently with his solemn eyes fixed upon the door of the girl's room, very much as a patient mastiff watches the spot where he knows his master is near to him, though out of sight. His mother went about her household work ploddingly, and mother Renouf kept manfully to her post, in turn with me, as sentinel over the sick-bed. There the young girl lay whispering, from morning till night, and from night till morning again—always whispering. The fever gained ground from hour to hour. I had no data by which to calculate her chances of getting through it; but my hopes were very low at times.

On the Tuesday afternoon, in a temporary lull of the hail and wind, I started off on a walk across the island. The wind was still blowing from the southwest, and filling all the narrow sea between us and Guernsey with boiling surge. Very angry looked the masses of foam whirling about the sunken reefs, and very ominous the low-lying, hard blocks of clouds all along the horizon. I strolled as far as the Coupée, that giddy pathway between Great and Little Sark, where one can see the seething of the waves at the foot of the cliffs on both sides, three hundred feet below one.

Something like a panic seized me. My nerves were too far unstrung for me to venture across the long narrow isthmus. I turned abruptly again, and hurried as fast as my legs would carry me back to Tardif's cottage.

I had been away less than an hour, but an advantage had been taken of my absence. I found Tardif seated at the table, with a tangle of silky, shining hair lying before him. A tear or two had fallen upon it from his eyes. I understood at a glance what it meant. Mother Renouf had cut off my patient's pretty curls as soon as I was out of the house. I could not be angry with her, though I did not suppose it would do much good, and I felt a sort of resentment, such as a mother would feel, at this sacrifice of a natural beauty. They were all disordered and ravelled. Tardif's great hand caressed them tenderly, and I drew out one long, glossy tress, and wound it about my fingers, with a heavy heart.

"It is like the pretty feathers of a bird that has been wounded," said Tardif sorrowfully.

Just then there came a knock at the door and a sharp click of the latch, loud enough to penetrate dame Tardif's deaf ears or to arouse our patient, if she had been sleeping. Before either of us could move, the door was thrust open, and two young ladies appeared upon the door-sill.

They were—it flashed across me in a instant—old schoolfellows and friends of Julia's. I declare to you honestly, I had scarcely had one thought of Julia till now. My mother I had wished for, to take her place by this poor girl's side,

but Julia had hardly crossed my mind. Why, in Heaven's name, should the appearance of these friends of hers be so distasteful to me just now? I had known them all my life, and liked them as well as any girls I knew; but at this moment the very sight of them was annoying.

They stood in the doorway, as much astonished and thunderstricken as I was, glaring at me, so it seemed to me, with that soft, bright brown lock of hair curling and clinging round my finger. Never had I felt so foolish or guilty.

## VI

### A RUSE

"Martin Dobrée!" ejaculated both in one breath.

"Yes, mesdemoiselles," I said uncoiling the tress of hair as if it had been a serpent, and going forward to meet them; "are you surprised to see me?"

"Surprised!" echoed the elder. "No; we are amazed—petrified! However did you get here? When did you come?"

"Quite easily," I replied. "I came on Sunday, and Tardif fetched me in his own boat. If the weather had permitted I should have paid you a call; but you know what it has been."

"To be sure," answered Emma; "and how is dear Julia? She will be very anxious about you."

"She was on the verge of a bilious attack when I left her," I said; "that will tend to increase her anxiety."

"Poor, dear girl!" she replied sympathetically. "But, Martin, is this young woman here so very ill? We have heard from the Renoufs she had had a dangerous fall. To think of you being in Sark ever since Sunday, and we never heard a word of it!"

No, thanks to Tardif's quiet tongue, and mother Renouf's assiduous attendance upon mam'zelle, my sojourn in the island had been kept a secret; now that was at an end.

"Is that the young woman's hair?" asked Emma, as Tardif gathered together the scattered tresses and tied them up quickly in a little white handkerchief, out of their sight and

mine. I saw them again afterward. The handkerchief had been his wife's—white, with a border of pink roses.

"Yes," I replied to her question, "it was necessary to cut it off. She is dangerously ill with fever."

Both of them shrank a little toward the door. A sudden temptation assailed me, and took me so much by surprise that I had yielded, before I knew I was attacked. It was their shrinking movement that did it. My answer was almost as automatic and involuntary as their retreat.

"You see it would not be wise for any of us to go about," I said. "A fever breaking out in the island, especially now you have no resident doctor, would be very serious. I think it will be best to isolate this case till we see the nature of the fever. You will do me a favor by warning the people away from here at present. The storm has saved us so far, but now we must take other precautions."

This I said with a grave tone and face, knowing all the while that there was no fear whatever for the people of Sark. Was there a propensity in me, not hitherto developed, to make the worst of a case?

"Good-bye, Martin, good-bye," cried Emma, backing out through the open door. "Come away, Maria. We have run no risk yet, Martin, have we? Do not come any nearer to us. We have touched nothing, except shaking hands with you. Are we quite safe?"

"Is the young woman so very ill?" inquired Maria, from a safe distance outside the house.

I shook my head in silence, and pointed to the door of the inner room, intimating to them that she was no farther away than there. An expression of horror came over both their faces. Scarcely waiting to bestow upon me a gesture of farewell, they fled, and I saw them hurrying with unusual rapidity across the fold.

I had at least secured isolation for myself and my patient. But why had I been eager to do so? I could not answer that question to myself, and I did not ponder over it many minutes. I was impatient, yet strangely reluctant, to look at the sick girl again, after the loss of her beautiful hair.

It was still daylight. The change in her appearance struck me as singular. Her face before had a look of suffering and trouble, making it almost old, charming as it was; now she had the aspect of quite a young girl, scarcely touching upon womanhood. Her hair had not been shorn off closely —the women could not manage that—and short, wavy tresses, like those of a young child, were curling about her exquisitely shaped head. The white temples, with their blue, throbbing veins, were more visible, with the small, delicately shaped ears. I should have guessed her age now as barely fifteen—almost that of a child. Thus changed, I felt more myself in her presence, more as I should have been in attendance upon any child. I scanned her face narrowly, and it struck me that there was a perceptible alteration; an expression of exhaustion or repose was creeping over it. The crisis of the fever was at hand. The repose of death or the wholesome sleep of returning health was not far off. Mother Renouf saw it as well as myself.

## VII

### WHO IS SHE?

We sat up again together that night, Tardif and I. He would not smoke, lest the scent of the tobacco should get in through the crevices of the door, and lessen the girl's chance of sleep; but he held his pipe between his teeth, taking an imaginary puff now and then, that he might keep himself wide awake. We talked to one another in whispers.

"Tell me all you know about mam'zelle," I said. He had been chary of this knowledge before, but his heart seemed open at this moment. Most hearts are more open at midnight than at any other hour.

"There's not much to tell, doctor," he answered. "Her name is Ollivier, as I said to you; but she does not think she is any kin to the Olliviers of Guernsey. She is poor, though she does not look as if she had been born poor, does she?"

"Not in the least degree," I said. "If she is not a lady by birth, she is one of the finest specimens of Nature's gentlefolk I have ever come across."

"Ah, there is a difference!" he said, sighing. "I feel it, doctor, in every word I speak to her, and every step I walk with her eyes upon me. Why cannot I be like her, or like you? You'll be on a level with her, and I am down far below her."

I looked at him curiously. The slouching figure—well-shaped as it was—the rough, knotted hands, the unkempt mass of hair about his head and face, marked him for what he was—a toiler on the sea as well as on the land. He understood my scrutiny, and colored under it like a girl.

"You are a better fellow than I am, Tardiff," I said; "but that has nothing to do with our talk. I think we ought to communicate with the young lady's friends, whoever they may be, as soon as there are any means of communicating with the rest of the world. We should be in a fix if anything should happen to her. Have you any clue of her friends?"

"She is not going to die!" he cried. "No, no, doctor. God must hear my prayers for her. I have never ceased to lift up my voice to Him in my heart since I found her on the shingle. She will not die!"

"I am not so sure," I said; "but in any case we should write to her friends. Has she written to anyone since she came here?"

"Not to a soul," he answered eagerly. "She told me she had no friends nearer than Australia. That is a great way off."

"And has she had no letters?" I asked.

"Not one," he replied. "She has neither written nor received a single letter."

"But how did you come across her?" I inquired. "She did not fall from the skies, I suppose. How was it she came to live in this out-of-the-world place with you?"

Tardif smoked his imaginary pipe with great perseverance for some minutes, his face overcast with thought. But presently it cleared, and he turned to me with a frank smile.

"I'll tell you all about it, Doctor Martin," he said. "You know the *Seigneur* was in London last autumn, and there

was a little difficulty in the *Court des Chefs Plaid* here about an *ordonnance* we could not agree over, and I went across to London to see the *Seigneur* for myself. It was in coming back I met with Mam'zelle Ollivier. I was paying my fare at Waterloo Station—the omnibus fare I mean—and I was turning away, when I heard the man speak grumblingly. I thought it was at me, and I looked back, and there she stood before him, looking scared and frightened at his rough words. Doctor, I never could bear to see any soft, tender, young thing in trouble. If it's nothing but a little bird that has fallen out of its warm nest or a lamb slipped down among the cliffs, I feel as if I could risk my life to put it back again in some safe place. Yes, and I have done it scores of times, when I dare not let my poor mother know. Well, there stood mam'zelle, pale and trembling, with the tears ready to fall, in her eyes; just such a soft, poor, tender soul as my little wife used to be. You remember my little wife, Doctor Martin?"

I only nodded as he looked at me.

"Just such another," he went on; "only this one was a lady, and less able to take care of herself. Her trouble was nothing but the omnibus fare, and she had no change, nothing but an Australian sovereign; so I paid it for her. I kept pretty near her about the station while she was buying her ticket, for I overheard two young men, who were roaming up and down, say, as they looked at her, *'Pas de gants, et des souliers de velours!'* That was true; she had no gloves on her hands, and her little feet had nothing on but some velvet slippers, all wet and muddy with the dirty streets. So I walked up to her, as if I had been her servant, you understand, and put her into a carriage, and stood at the door of it, keeping off any young men who wished to get in—for she was such a pretty young thing—till the train was ready to start, and then I got into the nearest second-class carriage there was to her."

"Well, Tardif?" I said impatiently, as he paused, looking absently into the dull embers of the sea-weed fire.

"I turned it over in my own mind then," he continued,

"and I've turned it over in my own mind since, and I can make no sort of an account of it—a young lady traveling without any friends in a dress like that, as if she had not had a minute to spare in getting ready for her journey. It was a bad night for a journey, too. Could she be going to see some friend who was dying? At every station I looked out to see if my young lady left the train; but no, not even at Southampton. Was she going on to France? 'I must look out for her at the pierhead,' I said to myself. But when we stopped at the pier I did not want her to think I was watching her, only I stood well in the light, that she might see me when she looked around. I saw her stand as if she was considering, and I moved away very slowly to our boat, to give her the chance of speaking to me if she wished. But she only followed me very quietly, as if she did not want me to see her, and she went down into the ladies' cabin in a moment, out of sight. Then I thought, 'she is running away from some one, or from something.' She had no shawls, or umbrellas, or baskets, such as ladies are generally cumbered with, and that looked strange."

"How was she dressed?" I asked.

"She wore a soft, bright brown jacket," he answered, "a sealskin they call it, though I never saw a seal with a skin like that—and a hat like it, and a blue silk gown, and her little muddy velvet slippers. It was a strange dress for traveling, wasn't it, doctor?"

"Very strange, indeed," I repeated. An idea was buzzing about my brain that I had heard a description exactly similar before, but I could not for the life of me recall where. I could not wait to hunt it out then, for Tardif was in a full flow of confidence.

"But my heart yearned to her," he said, "more than ever it did over any bird fallen from its nest, or any lamb that had slipped down the cliffs. All the softness and all the helplessness of every poor little creature I had ever seen in my life seemed about her; all the hunted creatures and all the trapped creatures came to my mind. I can hardly tell you about it, doctor. I could have risked my life a hundred

times over for her: It was a rough night, and I kept seeing her pale, hunted-looking face before me, though there was not half the danger I've often been in round our islands. I couldn't keep myself from fancying we were all going down to the bottom of the sea, and that poor young thing, running away from one trouble, was going to meet a worse —if it is worse to die than to live in great trouble. Doctor Martin, they tell me all the bed of the sea out yonder under the Atlantic is a smooth, smooth floor, with no currents, or tides, or streams, but a great calm; and there is no life down there of any kind. Well, that night I seemed to see the dead who have perished by the sea, lying there calm and quiet, with their hands folded across their breasts. A great company it was, and a great graveyard, strewn over with sleeping shapes, all at rest and quiet, waiting till they hear the trumpet of the archangel sounding so that even the dead will hear and live again. It was a solemn sight to see, doctor. Somehow I came to think it would be not altogether a bad thing for the poor, young, troubled creature to go down there among them and be at rest. There are some people who seem too tender and delicate for this world. Yet if there had come a chance I'd have laid down my life for hers, even then, when I knew nothing much about her."

"Tardif," I said, "I did not know what a good fellow you were, though I ought to have learned it by this time."

"No," he answered, "it is not in me; it's something in her. You feel something of it yourself, doctor, or how could you stay in a poor little house like this, thinking of nothing but her, and not caring about the weather keeping you away from home? But let me go on.

"In the morning she came on deck, and talked to me about the islands, and where she could live cheaply, and it ended in her coming home here to lodge in our little spare room. There was another curious thing—she had not any luggage with her, not a box nor a bag of any kind. She never fancied that I knew, for that would have troubled her. It is my belief that she has run away."

"But who can she have run away from, Tardif?" I asked.

"God knows," he answered, "but the girl has suffered; you can see that by her face. Whoever or whatever she has run away from, her cheeks are white from it, and her heart sorrowful. I know nothing of her secret; but this I do know: she is as good and true, and sweet a little soul as my poor little wife was. She has been here all the winter, doctor, living under my eye, and I've waited on her as a servant, though a rough servant I am for one like her. She has tried to make herself cheerful and contented with our poor ways. See, she mended me that bit of net; those are her meshes, though her pretty white fingers were made sore by the twine. She would mend it, sitting where you are now in the chimney corner. No; if mam'zelle should die, it will be a great grief of heart to me. If I could offer my life to God in place of her, I'd do it willingly."

"No, she will not die. Look there, Tardif!" I said, pointing to the door-sill of the inner room. A white card had been slipped under the door noiselessly—a signal agreed upon between mother Renouf and me, to inform me that my patient had at last fallen into a profound slumber, which seemed likely to continue some hours. She had slept perhaps a few minutes at a time before, but not a refreshing, wholesome sleep. Tardif understood the silent signal as well as I did, and a more solemn expression settled on his face. After awhile he put away his pipe, and stepping barefoot across the floor without a sound, he stopped the clock, and brought back to the table, where an oil lamp was burning, a large old Bible. Throughout the long night, whenever I awoke (for I threw myself on the fern bed and slept fitfully) I saw his handsome face, with its rough, unkempt hair falling across his forehead as it was bent over the book, while his mouth moved silently as he read to himself chapter after chapter, and turned softly the pages before him.

I fell into a heavy slumber just before daybreak, and when I awoke two or three hours after, I found that the house had been put in order, just as usual, though no sound had disturbed me. I glanced anxiously at the closed door. That it was closed, and the white card still on the sill, proved

to me that our charge had no more been disturbed than myself. The thought struck me that the morning light would shine full upon the weak and weary eyelids of the sleeper; but upon going out into the fold to look at her casement, I discovered that Tardif had been before me and covered it with an old sail. The room within was sufficiently darkened.

The morning was more than half gone before mother Renouf opened the door and came out to us, her old face looking more haggard than ever, but her little eyes twinkling with satisfaction. She gave me a patronizing nod, but she went up to Tardif, laid a hand on each of his broad shoulders, and looked him keenly in the face.

"All goes well, my friend," she said significantly. "Your little mam'zelle does not think of going to the good God yet."

I did not stay to watch how Tardif received this news, for I was impatient myself to see how she was going on. Thank Heaven, the fever was gone, the delirium at an end. The dark gray eyes, opening languidly as my fingers touched her wrist, were calm and intelligent. She was as weak as a kitten, but that did not trouble me much. I was sure her natural health was good, and she would soon recover her lost strength. I had to stoop down to hear what she was saying.

"Have I kept quite still, doctor?" she asked faintly.

I must own that my eyes smarted, and my voice was not to be trusted. I had never felt so overjoyed in my life as at that moment.

But what a singular wish to be obedient, possessed this girl! What a wonderful power of submissive self-control! If she had cast aside authority and broken away from it, as she had done apparently, there must have been some great provocation before a nature like hers could venture to assert its own independence.

I had ample time for turning over this reflection, for mother Renouf was worn out and needed rest, and Suzanne Tardif was of little use in the sick-room. I scarcely left

my patient all that day, for the rumor I had set afloat the day before was sufficient to make it a difficult task to procure another nurse. The almost childish face grew visibly better before my eyes, and when night came I had to acknowledge somewhat reluctantly that as soon as a boat could leave the island it would be my bounden duty to return to Guernsey.

"I should like to see Tardif," murmured the girl to me that night, after she had awakened from a second long and peaceful sleep.

I called him and he came in barefoot, his broad burly frame seeming to fill up all the little room. She could not raise her head, but her face was turned toward us, and she held out her small wasted hand to him, smiling faintly. He fell on his knees before he took it into his great, horny palm, and looked down upon it as he held it very carefully with tears standing in his eyes.

"Why, it is like an egg-shell," he said. "God bless you, mam'zelle, God bless you, for getting well again!"

She laughed at his words—a feeble though merry laugh, like a child's—and she seemed delighted with the sight of his hearty face, glowing as it was with happiness.

It was a strange chance that had thrown these two together. I could not allow Tardif to remain long; but after that she kept devising little messages to send to him through me, whenever I was about to leave her. Her intercourse with mother Renouf was extremely limited, as the old woman's knowledge of English was slight; and with Suzanne she could hold no conversation at all. It happened, in consequence, that I was the only person who could talk or listen to her through the long and dreary hours.

HESBA STRETTON.

# DR. FALCONER'S TEMPTATION

## I

IT occurred in the most romantic way, and amid the most prosaic surroundings. There is probably no position in the world more fatal to romance, or more likely to crush all superfluous sentiment out of a man's nature, than that of parish doctor. The scenes of squalid misery he is compelled every day to witness are more likely to blunt and exhaust the sense of pity in the average man than to develop it by exercise, especially when a little experience has shown how closely they are associated with vice and deceit, and how certain is the man who gives way to his first impulsive instinct of charity, to awake sooner or later to the knowledge that he has been cheated and laughed at ten times by specious rogues, for once that he has been of any real help to the unfortunate. And he is apt to become cynical in consequence.

Richard Falconer had started in life with more, rather than less, of the usual romance and unpractical sentiment of youth. The last thing he had thought of had been the hard realities of life. And, as a natural consequence, those hard realities were now asserting themselves and forcing themselves upon his attention more and more every day, in the hard struggle to establish himself in practise on the slender basis of a parish appointment in a big provincial town, where he was as yet little known and had a host of wealthier competitors. It was so different from the career his glowing anticipations had pictured in the happy old college days! He had left the University with a good degree, and his chances of ultimate success were most highly estimated by those professional friends who knew him best; but he had himself almost lost heart. He looked every day with sinking spirits and lengthening face on his young

and plate stood upon the floor close to the wall, but on lifting the jug he found it empty. Returning to his patient, he found the fit had terminated in violent sickness.

"My poor fellow," said he as soon as this had subsided, "you must go to bed and have a nurse to look after you. I shall have you taken to the Infirmary at once. Just lie down here for a few minutes until I can procure a fly, and I will have you there in a jiffy. I will take you myself, so there will be no trouble about admitting you at once."

But to his surprise the patient clutched him by the arm and shrieked out, "No, doctor, no! anything rather than that! I would sooner die on the floor! I won't go, I tell you! If you can't do me any good here, just leave me alone; but go to Infirmary or Hospital I won't, or have a nurse fussing about me either. I've fought through as bad as this before without any help, and I will again. Go!" he fairly yelled in his excitement; "go and leave me to get through it without your help."

"Oho!" muttered the doctor to himself, "so it will be the Asylum instead of the Infirmary. Don't agitate yourself, my friend," he continued to his patient; "if you prefer misery to comfort, and sickness to health, that's your own affair. I'm not going to force any kindness on you. You shall stay here; I can't pass any harsher sentence on you than that. Now will you be good enough to strip to the waist, and let me overhaul you thoroughly. You haven't had malaria fever so long as you say without enlarged spleen or liver, I'll be bound."

The man sulkily took off his coat and waistcoat. "Don't ask me to strip any further, doctor. It's too cold; and, to confess the truth, I haven't had my clothes off for weeks, and I'm ashamed you should see them."

"All the more reason for taking them off now," said the doctor. "Man, how can you endure it? It is enough to breed a fever in itself! Off with them!" and he caught hold of him to help him remove them. But the other wriggled from his grasp, and planted himself in a corner of the room,

with his hands clutching his waist as far round as he could reach.

"Don't be such a howling fool!" said the doctor with as much good-nature as he could command under the circumstances. "Listen to me, my friend. You have contracted liver and enlarged spleen at this moment, or I'm very much mistaken. But you have worse than that. I felt something when I caught hold of you a moment ago, and I'm afraid it's a malignant tumor of the most serious kind. As I live," he went on, stepping close to him and passing his hand round the waist, in spite of efforts to prevent him, "I can make out more than one even through your clothes. Come, come! Be a little more reasonable. Let me get you to bed and examine you properly. You're not fit to be on your feet at this moment. Come, my poor fellow, don't play the fool any longer. If you do, I shall have to conclude you are a madman, and take measures accordingly. Don't force me to that."

"Well, doctor, I give in then. Just step into the other room while I undress, please, and I'll call when you're to come in."

The doctor raised his eyebrows at this modest request, but thought it best to humor him, and went into the outer room, closing the door behind him. As he did so he heard the key turned in the lock on the other side. In another minute, however, it was turned again, and a few seconds later he heard the voice of his patient:

"Come in now, doctor." Entering, he found him on a ragged mattress that lay on the floor, covered with a dirty blanket and the coat and trousers he had been wearing. Kneeling down beside him, he proceeded to examine him in rather professional fashion, but to his amazement he entirely failed to detect any signs of the tumors he had been confident he felt through his patient's clothes. The man's emaciation was extreme, and had any such abnormal swelling been present, it could not have escaped his observation. But there was none, and Falconer was obliged to admit to himself that his first diagnosis was incorrect. He could

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find no trace of the hard knotty swellings he had been so sure he felt beneath the clothes. There was enough, however, to warrant a grave view of the case, and he exerted all his eloquence to persuade the patient to consent to be taken to the Infirmary, but without effect.

"Just send me a few strong doses of quinine, doctor, and order me some milk and some coals, and I shall be able to get along by myself, as I have often done before and will often do again. A few days will pull me round all right without troubling anyone."

"I'm afraid it may be a more serious matter this time," said the doctor, "but have your own way for the present. I'll see that you have some milk, and if I have a spare rug or blanket I'll send it as well to throw over you. Now, goodbye, and see that you keep yourself as warm and comfortable as you can under the difficult circumstances you have chosen for yourself.

"I oughtn't to have listened to him," he went on to himself as he walked home through the driving snow, which had been falling thickly for some time; "but there's that old Ulundi rug of mine he can have tonight. It looks as if he would need it badly."

## II

The ensuing night proved keen and frosty, and Falconer's thoughts reverted more than once to the miserable shelter in which he had left his patient, and the still more miserable shake-down on which the fever-stricken wretch was lying. At a comparatively early hour the next morning he was again at the door, waiting in some impatience until it was again unchained and unlocked, and revealed the solitary inmate shivering and moaning in agonies of neuralgia. "So this is the result of leaving you to your own devices!" he exclaimed as he strode in; "but come, there is no time to be lost now. Get on your clothes, and anything you want to take with you, and I will have a fly at the door in five min-

utes. But sit down first and let me give you a hypodermic dose of morphia to quiet your pain. Is there any water in the house?"

"You can get it at the tap, and here is a cup. But I tell you plainly, I'm not going out of this house. Do anything you can for me without removing me, and I will thank you and repay you when I can. I do thank you a hundred times for the rug you sent me last night. But go to Infirmary or Hospital I will not; understand that clearly."

"Well, well!" said the doctor, wishing to humor him for the moment; "lie down there and get under the rug then. Hold out your arm. There, you'll feel better in a minute. A deal better," he muttered to himself as he drove home a full dose; "it will be easier to get him away so. Now lie still, and keep yourself warm for half an hour. I have another case to see in the next street, and I will be back here in that time." So saying, he walked quickly to the door, from which he withdrew the key and put it in his pocket. It was several minutes' walk to the nearest cab-stand, and nearly half an hour had elapsed before he was again at the door with a four-wheeler. To his chagrin he found it fastened by the chain; but with a powerful push of his shoulder he burst it open and entered.

His patient was lying on the floor of the front room on his face, having apparently succumbed to the influence of the morphia as he was returning from putting the chain on the door. "What a monomaniac!" exclaimed the doctor other case to see in the next street, and I will be back here those tumors again?" In a moment he had laid the insensible figure on the bed, and was hastily undoing his clothing. Under the man's shirt, and next his skin, was fastened a broad canvas belt, furnished with six large leathern pouches widely distended and bulging prominently. "Ha! this explains the mystery! *Vacuus cantabit* indeed! What a weight! These are malignant tumors with a vengeance! Come, my friend, let go"—this to the patient, who was feebly and half consciously clutching at the belt as he with-

drew it—"I must make a thorough examination of these tumors, since I have discovered them at last."

Placing the belt on the floor—for there was no table in the room—he unloosed the strap of one of the pouches with fingers that trembled with excitement. A yellow gleam caught his eye, and for a moment his hands shook so violently and uncontrollably that a small avalanche of gold coins rolled out upon the bare boards with a jingling crash, and spread over the floor. His head swam, flashes of fire seemed to dance before his eyes, a thunderous reverberation filled his ears, and before he was able to control his own movements he was down on his knees wildly clutching at the coins with both hands, thrusting them into his pockets as fast as he could gather them up. Recovering himself with a sense of shame and amazement such as he had never felt before, he was conscious of shuddering so violently that his teeth chattered, and the gold dropped again and again from his fingers. "For shame, Richard Falconer!" he heard himself saying aloud, "is this your contempt for filthy lucre, your boasted indifference to gold? Get up at once, put back that money, and see to your patient as you ought! What is all this to you?"

With a great effort he pulled himself together, and began methodically to gather up the coins and put them back into the pouch. Most of them were English sovereigns, but some were Eastern coins, at whose value he could only guess. He estimated, however, that the contents of the first bag must be worth at least two hundred pounds; a second and a third were opened with a similar result; but the last three contained not coins but jewels, mostly unset and many uncut; rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, some of them of great size and evidently of enormous value. He was still engaged in counting these last, oblivious of the lapse of time, when he was startled by hearing the outer door open and footsteps cross the floor towards the door of the inner room. Almost before he was conscious of moving he found himself at the door and in the act of turning the key in the lock. "Good Heavens!" he muttered, "I must be

under the spell of the gold-fiend myself. This will never do!" Nevertheless he opened the door only wide enough to let himself through, and at once closed and locked it behind him. Then he found himself face to face with the driver of the cab which he had left at the door.

"Beg your pardon, sir!" said the man, touching his hat; "I thought you had forgot me. Is there anything you want carried out to the cab?"

"I'm afraid I did forget you," said the doctor. "The fact is, I have seen reason to change my mind about removing the patient. You need not wait any longer. Here is a shilling for the time you have lost."

"Not quite a case for the Union Infirmary," he said to himself after the cab had departed. "I must get a nurse for him and order some proper food. He will be able to pay for them," he added with a laugh. "And now I think of it, I had better take charge of his money myself."

So saying, he returned the jewels to their respective pouches, fastened them securely, and again locking the door, took off his coat and waistcoat and buckled the heavy belt around his own waist. Its weight surprised him, and when he had adjusted it in its place and rearranged his clothes over it, he was astonished to find how easily it fitted and how little external evidence there was of its presence. Then he kneeled down beside his patient and examined him minutely. The man lay in a death-like stupor, with eyes half open, and the doctor, raising the lids successively with his thumb, noted with keen professional glance that the pupils were contracted to less than half their natural size. "Good Heavens!" was his first thought; "can I have given him an overdose?"

The next ten minutes were spent in efforts to awaken and arouse the sleeping man. He shouted in his ears, dipped the corner of his handkerchief in water and slapped his face, raised him to his feet only to find his legs collapse helplessly under him. Then he put his hand to the hip-pocket, in which he carried his hypodermic case. The bulky pouches of the belt delayed him for a moment, but it was enough to

change the current of his thoughts. The thought of the wealth now within his grasp rushed over him like an irresistible flood, sweeping everything before it. "Don't be a Quixotic fool, Richard Falconer! You have done all you can for him; let him go now, and take the gold that has fallen into your hands. Here is what will pay all your debts, solve all your difficulties, launch you on a new, and full career, brighten your wife's lot, and give your boy a proper chance in the world. Think how much more good it will do in your hands than in those of this useless miser. Now you will have some chance of pursuing your scientific studies to advantage, and doing some service to humanity in your day. Just leave the case to nature. Go back to your house, make your evening visit in due course, find him dead, and certify the real cause—malarial fever. And if there be an inquest, there are the contracted liver and enlarged spleen ready to your hand as a sufficient explanation, and, what is better, a perfectly true one."

He strode up and down the room in a fever of excitement, his lips muttering, his head whirling. How it ended he could never clearly recollect; he had a confused remembrance of rushing from the house, of passing through the streets, even of stopping to speak with some acquaintances. He found afterwards that he had made more than one parish visit, through which habit and the automatic force of perfect training had carried him without any blunder. After a time he seemed to himself to awake as if from a dream. His wife's voice, sounding at first as if calling from a great distance, recalled him to himself.

"Richard, Richard, what is the matter? What has happened to you?" He was seated in his own chair in his consulting-room, his wife kneeling on the floor holding his hands. "Oh, you are ill; you ate nothing at breakfast this morning—I saw you, though you thought I didn't notice. Oh, Richard, you mustn't go on like that; if you were to break down what would become of us? Sit still now, till I see if there be any wine left in the decanter; and then you must have something to eat."

"Stop, Mary," said he, as she rose to leave the room, "I am better now. It must have been one of my old megrims, for I have no recollection of coming in. The fact is, I have only returned from seeing a rather curious case, and the poor fellow appeared to be in desperate misery and want. He is in an empty house by himself, has neither chair nor bed, nor apparently a scrap of food to eat. And I can't induce him to go to the Infirmary. He is a discharged soldier, and appears to have been a gentleman once, and he seems to be as proud as Lucifer."

"A soldier!" cried Mary. "Oh, Richard, you must try if we can't do something for him. I never hear of an old soldier without thinking of my poor brother Jack, who, you know, ran away and enlisted while I was quite a little girl, and how miserably he died in Africa. Oh, what a pet I used to be of poor Jack's! If we had heard of anyone who had been good to him at the last, how we should have blessed him! Do tell me all about this poor fellow, and let us see if we can devise any way of helping him."

"I am afraid he is pretty well past help," said Richard. "I left him unconscious, and I should not be in the least surprised if he should never come to himself again."

"But surely he can't be left by himself in an empty house, Richard! It would be a sin and a shame to leave anybody so. He *must* be got to the Infirmary."

"He won't go. I have tried my best to make him, but he is obstinate."

"Then we must bring him here. We have more than one empty room, for the house is far too big for us. Do let me get a bed put up in one of them."

"Why, Mary, you know well enough we can't even keep ourselves! How are we to keep and feed a stranger as well?"

"Oh, we *must*, Richard!" she cried impulsively, her tender eyes filling with tears. "Think how forsaken and wretched he is! Suppose it were your brother—and he *is* your brother, even if he be what you call a stranger. We *mustn't* shut our door on him—'I was a stranger, and ye

took me not in'—how could you bear to hear that said?"

She ran lightly out of the room to give her orders and see them carried out, leaving Richard sitting conscience-stricken in his chair, all his subtle arguments scattered to the winds by a single word.

"Took him not in!" he echoed with a bitter laugh. "No, Lord, I didn't take him in! I knew a trick worth two of that; so I robbed and murdered him instead, and then swore lies about it at the inquest. And the best of it was I did all from the most exalted motives—to promote the greatest happiness of the greater number, at no expense except that of the life of a wretched miser of whom the world would be well rid, who was only a burden to himself and a nuisance to everybody else! How clear it all was! but I dare not say it to Mary, and should hate her if she could listen to it for a second."

He lay back in his chair for a moment with closed eyes, a thousand old-world dreams and half-forgotten ideals and aspirations crowding back upon his memory and circulating round the image of his wife, as he had first seen and loved her. There were unaccustomed tears in his eyes as he opened them to see her standing before him in hat and cloak.

"Come, Richard," she cried, "you must take me to the place at once. There was some wine left and I have it in this blanket. I have told Alice to make up a bed in the back-room, and to have some hot soup ready in an hour. Now get your coat on and take me to the house. We shall need a fly to bring him here; but we can order that on the way."

Her bright, quick eagerness carried him along; in another minute they were passing through the streets, and had hailed a crawling cab. Richard regarded his wife with a kind of dazed surprise. All the wan depression of her face, which had weighed his spirits for weeks, was gone, and a bright and almost joyous energy seemed to possess her that reminded him of the Mary of brighter days. He seemed awakened from a nightmare as he looked at her, and sprang

lightly down to help her as the fly drew up in the wretched street before the empty house.

## III

Already the early evening was closing in, and it looked doubly desolate and forbidding in the twilight. "Why, surely there is no one living here!" she exclaimed; "he must indeed be in a wretched plight, poor fellow!" Richard tried the door, but found it locked. He had no recollection of his departure from the house in the morning, but on putting his hand in his pocket he found the key, which he must have slipped into it on leaving. They entered the bare outer room, and he could hardly hear his wife's exclamation of pity and dismay, his own heart was thumping so loudly with terror and suspense. Should they find him still alive? His hand shook as he laid it on the handle of the inner door, the lock rattled, and for a moment he recoiled as from a living thing. Nerving himself with an effort, he pushed the door open and went in. The room was precisely as he had left it in the morning; the patient lay in a profound sleep, breathing heavily, and bathed in a profuse perspiration. Richard bent over him and felt his pulse, then shook him sharply by the shoulder and called loudly on him to awake, but without rousing him in the least. Slapping his face with a wet handkerchief, raising him off the ground, produced no better effect. Taking the little bottle of wine from Mary's ready hand, Richard forced a few drops into his mouth. They were swallowed with a convulsive gulp, but made no change in the profound unconsciousness in which the patient lay.

"It's no use," he said at last. "He's too far gone to awake. And yet his pulse is very good; and if I had him at home there are one or two other things I might try. So just tell the driver to come in and help me to carry him to the fly."

He wrapped around him the rug he had sent the evening before, which was the only thing about him not in rags, and with the driver's assistance carried him out and propped him up in the fly. Before quitting the place Richard turned the bed over with his foot, to be sure that nothing of value was

left behind. A heavy revolver, which proved to be loaded, rattled upon the floor, and as he stooped to pick it up a yellow gleam caught his eye among the rags. "What! more money!" he exclaimed; but on looking closer he saw it was only the gilt case of an old-fashioned, faded daguerreotype portrait. Nothing else was to be found, and slipping it into his pocket with the revolver, he returned to the cab, locking the door behind him as he left.

A few minutes' driving brought the party back to Richard's house, and with the assistance of the cabman, the still unconscious patient was carried up to one of the empty rooms, where a bed had been prepared to receive him. Mary was ready with hot soup and coffee, and felt a little disappointed when Richard turned her from the door. "No, no, Mary, it's no use trying to give it to him that way. Make a little very strong beef-tea; I will find a way to administer that. Send me up the bottle of Condy's fluid, and a glass and jug of water."

Left to himself, he proceeded with a fierce anxiety, very different from his usual professional coolness, to take such measures as his knowledge dictated to awaken his patient from his stupor, and these not proving immediately successful, to sustain life, if possible, until the effect of the drug should pass off. It was late when, after having exhausted nearly every means known to him, he left him still lying unconscious and went down-stairs. Mary had prepared a little supper for him, and was anxiously awaiting his appearance.

"A good strong cup of tea for me, Mary."

"Why, Richard, you know tea at night always keeps you awake. You would not sleep a wink after it."

"That's why I want it. I am going to sit up with my patient tonight, and before Alice goes to bed you had better tell her to light a fire in his room."

"Oh, Richard, mayn't I sit up along with you? I am sure I shall not close my eyes the whole time for thinking of you. I never can sleep when you are away from me at night."

"All the more reason for you to be resting quietly in bed,

then," said Richard, who had his own reasons for wishing to be alone with his patient in the event of his recovering consciousness.

When the household had retired, Richard sat down in an easy chair beside the fire, having first made a careful examination of his patient, who moaned and muttered in his sleep as he turned him over to sound his heart. Somewhat reassured by these signs of reviving consciousness, he opened the latest work on "Poisons," on which he had recently expended a guinea which he could very ill spare, turned to the section on "Morphia," and settled himself in his chair to study it attentively.

About four hours later he was awakened from a deep sleep by a loud cry uttered near him. The book had fallen on the floor beside his chair; the fire had gone out, but the lamp was burning brightly. The sick man was sitting up in his bed, from which he had thrown off the covering, and was wildly groping among the bedclothes in search of something. "Lost, lost!" he shrieked. "Help! Thieves! Police!"

Richard was by his side in a moment, and caught him by the shoulder.

"Thank God, you are better!" he exclaimed. "But what are you looking for?"

"What, doctor, is it you? Where am I? What has been the matter with me? I feel as if I had slept for a hundred years!"

"You are in my house," said Richard, "and everything you have is safe. Now pull yourself together, and let me have a look at you. Pupils normal, heart all right. Why, you are a miracle! Just swallow this cup of coffee; it's cold, but your throat must be like a chimney. Down with it!"

"More, More! I could drink up Esil!" he cried, holding out the empty cup to be refilled.

"You must be a magician, doctor, to have brought me round so quickly. I'm accustomed to these attacks, as I told you, and the worst is always over in three days. But there is always sickness and prostration afterwards; and this time I positively feel better than I have done for years.

I have had such a sound sleep as I thought I should never enjoy again. How did you do it, doctor?"

"Morphia!" said Richard grimly. A herioc dose. I saw you were pretty bad, and it had to be either kill or cure. Till within five minutes ago, I was greatly afraid it was going to be kill. You have slept about twenty hours."

"I can never thank you enough for your courage, then, for it has put new life in me. I must have been as sound as a church if you have removed me without my knowing anything about it. But are you quite sure you left nothing behind, for I missed something just now that must not be lost on any account?"

"I know," said Richard quietly, but keenly watching the other's face as he spoke. "You had a belt around you with several thousand pounds' worth of money and jewels in it. You had also a loaded revolver, for the purpose, I presume, of defending your wealth. Don't be uneasy about them; I have them both safely under lock and key."

"No, no; you are quite mistaken, doctor," exclaimed the man, all his wildness of aspect returning and his eyes gleaming with a mad terror and suspicion. "There's nothing in it—nothing at all, except what little money I have, and a few curios I picked up in my travels. Let me have it at once, please—at once, without a single minute's delay!"

"Don't be in a hurry," said Richard. "It is quite safe, I assure you. If it be of so little value as you say, why excite yourself about it? How much might there be in it then? It seemed to me pretty heavy."

"Oh, very little; but as it is all I have in the world, you needn't wonder that I am rather anxious about it. I must ask you to give it to me at once; it will make my mind easier."

"Don't be uneasy; I give you my word it is quite safe. Look here, I'm rather a fancier of curios myself; I don't mind giving you ten pounds on spec for the belt just as it stands. If you tell me it is worth more, I will give you more."

"I wouldn't take ten pounds; not that it is really worth

more, but there are things in it that have a special value for me. I shouldn't think of selling it on any terms, and I must again ask you to let me have it in my own possession."

"I will give you a hundred," said Richard mischievously, "and I will let you retain anything in it that you wish especially to keep."

"I tell you I am not going to sell it on any terms whatever," rejoined the other testily, "so we had better drop the subject. And I beg you will give it to me now without any further parley."

"Yet I should think a hundred pounds would be something of a consideration to a man who had 'parted with the very last rag and stick he had to spare,'" said Richard. "Come, my friend, you may not meet such a chance again; what do you say to five hundred pounds?"

"Dr. Falconer," replied the man excitedly," either this is a very bad joke or you have lost your senses. For the last time I ask you to restore my property. If you do not, I will at once walk out of your house, and put the matter in the hands of the police. Give me what belongs to me, and let me go."

"Very well," said Richard, "you shall have it at once." He left the room and returned in a minute with the belt and pistol in his hands. He found his patient already half dressed. With frenzied haste he made a grasp at the belt, but Richard caught him by the wrist, and held him as if in a vise, while he said sternly:

"Listen to me, madman! You act as if you think I want to rob you. Why, you idiot, if that had been my design, I need not have so much as lifted my finger; I had nothing to do but to sit still, and you would have been dead by this time, and nobody to ask a single question about you. Instead of that, I brought you to my house, I have worked for hours to bring you round; I have restored you to life, and you repay me with insults and abuse. Even yet, if I wanted to possess myself of this precious belt, I should have only to go to the nearest magistrate and certify you insane, to have you shut up in a lunatic asylum for the rest of your

days. Much attention they would pay there to your ravings about being robbed of gold and jewels! That is what I could do if I were the villain you think me. Take your belt and be ashamed of yourself, you ungrateful wretch!" and he flung it with a crash upon the floor.

One of the pouches burst open and the guineas rolled out in a golden stream. With a shriek the owner flung himself upon his knees to clutch them, when his new-found strength failed him all at once and he rolled upon his face in a dead faint.

## IV

Richard knelt down, turned him over upon his back, and sprinkled a few drops from the water-jug upon his face. As he did so he was startled to hear a knock at the door of the room. Going hastily to open it, he found Mary, in a dressing-gown, a taper in her hand, her eyes wide with anxious suspense.

"Oh, Richard! I haven't been able to sleep all night," she cried, "and just now I heard loud voices and a scream. What has happened. Is anything wrong?"

"Don't be frightened, darling," said Richard. "You have come in time to help me in restoring this man, who has fainted. Is there any brandy in the cellarette?"

"Yes, just a little. Shall I go and fetch it?"

"Please do so."

She turned to go downstairs, and Richard closed the door and made haste to pick up the coins which were scattered over the floor. "Best she should not see them," he said to himself as he returned them to the pouch and fastened the belt securely round the patient's waist. "Come in, Mary," in answer to another knock. "Ah, you have the brandy. Stop! not that way," as she was putting a wine-glass to his lips; "he won't be able to swallow. Just hand me my hypodermic case; you'll find it in my coat-pocket, hanging at the back of the door."

With practised quickness he prepared the syringe and injected a few drops into his patient's arm. To his surprise

Mary was not at his side to help him; and when he turned to look for her she was standing near the lamp, gazing with fixed eyes and parted lips upon something which she held close to the light.

"Richard, Richard, look here!" she exclaimed excitedly.

Richard looked. It was the little daguerreotype he had picked up in the man's room and slipped into his pocket almost without looking at it.

"Oh, that's only a likeness of somebody that I found in his room as we were leaving, and thought I had better take it with me. Put it on the mantelpiece; he may want to have it again."

"But, Richard, do you mean to say you don't recognize it? Why, good heavens! don't you see it is a likeness of mother?"

"Of your mother?" he exclaimed, snatching it from her hand. He held it close to the lamp, and had to turn it at several different angles before he could catch the faded tints in the shining silver plate from which they seemed nearly obliterated; but when he did so he could not repress a loud exclamation of astonishment.

"It is she, sure enough! No one could ever forget those long curls! And I've seen her in just such a bonnet—all round her face, I'm sure, a hundred times! How extraordinary! How on earth can he have come to have it?"

"Why, Richard, how can you be so stupid? don't you see it's Jack! our lost Jack, whom we have believed dead for so many years! Oh, Jack, Jack, is this the way we find you again? Poor, poor fellow! What miseries you must have passed through! But we will try and make it better for you now. Open your eyes, dear Jack! it is I, your little Molly, and we shall be so happy together again. Oh, Richard, make him come to; do your best now if you never did before."

She was down on her knees beside him, trying to raise his head on her breast, chafing his hands, and covering his unconscious face with kisses.

"Softly, Mary, softly," said Richard, gently restraining her. "Let his head rest on the floor; he will come round

far quicker so. It is only an ordinary faint; what he wants is plenty of air, and you are only smothering him. I will throw up the window—why, it's broad daylight already! But are you quite sure it is your brother? Why, it must be fifteen years since you saw him, and you were only a little girl then."

"That's just why I didn't know him at first; but now I can see his likeness to my father very plainly. Oh, it is he, sure enough; there can be no mistake."

"See, the air is reviving him already," said Richard. "Now, Mary, control yourself; don't speak to him till I tell you; I have something to say to him first. Put out the lamp, and sit down in that chair, away from the window. Come, now," turning to the patient, who had just opened his eyes with two or three deep sighs. "Sit up, Sergeant Wentworth!"

"Yes, Colonel!" replied the sergeant, raising himself mechanically, and lifting his hand in a military salute. Suddenly his dazed eyes cleared, and he looked around with keen, suspicious glance. "Why, it's the doctor! How do you know my—I mean," he stammered, suddenly conscious of having committed himself, "my name's Ingram, not Wentworth."

"Come, come, Jack Wentworth, don't turn away your best friends. I know all about you, and here is your little sister Molly, just waiting to spring into your arms. Don't tell her you don't remember her; she has been talking about you ever since we were married, and even after she had a boy of her own, whom she would insist on naming after you."

"Oh Jack, Jack;" cried Mary, running into his embrace; how do you think I could ever forget you? Don't tell me you have forgotten me! Oh, Jack, what dreadful times you must have had. But we'll make you forget all your sorrows now."

"Molly, Molly, is it really you?" cried the hardened soldier, actually bursting into tears. "Forget you, my little pet? Why, you were the one memory that kept me from blowing out my brains a dozen times! And the one thing that made

me save my plunder and scrape and starve in the midst of plenty—for I am rich, Molly, though I don't look it—was the hope of being able to find you one day and share my winnings with you. When I made my way home to the old place at Yorkshire, and found all the family were gone, and the only thing I could hear of you was that you had married a doctor and were living no one could tell me where, I just started off in search of you, and for three weary years I have tramped nearly every road in England, looking for you. It's not likely I am going to say now I don't remember you, my little Molly."

He turned to Richard with outstretched hand. "I hope you'll forgive me for what I said just now. You had treated me with the greatest kindness I ever received from anyone, and I repaid you with insult. But I was really not sane, where that belt was concerned. You were quite right about it. I got the jewels in Burmah; Lord, what a do it was! I will tell you the story one of these days. I don't know yet myself what they are worth, but it is something fabulous. The possession of them made a regular miser of me, but I was thinking of Molly all the time. Now I have found her, and the half of them are hers; and as for the rest, why if you can put up with the humors of a crotchety, testy old brother-in-law, I think I'll end my wanderings here, and play the rich bachelor uncle with my nephews and nieces—and a lot more of them there will be, I hope; eh, Molly?"

"Why, Jack," cried Mary, quite unable to understand, how on earth can you play the rich uncle? And what is this belt you are talking about?"

"Here it is," said Jack, suddenly slipping it off his own waist and buckling it around hers. "Feel the weight of that! You just keep it for me, and whenever I want anything out of it, I will come and ask for it."

Tom Greer.

## DR. BRANDT'S WIFE

### I

WHEN Dr. Brandt's wife Leila died, none of his friends had any doubt as to what would be his future domestic state. He had loved his wife too passionately, too deeply, too wholly, to allow the possibility of her passing from his heart or thoughts because she had passed from his presence. He was a man of natural refinement, and possessed unusual intellectual powers. His devotion to his profession was only exceeded by his devotion to his wife. Notwithstanding this, he was often found in society and had an extensive acquaintance, professional and otherwise, among all classes of people.

This man possessed a type of beauty peculiar to himself; it was of remarkable delicacy, but as far as possible from anything approaching the effeminate. I have sat and watched his profile in repose, and wondered what redeemed it from absolute weakness. It might, perhaps, have been the tense, firm bending of the bow in the clear-cut upper lip, or the determined chin, or the resolute poise of the head; or it might have been all three. Certain it was that not even the air of melancholy meditation, which not infrequently came over him, could give a touch of effeminacy to the perfect Grecian nose or finely molded chin. As soon as he moved or spoke all possibilitity of such a contingency vanished. There was an abruptness in movement, a bluntness in manner of speaking, a certain *brusquerie* of mien, which offended many as being absolutely rude. In conversation, the small, tapering hands gave emphasis to his thoughts, till one watching them forgot to criticize, in admiring their supple strength. His eyes were not remarkable, except upon occasion. They were ordinarily gray and cold, but when he became animated they changed into a deep strange blue.

That this man should marry a woman who might by any possibility be called coarse, was a marvel to some. It was no marvel to me. Hers was the only kind of personal beauty which could impress a man like Dr. Brandt, and to me there had always been something eminently befitting in their union. She was large, and had some strongly marked characteristics; but her form was of such exquisite proportions that it might have served as a model for the Greeks. The skin, perhaps, was of too dusky a hue, or might have been, if the eyes and coronet of hair had been less gloriously dark. The massive, undivided brows might have been too long and straight had the forehead been less broad. Of her inner nature it is for me to speak but briefly here. Her habitual manner towards acquaintances was reserved—even haughty and slightly imperious. This might have been either the cause or result of her partial isolation from those of her own sex, I cannot tell. She had made no intimate friendships. Women were somewhat inclined to hold themselves aloof from her, but men adored her, and kept the distance at which she was content to hold them. In her domestic life she was gentleness and majesty combined. She loved, and to love meant with her to yield her nature wholly at the throne of her affections. No one, in her own home, could look into her eyes and watch the light upon her face and say her soul was meager, or her nature unrefined.

When the blow fell, I was hundreds of miles away; but I left my affairs as soon as possible and hastened to my friend.

The servant who met me at the door drew me within with unfeigned gladness, and then quickly and carefully shut the door behind me. His usually cheerful face looked troubled, and when I inquired for his master he dubiously shook his head.

"He will see no one. Shuts himself up and hardly speaks to me when I take him his meals. Never leaves the house except at night, and then paces up and down the gravel walk for hours."

"But are none of his relatives here?" I asked.

"Two or three, sir, distant ones; but he will see none of them."

"I think he will see me," I said, and taking a card from my pocket, I wrote a line and gave it to the man.

He returned presently and motioned me to go up stairs.

I entered a room artificially darkened, and with some difficulty distinguished Brandt standing in the middle of the floor. He neither spoke or changed his position as I entered, and I partially drew aside a curtain before I went to him. There was an air of defiance in his bearing which surprised me. His head was never more erect, and the facial muscles appeared stern and set. But what impressed me more was the unnatural color of his eyes; they were neither blue nor gray, but of a strange dull leaden hue which told of agony. He faced me quietly with this look of torture in his glance, but made no attempt to speak till I clasped his hands. Then he threw himself into my arms and wept.

"I can't bear it!" he cried. "She was my life! I feel as if I were dead!"

He abruptly drew himself away from me and sank, apparently exhausted, into a chair. I sat and watched him. His anguish cut me to the heart.

"Dear doctor—" I began.

He interrupted me with a swift upward movement of the head. "Never call me that again!" he cried. Where was my skill—*where* was my skill, that I should let her slip from my grasp like this? I have done more for the veriest beggar in the street. A cruel fate has *robbed* me."

I was silent.

Presently he raised his eyes and caught my sympathetic glance. "Forgive, my friend," he said; "I am nearly mad. I am glad you came," he continued. "You have awakened me. I have thought much since I have been shut in these darkened rooms, and now I shall act. Who knows what may be done? The career of medicine is in its infancy. I have thought, now I shall act," he repeated with quick decision, and began pacing the room.

Though I could not grasp his meaning, I rejoiced to see

him in his quite professional mood. Still less could I trace the connecting thought, when he stopped and placed both hands on my shoulders with solemn impressibility.

"This I know," he said, "Leila has never left me. Her body has passed from my presence, but her soul, never. My will has acted as a magnet. assisted by our passionate love."

## II

I had no cause to complain of Dr. Brandt's seclusion after this. He yielded himself so wholly to the demands of his profession that he allowed himself hardly time to eat or to sleep. I thought there was something feverish, something not wholly natural, in the eagerness with which he threw himself into his work at all hours of the day and night.

"He is trying to drown his grief," I told myself. "Some take to alcohol and some to opium. This is safer than either."

Yet I doubted if my solution was wholly correct, and my doubt grew into uneasiness as I saw more of him.

There was a strength in the friendship between this man and myself which I have no occasion to emphasize here. Suffice it to say that the circumstances which had thrown us together had made this bond of more than ordinary significance. It will be understood that I was more unwilling than ever to leave him at this crisis, and as it was impossible to have him to myself for five minutes together at his home or office, it soon became a custom for me to spend a daily hour or two with him in his conveyance.

I watched him closely; I studied him unweariedly with the hope of finding some clue which might explain the air of strange expectancy which rarely left him. By words which he occasionally let fall I knew that Leila was constantly in his thoughts. He did not seem to be trying to forget his grief; he seemed to be searching for something which would remedy it.

It was a matter of some surprise to me that the close carriage for which he had always expressed a preference had been exchanged for an open phaeton, which he used at all

times and in all kinds of weather. Seated in this, driving through alleys or avenues, usually silent, but not apparently depressed, he kept a constant lookout on the passing throngs, directing a keen, quick glance at every one he met. He noticed my observant look one day, and something about it caused him to sink back as if he had received a blow.

"Yes," he said wearily, "I always look for some one with a face like Leila's. I have never found one—yet." And no effort of mine could arouse him.

On the morning following this I found it necessary to leave for an absence of several days, which I was loath to do without first seeing Brandt. I had left him in such a state of complete melancholia the day before, that I had serious doubts as to what might be the result. Half hoping in the possibility of finding him at home, I directed my steps to his residence and rang the bell.

Was Dr. Brandt within? Dr. Brandt was not within. Dr. Brandt had been summoned to the Aventine shortly after midnight, and had not yet returned. The Aventine was a large public hospital under the direction of Brandt; an institution which owed its existence to his own magnanimity, and to which he devoted much of his time.

I was forced to leave without an interview. Returning at the end of a week, I was surprised to learn that the doctor had called persistently during my absence, evidently in a strange state of anxiety for my reappearance. A folded slip of paper was handed to me, which at first sight I thought contained nothing more than a request for my presence at his office; but as I was about to throw it aside some lines in pencil caught my eye:

> "Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
> Have I command on the pulse of life?"

Pondering upon the meaning of their appearance in such a place, I started for his office. I had no more than reached the gate, however, when I was met by a close carriage, into which I was shut without so much as "by your leave." The doctor's manner had wholly changed. External objects no

longer seemed to make any impression upon him. He was evidently strongly excited, and wore an exultant, almost happy, look.

No word was spoken till we reached his rooms. "My friend," he said, after he had mysteriously shut and locked the door, "my friend, I have news for you. I have found the face. This young woman," he continued, and I was impressed no less by his manner than by his words,—it was a peculiarity of his to speak of a patient for whom he felt respect as a *woman* in preference to a *lady*—"this young woman is at the Aventine. She is very ill. I think she will die," he softly informed me. "Her malady is a very peculiar one. It has baffled her physicians. I confess that I hardly understand it myself. I am positive that there is no organic disease—nothing at all but what should yield to proper remedies. The trouble, I am convinced, is with the soul; which, fortunately or unfortunately, is beyond the reach of physicians and physic. She wants to die. She gets worse, she fails hourly; she will die."

He made this announcement quite cheerfully, with an approving gesture of his hands, and paused in thought.

Presently he looked up and added: "She says her name is Marcella Prime. She is French. She is naturally very intelligent, but quite uneducated, poor girl."

His manner distressed me beyond expression; I thought him undoubtedly mad. He must have read something of this in my look, for he at once became his own natural self. "My friend," he said gravely, "all this has naturally excited me very much; but I am quite well; my pulse is very good. This woman is indeed ill, and she will die. I would not do anything to hasten her death to save my own life—no, nor to regain Leila's. I think I have made a discovery, and I shall test it soon. I have no fear of failure." Then he said, "You shall see this woman," and he conducted me to the Aventine.

She was indeed like Leila in form and face—more slightly built, perhaps, and with features more delicately traced; wholly lacking in Leila's softly animated expression which so subdued each strongly marked lineament, yet with a

sad intelligence of glance which won my sympathy. She could not speak a word of English, and I conversed with her in French. She was without relatives or friends, and seemed to be quite alone in the world. She mentioned as her birthplace a small village in the south of France, of which I had never heard, and which I have been unable to find on any map. It here occurred to me that Leila had also come originally from France, and that this unusual likeness was doubtless due to consanguinity.

There seemed to be a veil drawn over this woman's past, and I was unwilling to agitate her by any breath which might lift it. When I mentioned Dr. Brandt, foolishly thinking to encourage her by speaking of his great skill, she answered with a simple gratitude, "He is very good, but he can do nothing for me." And so I left her. Her soul departed that night: I cannot say she died.

## III

I have the following details of this remarkable case from the chief nurse at the Aventine:

At six o'clock in the evening the patient became unconscious, and Dr. Brandt took his position beside the bed and never once left it during the night. He constantly kept his eyes fixed upon the patient, carefully noting every change, counting every pulse-beat, marking every breath. There was no material change till midnight, when the breathing ceased, and the doctor briefly announced that life was extinct, yet he would not allow the body to be disturbed, and retained his former position by the bed.

At two o'clock the limbs were rigid and quite cold. He then dismissed the attending nurse, directing her to remain within call.

At three o'clock he summoned assistance and ordered the body to be swathed in flannels. Then he began to chafe the icy limbs, slowly elevated the arms above the head, and as slowly drew them down again, sometimes making passes across the brows; always laboring in such a way that he commanded a full view of the face. Once he placed his mouth

to the colorless lips and sent a full breath into the lungs. Soon after this a faint pulsation became perceptible about the heart, and presently a trace of color crept into the face. The chafing was continued vigorously until a soft sigh escaped from the lips and the wonderful dark eyes unclosed. There was a momentary quivering of the lids, followed by a sleep almost as profound and peaceful as that from which the body had been awakened.

A week or two after this, during which time I had not seen Brandt, I met a familiar-looking carriage on the street, and as I passed, the door was opened and the doctor's head thrust out.

"Come and see us," he called; "we shall expect you to-night." And before I had time to answer, the door was shut and the carriage moved on.

I entered a room softly but brilliantly lighted, and found seated before the hearth a woman of queenly proportions and majestic mien. There was a slight suggestion of the invalid in the arrangement of draperies, and her dusky cheek lacked the full bloom of health and strength.

As the portière fell to the floor behind me, she looked up and then rose, holding out her hand to me as if I had been an old friend from whom she had parted yesterday.

"I am glad to see you," she said simply, and placed a chair for me before the fire.

I doubted the evidence of my own senses. Her tones amazed me, her smile bewildered me; the subdued animation of her face made me feel as if I were going mad. What did it mean? Could the dead return to life?

I sank into the chair, unable to utter a word, and was inexpressibly relieved when a voice sounded from an inner room. It was the doctor's, and he was calling "Leila." *She* answered to the call.

When I had made my adieus that evening to my friend's accomplished wife, he linked his arm within mine and accompanied me to a small reception room.

"In Heaven's name, Brandt," I cried, "tell me what all this means!"

He met my excited look with that calm, deep, happy gaze I knew so well of old.

"It means," he said, "that laws which have hitherto been deemed immutable can be overcome; it means that death is not a condition, but a transition of the vital essence which it is possible to govern; it means to me that my wife is again within reach of my arms."

I had heard an account of the remarkable resuscitation of an apparently lifeless body, but I was not prepared for this. He had removed the patient as soon as possible and none at the Aventine had discovered the wonderful change—the perfect English tongue and the education and refinement of the intellect.

In spite of all, I could not bring myself to believe in what he accepted so implicity, and still questioned, "Are you *sure?*"

"Do *you* doubt?" he returned. *"Can* you doubt, after having seen her and spoken with her, and tested her personality as only one can who has—long been her friend?"

He saw me flush and tremble, and placed his hand on my arm with the gentleness of atonement. "Do you think I could be mistaken in *my wife?*" he asked.

I did not; but I wondered how she accepted the condition of things.

"She knows she has been very ill," he said, "and any slight change in her personal appearance she attributes to that. Her attendants are all new servants, and have been instructed never to refer to past events. Perhaps I shall tell her all, some time; but not now. I am waiting for her to become strong enough to go abroad."

There was another point which I wished to refer to, and I did so with a reluctance which I did not attempt to account for.

It was his turn to flush now, but he answered with a directness which relieved us both.

"We were re-married before she left the Aventine. It was an anniversary of our wedding-day, and she did not think it strange that I should wish the ceremony to be performed

again. She smiled a little when I spoke of it, and said it should be a symbol of our new life to come with her returning health and strength."

"There is only one more question," I said. "What is the value of that intervening life to her? I mean that period in which so far as we know, she was without sensible body?"

"It appears to be practically *nil*," he replied. "She has no certain recollection of any experience of that time, though I feel sure that it must have its influence upon her subsequent life. Memories—cloudlike fragments—float to her from time to time, but she thinks they are dreams induced by her former malady."

KATHERINE GROSJEAN.

## TWO CASES OF GRIP

WHAT'S this! What's this!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he came home the other evening and found Mrs. Bowser lying on the sofa and looking very much distressed.

"The doctor says it's the grip—a second attack," she explained. "I was taken with a chill and headache about noon and—"

"Grip? Second attack? That's all nonsense, Mrs. Bowser! Nobody can have the grip a second time."

"But the doctor says so."

"Then the doctor is an idiot, and I'll tell him so to his face. I know what's the matter with you. You've been walking around the back yard barefoot or doing some other foolish thing. I expected it, however. No woman is happy unless she's down flat about half the time. How on earth any of your sex manage to live to be twenty years old is a mystery to me. The average woman has no more sense than a rag baby."

"I haven't been careless," she replied.

"I know better! Of course you have! If you hadn't been you wouldn't be where you are. Grip be hanged! Well, it's only right that you should suffer for it. Call it what you wish, but don't expect any sympathy from me. While I use every precaution to preserve my health, you go sloshing around in your bare feet, or sit on a cake of ice to read a dime novel, or do some other tomfool thing to flatten you out. I refuse to sympatize with you, Mrs. Bowser—absolutely and teetotally refuse to utter one word of pity."

Mrs. Bowser had nothing to say in reply. Mr. Bowser ate his dinner alone, took advantage of the occasion to drive a few nails and make a great noise, and by and by went off to his club and was gone until midnight. Next morning Mrs.

Bowser felt a bit better and made a heroic attempt to be about, until he started for the office.

The only reference he made to her illness was to say:

"If you live to be three hundred years old, you may possibly learn something about the laws of health and be able to keep out of bed three days in a week."

Mrs. Bowser was all right at the end of three or four days, and nothing more was said. Then one afternoon at three o'clock a carriage drove up and a stranger assisted Mr. Bowser into the house. He was looking pale and ghastly, and his chin quivered, and his knees wobbled.

"What is it, Mr. Bowser?" she exclaimed, as she met him at the door.

"Bed—doctor—death!" he gasped in reply.

Mrs. Bowser got him to bed and examined him for bullet holes or knife wounds. There were none. He had no broken limbs. He hadn't fallen off a horse or been half drowned. When she had satisfied herself on these points she asked:

"How were you taken?"

"W-with a ch-chill!" he gasped—"with a ch-chill and a b-backache!"

"I thought so. Mr. Bowser, you have the grip—a second attack. As I have some medicine left, there's no need to send for the doctor. I'll have you all right in a day or two."

"Get the doctor at once," wailed Mr. Bowser, "or I'm a dead man! Such a backache! So cold! Mrs. Bowser, if I should d-die, I hope—"

Emotion overcame Mr. Bowser, and he could say no more. The doctor came and pronounced it a second attack of grip, but a very mild one. When he had departed, Mrs. Bowser didn't accuse Mr. Bowser with putting on his summer flannels a month too soon; with forgetting his umbrella and getting soaked through; with leaving his rubbers at home and having damp feet all day. She didn't express her wonder that he hadn't died years ago nor predict that when he reached the age of Methuselah he would know better than to roll in snowbanks or stand around in mud puddles. She

didn't kick over chairs or slam doors or leave him alone. When Mr. Bowser shed tears, she wiped them away. When he moaned, she held his hand. When he said he felt that the grim specter was near, and wanted to kiss the baby good-bye, she cheered him with the prediction that he would be a great deal better next day.

Mr. Bowser didn't get up next day, though the doctor said he could. He lay in bed and sighed and uttered sorrowful moans and groans. He wanted toast and preserves; he had to have help to turn over; he worried about a relapse; he had to have a damp cloth on his forehead; he wanted to have a council of doctors, and he read over the copy of his last will and testament three times.

Mr. Bowser was all right next morning, however. When Mrs. Bowser asked him how he felt he replied :

"How do I feel? Why, as right as a trivet, of course. When a man takes the care of himself that I do—when he has the nerve and will power I have—he can throw off 'most anything. You would have died, Mrs. Bowser; but I was scarcely affected. It was just a play spell. I'd like to be real sick once just to see how it would seem. Cholera, I suppose it was; but outside of feeling a little tired, I wasn't at all affected."

And the dutiful Mrs. Bowser looked at him and swallowed it all, and never said a word to hurt his feelings.

CHARLES B. LEWIS ("M. QUAD").

## BAKED BEANS AND CULTURE

THE members of the Boston Commercial Club are charming gentlemen. They are now the guests of the Chicago Commercial Club, and are being shown every attention that our market affords. They are a fine looking lot, well-dressed and well-mannered, with just enough whiskers to be impressive without being imposing.

"This is a darned likely village," said Seth Adams last evening. "Everybody is rushin' 'round an' doin' business as if his life depended on it. Should think they'd git all tuckered out 'fore night, but I'll be darned if there ain't just as many folks on the street after nightfall as afore. We're stoppin' at the Palmer tavern, an' my chamber is up so all-fired high that I can count your meetin' house steeples from the winder."

Last night five or six of these Boston merchants sat around the office of the hotel and discussed matters and things. Pretty soon they got to talking about beans; this was a subject which they dwelt on with evident pleasure.

"Waal, sir," said Ephraim Taft, a wholesale dealer in maple sugar, and flavored lozenges, "you kin talk 'bout your new-fashioned dishes an' high-falutin' vittles; but, when you come right down to it, there ain't no better eatin' than a dish o' baked pork 'n' beans."

"That's so b' gosh!" chorused the others.

"The truth o' the matter is," continued Mr. Taft, "that beans is good for everybody—it don't make no difference whether he's well or sick. Why, I've known a thousand folks —waal, mebbe not quite a thousand; but—waal, now, jest to show, take the case of Bill Holbrook: you remember Bill, don't ye?"

"Bill Holbrook?" said Mr. Ezra Eastman; "why, of course

I do! Used to live down to Brimfield, next to the Moses Howard farm."

"That's the man," resumed Mr. Taft. "Waal, Bill fell sick,— kinder moped round, tired like, for a week or two, an' then tuck to his bed. His folks sent for Doc Smith—ol' Doc Smith that used to carry a pair o' leather saddle-bags. Gosh, they don't have no sech doctors nowadays! Waal, the doc, he come; an' he looked at Bill's tongue, an' felt uv his pulse, an' said that Bill had typhus fever. Ol' Doc Smith was a very careful, conserv'tive man, an' he never said nothin' unless he knowed he was right.

"Bill began to git wuss, an' he kep' a-gittin' wuss every day. One mornin' ol' Doc Smith sez, 'Look a-here, Bill, I guess you're a-goner: as I figger it, you can't hol' out till nightfall.'

"Bill's mother insisted on a con-sul-tation bein' held; so ol' Doc Smith sent over for young Doc Brainard. I calc'late that, next to ol' Doc Smith, young Doc Brainard was the smartest doctor that ever lived.

"Waal, pretty soon along come Doc Brainard; an' he an' Doc Smith went all over Bill, an' looked at his tongue, an' felt uv his pulse, an' told him it was a gone case, an' that he had got to die. Then they went on into the spare chamber to hold their con-sul-tation.

"Waal, Bill he lay there in the front room a-pantin' an' a-gaspin', an' a-wond'rin' whether it wuz true. As he wuz thinkin', up comes the girl to git a clean table-cloth out of the clothes-press, an' she left the door ajar as she come in. Bill he gave a sniff, an' his eyes grew more natural like; he gathered together all the strength he had, and he raised himself up on one elbow, and sniffed again.

" 'Sary,' says he, 'wot's that a-cookin'?'

" 'Beans,' says she; 'beans for dinner.'

" 'Sary,' says the dyin' man, 'I must hev a plate uv them beans!'

" 'Sakes alive, Mr. Holbrook!' says she; 'if you wuz to eat any o' them beans it'd kill ye!'

"'If I've got to die,' says he, 'I'm goin' to die happy! Fetch me a plate uv them beans.'

"Waal, Sary she pikes off to the doctors.

"'Look a-here,' says she; 'Mr. Holbrook smelt the beans cookin', an' he says he's got to have some. Now, what shall I do about it?'

"'Waal, Doctor,' says Doc Smith, 'what do you think about it?'

"'He's got to die anyhow,' says Doc Brainard; 'an' I don't suppose the beans'll make any diff'rence.'

"'That's the way I figger it,' says Doc Smith; 'in all my practice I never knew of beans hurtin' anybody.'

"So Sary went down to the kitchen an' brought up a plateful of hot baked beans. Doc Smith raised Bill up in bed, an' Doc Brainard put a piller under the small of Bill's back. Then Sary sat down by the bed an' fed them beans into Bill until Bill couldn't hold any more.

"'How air you feelin' now?' asked Doc Smith.

"Bill didn't say nuthin'; he jest smiled sort uv peaceful like an' closed his eyes.

"'The end hez come,' said Doc Brainard sof'ly; 'Bill is dyin'.'

"Then Bill murmured kind o' far-away like: 'I ain't dyin'; I'm dead an' in heaven.'

"Next mornin' Bill got out uv bed an' done a big day's work on the farm, an' he hain't hed a sick spell since. Them beans cured him! I tell you, sir, that beans is," etc.

EUGENE FIELD.

## FANCY DISEASES

DISEASES is very various," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street-door conversation with Doctor Bolus. "The doctor tells me that poor Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The disease is *so* various! One way we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way, of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there, of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any diseases nowadays. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away."

Fifteen minutes afterward Isaac had that herb-bag for a target and broke three squares of glass in the cellar window in trying to hit it, before the old lady knew what he was about. She didn't mean exactly what she said.

B. P. SHILLABER.

## TUSKMAKER'S TOOTHPULLER

DOCTOR Tuskmaker was never regularly bred as a physician or surgeon, but he possessed naturally a strong mechanical genius and a fine appetite; and finding his teeth of great service in gratifying the latter propensity, he concluded that he could do more good in the world, and create more real happiness therein, by putting the teeth of its inhabitants in good order than in any other way; so Tuskmaker became a dentist. He was the man who first invented the method of placing small cog-wheels in the back teeth for the more perfect mastication of food, and he claimed to be the original discoverer of that method of filling cavities with a kind of putty which, becoming hard directly, causes the tooth to ache so grievously that it has to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two successive fees for the same job.

Tuskmaker was one day seated in his office, in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, when a stout old fellow named Byles presented himself to have a back tooth drawn. The dentist seated his patient in the chair of torture, and, opening his mouth, discovered there an enormous tooth, on the right-hand side, about as large, as he afterward expressed it, "as a small Polyglot Bible."

"I shall have trouble with this tooth," thought Tuskmaker, but he clapped on his heaviest forceps and pulled. It didn't come. Then he tried the turn-screw, exerting his utmost strength, but the tooth wouldn't stir. "Go away from here," said Tuskmaker to Byles, "and return in a week, and I'll draw that tooth for you or know the reason why." Byles got up, clapped his handkerchief to his jaw, and put forth. Then the dentist went to work, and in three days he invented an instrument which he was confident would pull anything.

It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. The castings were made, and the machine put up in the office, over an iron chair rendered perfectly stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building. In a week old Byles returned; he was clamped into the iron chair, the forceps connected with the machine attached firmly to the tooth, and Tuskmaker, stationing himself in the rear, took hold of a lever four feet in length. He turned it slightly. Old Byles gave a groan and lifted his right leg. Another turn, another groan, and up went the leg again.

"What do you raise your leg for?" asked the Doctor

"I can't help it," said the patient.

"Well," rejoined Tuskmaker, "that tooth is bound to come out now."

He turned the lever clear round with a sudden jerk, and snapped old Byles's head clean and clear off his shoulders, leaving a space of four inches between the severed parts!

They had a *post-mortem* examination—the roots of the tooth were found extending down the right side, through the right leg, and turning up in two prongs under the sole of the right foot!

"No wonder," said Tuskmaker, "he raised his right leg."

The jury thought so, too, but they found the roots much decayed; and five surgeons swearing that mortification would have ensued in a few months, Tuskmaker was cleared on a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

He was a little shy of that instrument for some time afterward; but one day an old lady, feeble and flaccid, came in to have a tooth drawn, and thinking it would come out very easy, Tuskmaker concluded, just by way of variety, to try the machine. He did so, and at the first turn drew the old lady's skeleton completely and entirely from her body, leaving her a mass of quivering jelly in her chair! Tuskmaker took her home in a pillow-case.

The woman lived seven years after that, and they called her the "India-Rubber Woman." She had suffered terribly with the rheumatism, but after this occurrence never had a

pain in her bones. The dentist kept them in a glass case. After this, the machine was sold to the contractor of the Boston Custom-House, and it was found that a child three years of age could, by a single turn of the screw, raise a stone weighing twenty-three tons. Smaller ones were made on the same principle and sold to the keepers of hotels and restaurants. They were used for boning turkeys. There is no moral to this story whatever, and it is possible that the circumstances may have become slightly exaggerated. Of course, there can be no doubt of the truth of the main incidents.

G. H. Derby.

## THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC IN MEDICINE

THAT music is deserving of a place in our *materia medica* we cannot deny. Yet music has her own *materia medica,* and it has been said that while there may not be much music in medicine, there is a great deal of medicine in music.

There is but one universal language that is expressive of the ideas, feelings, and sentiments common to all mankind, and that is music. It binds us to every created thing. Aside from its value as an art, it is, and has always been, one of the greatest civilizing agents. It has gone hand in hand with religious and traditional beliefs. We cannot cite a nation that has not had its religion, nor can we cite one without its music. We are told that David played before Saul, and that he drove away the evil spirit, and from the beginning to the end, the Scriptures dwell upon the powers of music.

What art, save music, follows man into the depths of misery and insanity? When the consciousness of the individual's danger for the first time dawns upon him, and the terror and agony of the moment stun him; when every hour he realizes that he is unequal to the conflict of mastering himself—nothing soothes and comforts him as do the strains of sweet music that seem to promise calm to his weary heart. In our hospitals for the insane we find patients, lost to every other sense and emotion, performing quartets and quintets with a degree of perfection that rivals professional musicians. I believe that every one who has had occasion to observe the fact, will acknowledge that music is a powerful agent in our insane hospitals, and that when all other means of quieting fail, patients will often yield to music.

The beneficial influence of music over the sick is not a

fancied one. Its influence upon the nervous organization and the temperament of man has not been sufficiently studied by medical men of the present day. The reason why we do not attach sufficient importance to it as a means of combating crime and disease, and the consequent effects of heredity, is that we do not recognize in music an anodyne, a nerve soother, and also the means that may be used to elevate the general moral, social and physical standing. Of course, as with every other agent, the beneficial results are largely governed by the age, sex and temperament of the individual, and by the character of the music, to meet the need.

"From the moment that the little infant is lulled to sweet sleep by its mother's song, through childhood's happy hours and the time when love's impulse finds its first expression in song, to the time when night is about to close in upon our earthly career, music is with us, and we part with it then, only to take up the unfinished strain in the great beyond, where, we are told, there is one grand, eternal song of praise."

The relation between music and medicine is not difficult to trace, but any attempt at comprehensiveness in such a subject would be impossible. From anatomy we learn of the wonderful structure of the human ear; of the three thousand extremely minute fibers that are the termination of the acoustic nerve; cortex fibers lining the membranous part of the diaphragm, each tuned for a particular note as if it were a small resonator. When the vibrations of any particular note reach these fibers, through the intervention of the stirrup bone and the fluids, only one fiber or set of fibers vibrates in unison with this note, and is deaf to all others. These little microscopic fibers analyze the most complex tones, and reveal their constituents. Music pervades all nature. The successive auricular and ventricular contraction and period of relaxation comprise what we are pleased to term the rhythm of the heart. There is also a rhythmic action of the lungs which is mysterious, and hints of much that is unknown.

Perhaps one of the ablest authors upon this particular subject is Dr. Chomet. He claims that there is a musical or sonorous fluid similar to electricity, light, and heat, and that this fluid impregnates almost all bodies, and that it is developed by friction, blows, or chemical decomposition. The power of music over the animal creation is well known. The allusion to King Saul's troubled spirit might be followed by mention of the fall of the walls of Jericho, and the order of Elijah to blow trumpets when he called down the Spirit of God.

It will not be out of place, perhaps, to cite a few instances of the effects of music upon different individuals. Gretry said that it made his heart really beat faster. Berlioz's whole being vibrated when listening to music, expressing it as he does: "My blood circulates more quickly, and my pulse beats faster." It is said that the English army, after partial defeat at Quebec in 1768, turned and was led to victory by the music of the Scotch pipers. A German historian declares that the "Marseillaise" caused the loss of fifty thousand German soldiers. It is said that Mehlbrau was thrown into convulsions upon hearing "Beethoven's Symphony" for the first time. Rousseau relates the case of a woman who was thrown into violent laughter when hearing music. Paulinus tells of a man who invariably vomited when listening to music.

The general character of ancient music is too little known to admit of attaching much importance to the reports of early writers. As early a writer as Baglivi says that "if physical exercise, such as walking, be impossible, let the patient sing or speak freely." Incredible as it may seem, Bonet mentions cases of gout being cured by singing. Lourages relates the case of a man suffering from an intermittent fever, whose depression could be relieved only by the sounds of a drum. Roger has recommended music as a cure for phthisis. Voltaire's *bon mot,* that the opera was designed to promote digestion, would seem to be supported by the common custom of having music rendered during meals. The records of the Academy of Sciences are filled

with reports of seemingly incredible cures effected by the aid of music.

An illustrious musician and composer was attacked with fever which constantly increased in violence. On the seventh day he lapsed into a violent delirium, accompanied by cries and tears, and by expressions of terror and lack of sleep. One day he asked for music, and, with many misgivings, the physician consented. As soon as the patient heard the sweet strains he became calm, his eyes assumed a quiet expression and all convulsions ceased. While the music continued he shed tears of joy and the fever left him; but no sooner had the music ceased than he relapsed into his former condition. Music was therefore continued, and after this treatment for several days the patient became well.

Dr. Chomet says that he witnessed a case of a physician suffering from an apoplectic attack. He was the first to prescribe for him, but the medicine had no effect. Half of the patient's body was paralyzed, and it was with difficulty that he spoke. After some little improvement he asked for the privilege of hearing some music, having all his life been fond of that art. His request was granted, and with great benefit. What one of us, when tossing feverish and sleepless, has not been quieted and refreshed by some favorite strain of sweetest music?

Dr. Charles H. Merz.

## HAY FEVER

A PREVALENT disease just now is hay fever. Irritating and awful as it is, there is something admirable and suggestive in the methodicity of it. Personally I have had it as a guest and master every August and September for twenty-six years. Every one who has it, receives circulars by the score as to cures. Don't bother with them, fellow-sufferers. They are a delusion and a snare. Nothing will cure it. Whisky is an alleviator and 4 per cent. cocaine spray is a help, but there is no cure but the casket, and for that, no one of us is ready.

It is a providential peculiarity that every incident in life teaches some good lesson. This, if I were an orthodox minister, I could easily show by reference to lots of incidents in ordinary life. As it is, I call your brotherly attention to the fact that hay fever, coming but once a year, comes on schedule time and means business during its stay. Who has never lost a train by being "just a trifle too late"? You and I have, but hay fever never lost anything. Time is its slave. Whose hand has never been stayed by pity and compassion? You and I have paused many times when on the verge of revenge; but hay fever never spared anyone for whom it had a grudge.

How often we have neglected some piece of work, some duty; but find me, if you can, an instance where this queer nasal development has forgotten duty or forgone allotted work, for punctuality is a virtue, and means much at all times. Ask a banker. He will tell you that rigid attention to time is a *sine qua non,* and he would tolerate almost any fault rather than have aught to do with a man who took no note of time, and who never regarded the time when his note was due. Imagine a sweetheart, forgetting to be on hand when "she" was ready for drive, theater, or even church. With this in mind, I sing the praises of hay fever, the king of punctuality, regnant in the realms of unneglected—though disagreeable—duty.

JOE HOWARD.

## THE LEUCOCYTE AND MICROBE

### A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

(*A "Pathogenic Microbe" and Leucocyte meet at a capillary cross-roads. The Microbe nods to the Leucocyte with the most patronizing loftiness and withering scorn.*)

LEUCOCYTE. How, now, thou measly pathologic afterthought? Why, now, that stiff pavonian strut—that glairy glare of deep self-competence? Make thy obeisance; ere I kick thee to the moon and back!

MICROBE. Stand and deliver! I a bandit am. Me quarters head are in the pathogenic camp.

LEU. Now, dam-me, hath it come to this? (*Aside.*) Some of the pother out among the doctors hath, by some strange chance, sifted itself down into its consciousness. A new-born vanity possesses it, and chortling self conceit e'er cocks its hat. (*To Microbe.*) And thou a bandit art?

MIC. That's what I art; me*l an*-doth *dit* careers.

LEU. (*Aside.*) The pertness of lord-buttressed littleness! 'Twas ever so. The mantle doth not fit, and evil manducations wimple out in acrid gaucheries. I'll humor it awhile. (*To Microbe.*) Thou hast the drop on me.

MIC. I hast.

LEU. Oh, brave, proud bandit, dwellst not the semblance of sweet mercy in thy soul?

MIC. Nary a semb-, nor lance of it.

LEU. Art thou so heartless, then?

MIC. Thou bet I art.

LEU. Wilt thou no quarters give?

MIC. Me quarters hind I'll show to thee when I have done with thee.

LEU. Now, God forfend; what wouldst thou that I give?

MIC. Merely thy life—our totem is the bat of Sepsis, and our motto, 'sdeath!

LEU. I pale me in the splendor of thy grand magnificence; oh, sweet bacterium, let me live, live but as a lieutenant to serve thee.

MIC. It can not, shall not was.

LEU. Thy secretary, then.

MIC. Nixie (*shaking its head*), nit.

LEU. Thy factotum.

MIC. Come off—we are a fact, and we a totem have.

LEU. Thy boot-black, please.

MIC. Me wants are all supplied, and thy vain twaddle serveth not.

LEU. Oh, thou precious sanguiferous recidivist, I have a wife.

MIC. Das macht nichts aus.

LEU. A child whose innocence and pleading trust would move a fiend.

MIC. Thy watery translucent kid be-dam!

LEU. (*Aside.*) Shall not the cat play with her prey? Shall not the Microbe do the same, and—shall not I? (*To Microbe.*) Thou art exceeding clever. Much thou must have pondered problems vast.

MIC. My constitution bendeth 'neath its weight of knowledge gained.

LEU. 'Tis good. Perhaps thou'll deign to sweeten up my death with seerish answerings?

MIC. That much I will concede. Shoot off.

LEU. But first: how didst thou get within my fair domain?

MIC. The bars were down, and I walked in.

LEU. Can'st thou remember it? If not, then why so confident?

MIC. 'Tis true I can't; but 'tis a scientific fact—a fact bacteriological.

LEU. Thou'rt sure of this?

MIC. Dead sure—the bulged of brow have so declared.

LEU. (*Aside.*) The crass credulity of slaves to spec-

tacled authority! The theory may be true, it may be false. At most, predacious bugs could only give disease its specificity. Not else, because "the bars" *must be let down for them.* (*To Microbe.*) What label wearest thou?

MIC. (*Bristling.*) Me *badge* is that of the great Diphtheritic cult.

LEU. Pray, where thy orig'nal habitat?

MIC. (*Scratching its head.*) Within a sewer pipe.

LEU. Whence thy specificness?

MIC. (*Winking rapidly.*) Now, wot th' 'll is that to you?

LEU. Is sewage just a medium of contagion, or is it true thou art indigenous to it?

MIC. (*Twisting on its nates.*) Too dam pragmatic, thou. Me own affairs are private, and thou bet they'll stay that way.

LEU. (*Aside.*) The human form divine, this temple of the soul—it's self-sufficiency is known. No enemy hath it within it's own precincts. Heredity itself belongs to its environment. If these bacilli are not natives, morbidly deformed, then it is true they're from without. This last is reasonable enough. All harms reside in man's environment. No malady arises *de novo* within this sacred tenement; the very *primal* cause of all disease is ever found outside. The first effect, therefore, the primal lesion is. (*To Microbe.*) Feel'st thou that thou a primal lesion art?

MIC. Me ptomaines, 'tis that does the devilment.

LEU. There's no sin in believing this: a man may so believe and get to heaven at last. The doctrine may be true. What then? Is such refinement more than learned ornament—than pathologic tapestry?

MIC. 'Tis diagnostic science, and what, without the pathalogic picture, shalt thou do? Wot's on you, anyhow?

LEU. (*Aside.*) This Mickie know'th no more than do some men. (*To Microbe.*) Right diagnosis—a most creditable accomplishment indeed—holdeth not, intrinsic'ly, so much as e'en the echo of a therapeutic hint. Can'st tell me why it should?

MIC. I can'st, but then I shan'st.

LEU. It hath become the mode of ultra upness to contemn whatever smacks of the empirical. This, in forgetfulness of the prime fact that rational empiricism is the heart of and soul of Medicine. The strenuous assertiveness of the deductive habit 'tis, that drives men out tangentially to common sense in things medicinal. And too, there is a pride vocational which quick resents impingements 'gainst the *scientific* dignity of Medicine. So, not unlike the irrepressible perpetual motion crank, a class chase closet phantoms whose remedial incidence inheres in isopathic dreamery. The point of the Jennerian accident hath set strange wheels a turning in some heads, and they are cogging out such fell fatuities as stagger sane credulity. 'Tis something marvelous, but tog a physiologic outrage out in the far Achean gauze of cryptographic phrase, and it becomes respectable. To squirt a deadly ferment in one's boll—that shocks. But trim the thought in euphemistic baubles, and 'twill win—with some.

MIC. Thou art an ass without recourse.

LEU. (*Aside.*) The ass's argument. (*To Microbe.*) Small as thou art, thou art a large, and all-pervading fact. Whether thou cuttest any figure in disease, or not, can make no therapeutic difference. Since vaccination but results in much reduced small-pox, conferring thus perhaps, immunity from the disease, by all the logic of analogy, thou never could'st do more. 'Tis proven that thou dost not even that. Now, who shall vaccinate to *cure* small-pox? And yet, 'tis this—its principle decked out in iridescent wordery—that's fatt'ning grave-yards and the purses of lymph manufacturers.

MIC. Forget'st thou, chump, I have the drop on thee?

LEU. The drop, the drop; thou'lt soon lose e'en the virtue of a drop, deep in oblivion.

MIC. Ha, ha! me incandescent inwardness doth churn in bloody glee. Prepare for death. Dost pray?

LEU. (*Striking a tragic attitude, and pointing at the Microbe a finger no less vesicatory for being metaphorical*)

—Oh, thou tenebral speck of foul negation; thou blasted histogenic exiguity; thou blasted mite cylindric—the gall of thee! Yes, I do *prey,* and thou shalt be the subject of my prayer. (*Blue light and slow, spectral music, as the Leucocyte swallows the Microbe*).

LEU. (*Stepping to the front.*) 'Tis thus that Lymphomania shall recede into the gulf of dark forgottenness.

*(Curtain Falls.)*

W. C. COOPER, M. D.

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## A CHILD'S JUDGMENT

A chance shot had pierced a noisy little sparrow, who fluttered and staggered, and dropped a lifeless, fluffy heap just in front of where our little four-year-old boy was standing. Quickly picking it up before his big dog Rover could get it, he turned the feathery morsel over in his hand, smoothed, and tried to coax it back to life again.

Unseen by him we watched the workings of his baby face, which had become so serious, that we were about to throw open the window and speak to him, when he turned and walked with childish dignity down the path, across the broad street, and up the flight of steps leading to our good friend and physician's door. We noted his upraised hand, his pounding upon the door-way, its opening, and his passing in beyond our vision.

As soon as his familiar war-whoop and the bark of his dog was heard again, we went over to the doctor's and met him half way as he was coming to us. His kindly face had that queer look of half-amusement and whole earnestness that held us quiet and we waited for him to speak.

"I happened to be busy in my study," he said, when the door quietly opened, and your little boy stood in front of me, holding out in his tiny hand a dead sparrow. 'Well,' I said, 'Wentie, what can I do for you?'

" 'Undead this sparrow,' he replied.

" 'I cannot do that,' I answered.

" 'Doctor, can't you dead a sparrow?'

" 'Yes, Wentie.'

" 'And can't you undead a sparrow?'

" 'No, my little boy, I cannot.'

" 'Well,' he said, as his face grew red, and his eyes very bright, 'well, Dr. Baker, I don't think you are very much of a doctor, anyway!' and he turned on his heel and left me, startled and rebuked, feeling what he had said in his childish wisdom was true, and—that I wasn't much of a doctor after all."

ROREBT MITCHELL FLOYD.

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## THE DOCTOR'S NARROW ESCAPE

"I have always insisted," she said, after a long, sweet silence, that I would never marry a doctor or a preacher."

He turned pale and a look of despair crept into his eyes.

"Arthur," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

With a heaving sigh he answered:

"Can't I induce you to overcome your prejudice? Ah, tell me, tell me that your decision against doctors and preachers is not irrevocable."

Six weeks before, she had written a message on an egg and sent it out into the world. The frail messenger had fallen into Arthur Higgleson's hands, and there they were sitting on the baggage truck at the railway station, waiting for the hack which they had missed, to return from town, and convey them to the hotel where they had planned to be married.

She looked up into his eyes with a wild yearning and cried:

"Are you a preacher?"

"No," he groaned, "not that—not that."

"Oh, tell me, tell me," she wailed, "that you are not a doctor!"

He hung his head. There was a guilty look in his eyes and she knew that the worst had come.

At last, pulling himself together with a mighty effort, he turned to her and said:

"Yes, Emeline. You have guessed the truth. I am a doctor. But why should that matter? Why do you discriminate against preachers and doctors?"

"Because they have to be among women so much," she sadly replied. "I should want my husband all to myself."

"Love," he cried, "then we may still be happy. I am a horse doctor."

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## PA ON THE MICROBE QUESTION

Maw was Looking at the paper the other Nite after she got paw to Hold the Baby for a little while, and Every few minutes he Would haft to fix it all Over again becoz its feats would come out, and pritty soon she says:

"What's all this about microbes? A purson Can't take up a paper Enny more but what They find sumthing about microbes."

"Here, hold this Child," paw says, Like if he was pritty glad for the chance, "and I'll tell you. Microbes is one of the new Discuveries. They have microbes for Neerly everything now. They are yellow-fever microbes and measle microbes and consumption microbes and mumps microbes. They say a purson is nothing But a Lot of Different kinds of microbes that keep declaring war Against one another Like people, and the ones that do the Best fighting and have the most men on their Side make a man what he happens to Be. If he has a Fever he knows his Fever microbes have the Largest population in him, and if he wants to Go out and shoot it Shows the Kentuckie microbes are Flocking all thru his sistum and making his Other microbes get Behind kopjes and things."

"I don't beleave," maw sed, "that they are enny truth in such a Theeory."

"That only shows you Don't no Ennything About

Syunce," paw told Her. "If you would keep posted Like I do you wouldn't sit there with a Disgusted look on Your fais and say You didn't Beleave what the people that Discover things are Doing to make men Happy."

"I don't see how it will Make a man happy to Find Out that he is nothing but a crowd of microbes that mebby Have him Divided up into Counties and Building Lots with his Nose for a Court house and his whiskers for a park," maw sed.

"Of corse you don't," paw says. "That's becoz you Don't understand the Grate principle and Can't look ahed. It takes a man to See these things. As fast as Every different Kind of a microbe is Discuvered Syunce goes to Work to find Out how to Raise Blooded microbes and What'll Kill the Bad ones without hurting the Other microbes that are Trying to Lead a Blameless life. After that's Done the hewman race Will be Grate peepul. Everything a man does is On account of his Microbes. If he writes poetry it's Becoz he has more poetry microbes in him than Enny other kind. If he Gets in Love it shows the love microbe drove all Other microbes Down from his Spion Kop. That's where it'll come in handy when syunce gets the microbe bizness all fixed up like it will be Sum day."

"What will happen then?" maw ast.

"Why," Paw told her, "instead of Keeping medasuns the Drug stores will have microbes to Sell. When a man wants a girl to Love him he will get Ten cents Worth of Love microbes and put them in her Caramulz and the first thing you no She will think he is a Nappollo Belvy Dearie with close on. Or if a man thinks things are all going rong and Life ain't hardly worth Living Enny more he can go to the drug store and say, 'Gimme a dose of your best Hope microbes,' and a few minutes after that he will begin to Think this is the pleasantest world he Ever got into and quit sitting Around recitun the man With the hoe to himself. Then they will have microbes to make men generals and Statesmun, and if they find Out what Kind of microbes Carniggy and Rockeyfellow and J. Pierpont Morgan are full

of they can raise that Brand and Put them within the reach of Awl, and nobuddy won't haft to work Enny more."

"My, oh, my," maw Says, "it's perfickly wonderful what Syunce keeps doing, and This is a Bewtifull theeory, but they'll never get it thru."

"Why not?" paw ast.

"Becoz," maw says, "if peeple Could all be made happy by Using the rite Kind of microbes they wouldn't Ever hav to drink stuff to Get cheered up, and that would interfear with the Saloon Bizness. They Are no use Ever trying to get Ennything the Saloon vote is against."

"By Henry!" paw says; "I never thot of That."

GEORGIE.

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## THE UNGRATEFUL BAKER

Surgeons and physicians in the United States are now and then sued for malpractice by dissatisfied patients. Not unfrequently the suit is an attempt either to extort money from the practitioner or to fine him for not curing an incurable. In Persia patients are still more unscrupulous and try to get back the doctor's fee, even when he has cured them. Dr. Wills, an English physician, tells in his "Land of the Lion and Sun," his experience with a Persian patient, a well-to-do baker of Ispahan.

The baker had been successfully operated upon for cataract, and the doctor had been paid four pounds; but the baker, though seeing with both eyes, regretted the four pounds. One day while the doctor was prescribing in the dispensary to a crowd of sick folks, a melancholy procession entered. The baker, with a rag of different color over each eye and a large white bandage round his head, was supported into the room.

The relatives informed the doctor that through his treatment, the baker had lost his sight, and had come back to get his four pounds, together with any compensation which he, the doctor, might be pleased to make.

"Ah, sahib, dear sahib, I am now stone blind," said the

baker. The crowd shook their heads. With much difficulty the doctor compelled the removal of the bandages, and looking at his eyes saw that the man's vision was good. Though angry he was civil. The point was to make the crowd see that the man could see.

Taking a large leather box, in which was an amputating knife, he placed it on the table. Then seating himself, with the man on the other side of the table, he said:

"Of course, if I have deprived you of your sight, it is only fair that I should return the money you have paid me, and also renumerate you. How much do you want?"

A beautiful smile spread over the baker's face, as he answered:

"O sahib, doctor sahib, I know you are great and generous. If you will pay back the four pounds and give me forty pounds for my eyes I should pray for you—yes, I and my family, we should all pray for you."

"Yes, yes, he has spoken well," chimed in the spectators.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "this is what ought to be done in the case you describe. But"—and the doctor shouted—"what ought to be done to the man who comes here with a lie in his mouth? Know you, bystanders, that this man sees perfectly?"

"Ah," continued the doctor, "you dog, I'll open your eyes!" and suddenly producing the amputating knife he flashed it before the man's face. The baker fled down stairs, pursued by the more active of the crowd.

"Stop thief!" they shouted.

Every idler in the bazar took up the cry; every hand and stick were turned on the flying man. He was seized and his turban torn off.

"Can you see now?" asked the doctor from an open window.

"O sahib, sahib, through your kindness I see; indeed I do!"

## CONVALESCENT

Once more the rapture of the wind and rain,
  And rich scent of the warm, damp, broken mold;
And I—who never thought to see again
  The white snow leave the fallow and the fold,
Or the dark rook wheel elm-ward to her bower—
Am out before the first white lily flower,
And long before the summer and the bee;
While, like a dim, far distant dream to me,
Behind the curtain-shadow of my bed,
Death calls his hounds to leash, discomfited.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

# GENERAL AVERAGE

THE DOCTORS ARE OUR FRIENDS; LET'S PLEASE THEM WELL.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

# GENERAL AVERAGE

## TO THE DOCTOR'S INTENDED

"So you are engaged to Dr. B—. It must be very nice to be engaged to a doctor. Every time he calls, you know —and of course that must be very often—you feel as if you were getting for nothing what everybody else would pay three dollars for."

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## SHE WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

She had been suffering for several days with a slight abscess, and when she decided to have it lanced her young husband accompanied her to the physician's.

"You are very brave, dearest," he said to her, as they waited for the doctor in the reception room.

"Oh," said she, smiling sweetly, "you see, I'm going to take chloroform or gas or something."

"No! Oh, no!" he remonstrated. "You mustn't—"

"Why, Jack, it won't cost so much more."

"Darling, how unkind! But, you know, sometimes patients die under chloroform."

"I'll risk that. Ah, doctor, my husband is trying to scare me with tales about patients who die under chloroform. Now, you don't think—"

"Pshaw! There's no danger when the doctor understands his patient's condition," exclaimed the physician. And a few moments later:

"Will you kindly take hold of this sponge? By the way, just before you came in I was administering the drug to a man, and he was quite amusing. He rattled on about his early love affairs—gave himself away in great shape."

"Oh!" cried the young woman in evident distress. Then, collecting herself: "Will it hurt dreadfully, doctor?"

"The lancing? No; with the drug you won't be any the wiser."

"I think I can manage without any drug, do you know?"

"You might faint, dearest," put in the anxious husband. "And the doctor says there's no danger in your case. "You'd better take it."

"No, I think not," said she, throwing the sponge away and sitting bolt upright. "I'm going to show you men how a weak little woman can bear pain."

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## STORY OF A POULTICE

Family discipline is still maintained in some American homes, as of course it ought to be in all.

A small boy got a sliver in his foot, and his mother expressed her intention of putting a poultice on the wound. The boy with the natural foolishness which is bound up in the heart of a child, objected to the proposed remedy. "I won't have any poultice," he declared. "Yes, you will," said both mother and grandmother firmly. The majority was two to one against him, and at bed time the poultice was ready. The patient was not ready; on the contrary, he resisted so stoutly that a switch was brought into requisition. It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poultice, while the mother with uplifted stick would stand at the bedside. The boy was told that if he "opened his mouth," he would receive something that would keep him quiet. The hot poultice touched his foot and he opened his mouth. "You—" he began. "Keep still," said his mother, shaking her stick, while the grandmother applied the poultice. Once more the little fellow opened his mouth. "I—" But the uplifted stick awed him into silence. In a minute more the poultice was firmly in place and the boy tucked in bed. "There, now," said his mother, "the old sliver will be drawn out and Eddie's foot will be all well." The mother and grandmother were moving triumphantly away, when a shrill voice piped from under the bedclothes:

"You've got it on the wrong foot."

## THE ARMY BABY'S PERIL

The following story is told of an incident that occurred when the full-blown rank of the army doctor was still a novelty. The wife of Captain De Smythe, whose baby was in the throes of teething, wrote to the garrison doctor as follows:

"Dear Doctor Philgrave—I should be glad if you could come around and see my baby this afternoon, as the poor darling is having a good deal of trouble with his teeth. Yours very truly, Angelina De Smythe. P. S. Please bring your lancet."

She received in reply the following letter:

"Colonel Philgrave presents his compliments to Mrs. De Smythe, and begs to inform her that he cannot regard any communication addressed to Dr. Philgrave as intended for himself."

Whereupon the lady, meekly accepting the rebuke of her breach of etiquette, sat down and wrote her letter, word for word, over again, but beginning "Dear Col. Philgrave." When, however, she arrived at the postscript, she felt a certain amount of delicacy about mentioning anything so essentially unmilitary as a lancet, and so when the gallant colonel received the revised note he found that the P. S. ran: "Please bring your sword."

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## WANTED HIS TEMPERATURE

One of the operators in a central exchange office was instructed to ring up the Weather Bureau and get the temperature of the day. The operator looked up the number, rang the bell, and after the usual "hellos" were exchanged, said:

"Temperature, please."

"What?" came in a tone of surprise from the other end of the wire.

"Temperature!" repeated the operator. "T-e-m-p-e-r-a-t-u-r-e! What's your temperature today?"

There was a moment of silence, then "Who's speaking?"

from the Weather Bureau end. The operator told him, and again asked for the temperature.

"Good heavens, girl, what do you want my temperature for?" was the response.

"What's your number?" asked Central. When she had heard it she murmured a feeble apology and rang off. It wasn't the Weather Bureau.

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### TROUBLE ENOUGH

The doctor on opening the door of his reception-room to summon the patient next in turn, was greeted by a boy of about seven years of age, who explained that his mamma had sent him over to be cured. Inquiry elicited the information that "Mamma" was one of the doctor's oldest patients.

"Well, my boy, what am I to cure you of?" he asked.

"Why," was the explanation, "bof of my eyes is rainin' and one of my noses won't go."

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### OBSERVING YOUTH

Children are quick at imitation, and have a talent for making up games in which they cleverly burlesque their elders. This little fellow had been an apt pupil in the sick room and understood methods of procedure.

One day two bright little children were found playing "doctor." The youngest child was the patient, with head wrapped in a towel, and the older, the physician, with a silk hat and cane. The mother, unseen by the little ones, listened at the doorway.

"I feel awful bad," said the patient.

"We'll fix all that," said the doctor, briskly. "Lemme see your tongue."

Out came the red indicator.

"Hum! Hum! Coated!" said the doctor, looking very grave indeed.

Then, without a word of warning, the skilled physician

hauled off and gave the patient a smart rap in the region of the ribs.

"Ouch!" said the sufferer.

"Feel any pain there?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," said the patient.

"I thought so," said the healer. "How's the other side?"

"It's all right," said the patient, edging away.

Thereupon the doctor produced a small bottle filled with what looked like either bread or mud pills, and placed it on the table.

"Take one of these pellets," the physician said, "dissolved in water, every seventeen minutes—al-ter-nit-ly."

"How long mus' I take em?" groaned the patient.

"Till you die," said the doctor. "Good morning!"

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## HOW HE FOUND OUT ABOUT HIMSELF

"If you want to know how few chances you have of living, even to middle age," declared a young man, who is just emerging from the carelessness of youth into realization that life holds serious things, "if you want to know how near dead you are, just start to take out a life insurance policy."

"What do you know about life insurance?" asked his friend? "You are the picture of health and have not a single dependent heir."

"Always thought I was a perfect man," continued the young man, a little more seriously. "Have not been sick in bed a day since I was ten years old. But if you knew all the things that are the matter with me you would wonder that I am walking around."

"Then the company rejected you!" exclaimed the other. "Poor boy! I'm sorry for you. If you die now it will be without the satisfaction of knowing that you are costing the life insurance company money."

"But this is the funny part of it," he went on when he got a chance. "They didn't reject me."

"What's the row, then."

"Well, after the medical examination, the agent came to me with a long face and said that he was sorry for me. 'If you don't mend your ways and mind the corners, you'll be dead within a year,' he said, and his face was like an undertaker's. I laughed at him and then he whipped out the doctor's report. It seemed to prove me a physical wreck, and really I ought to be dead, but I felt so particularly fine that morning, that I just laughed again. Then he whipped out my policy.

" 'You took this out as an endowment,' he said, 'but don't you think you'd better look around for an heir? It's well, when one is as badly off as you are, to have some one to leave it to.' That rather shook me up a bit and set me thinking. The nearest living relative I have is an aunt, father's sister, who has more money than I can think about. I thought about several charities, but there was nothing in which I had a particular interest.

"The agent interrupted my thoughts with more advice. 'You'd better take out $5,000 more while you can get it,' he said.

" 'But if I'm likely to die within a year it is hardly fair to the company,' I reminded him. Then I grabbed my policy and escaped, feeling for the first time in my life that my heart was weak, my kidneys worn out and my liver going.

"What's the matter with your heart, my boy?" asked the friend, who by this time did not know whether to laugh or sympathize.

"Murmurs, murmurs, murmurs," replied the man who had taken insurance. "It does all sorts of irregular things, according to the doctor, and it's liable to send me off on about ten beats and a murmur notice."

"Is that all you're fussing about?" said the other. "There is nothing in that heart-listening business. I have a doctor friend who has charge of a hospital over in Boston. For a year or more he listened to the heart of every patient that came into the hospital and kept a careful record. Then if the patient died and he was able to secure permission,

he took the heart out and examined it. He discovered that nine-tenths of the hearts which showed murmurs on the first examination were in a strong and healthy condition, and that a large percentage of those which sounded all right were seriously affected in one way or another. So cheer up, my boy; you're not dead yet, and you may fool the company after all."

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## THE NEW MOTHER

"Nurse, has the baby had a good dose of castor oil?"
"Yes'm."
"And those hypophosphites?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"And the magnesia?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Did you put a poultice on his back?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"And a cold compress on his chest?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"And he's no better?"
"No, ma'am.'
"How strange! I guess we'd better send for the doctor."

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## CARROTS—NOT CLARET

Not long ago an anxious mother brought her daughter to see a famous London physician. The girl was suffering from what some people call "general lowness." There was nothing much the matter with her, but she was pale and listless, and did not care about doing anything, even eating. The doctor, after due consultation, prescribed for her a glass of claret three times a day with her meals. The mother was somewhat deaf, but, apparently, heard all he said, and bore off her daughter, determined to carry out the prescription to the letter.

In two weeks she was back with her girl, who was rosy cheeked, smiling and the picture of health.

The doctor naturally congratulated himself on his skill, and said cordially: "I am glad to see your daughter is so much better."

"Thanks to you, Doctor," exclaimed the grateful mother. "She has had just what you ordered. She has eaten carrots three times a day, and sometimes oftener—and once or twice she had them uncooked; and now look at her!"

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## FATAL FIGURE OF SPEECH

Third day out.

The majestic ship, freighted with its priceless human cargo, rolled and pitched on the heaving bosom of the great deep.

Still pallid and wan, but hopeful, and feebly trying to smile, the young woman in the pale green gown reclined in the steamer chair.

It was her first day on deck.

"Now, Clara," her businesslike aunt said, bustling about, "you are so much better that you must try to think up something to amuse yourself with."

"Think up something!" moaned the poor girl. "O, auntie, what did you want to say that for!"

And she collapsed again.

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## BAD MEDICINE

A young physician who had long worshiped a lady at a distance, was one day suddenly called to attend her. He found her suffering from no particularly dangerous malady, but she wanted him to prescribe for her nevertheless; so he took her hand and said impressively:

"Well I should—prescribe—I should prescribe that you get married."

"Oh, goodness," said the interesting invalid, "who would marry me, I wonder?"

"I would," snapped the doctor with all the voracity of a six-foot pickerel.

"You?" exclaimed the maiden.

"Yes."

"Well, doctor, if that is the fearful alternative, you may go away and let me die in peace."

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## WHERE SHE'D BE VACCINATED

Two attractive-looking young women in an English street car were discussing the gravity of the smallpox epidemic, records the Philadelphia Times.

"Where would you be vaccinated?" asked one.

At least two pairs of male ears were strained for the answer.

"Well," the other replied, "that depends. Some persons prefer to have it on the arm, but—" (Here the tension was terrific) "I'll be vaccinated on Walnut street, where my doctor lives."

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## HIS CRITICAL CASE

"I can afford to laugh at it now," said the portly physician, "but I was mad at the time. One day last week I was just sitting down to a most excellent dinner when I received a call from a little five-year-old girl whose father lives in the adjoining block. She was out of breath, but she managed to gasp out for me to come up to the house right away.

"Thinking it was something serious that would cause the little girl to be sent for me, I seized my medicine case and hurried away.

"Who is sick?" I asked picking her up in my arms and carrying her so that I might get along faster.

" 'Elizabeth,' she answered.

" 'Is she very sick?' I asked.

" 'I think it is typhoid fever,' she replied.

"This gave me a scare and quickened my steps. We were not long in arriving at the house, and I was surprised that no one met us.

"'This way,' cried the little girl, seizing hold of my hand.

"Allowing myself to be led along, I soon found myself in the bed-room by the side of a doll's cradle, in which reposed a doll with a red rag tied around its throat.

"I was dazed for a moment, and came to only by hearing the little girl inquiring anxiously if I thought Elizabeth was going to die.

"I assured her that she wasn't and all that she needed was a spanking—I meant the little girl—not Elizabeth. But from what I heard when I left, I am afraid that my advice was not understood and that Elizabeth got it."

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## A GREAT INVALID

There lives in Chicago a lady named Mallaby, whose sudden illnesses and more sudden recoveries are the cause of wonder among her many friends. The doctor's carriage stands at her door of an afternoon, and in the evening she will be out to ball or party, radiant with health and beauty.

These sudden conversions were well hit off by a friend to an acquaintance inquiring after Mrs. Mallaby, he having heard shortly before, that she was very ill. "Oh!" said the friend, "she is bad—very bad; she wasn't expected to live yesterday. She called up Mr. Mallaby, and bade him good-bye; called up the children, and bade them good-bye; called up John, and told him to bring the carriage to the door; and in half an hour she was shopping in town!"

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## HE IS TO BE PITIED

"Who is that sad, disconsolate looking fellow?"

"He is the man who has made a study of rules of health."

"Whose rules of health?"

"Everybody's rules of health. That's the trouble with him. He's been trying to live up to them."

"What does he do?"

"Everything that he is told to do, and when he isn't doing anything else, he worries because the rules are so conflicting."

"And it is undermining his health?"

"Of course. It would undermine any one's health."

"What are some of the rules?"

"Well, here are two of them: 'Eat only a light breakfast,' and 'Breakfast should be the best meal of the day.'"

"What are some of the others?"

"'Run or walk two miles before breakfast,' and 'Never attempt to do anything on an empty stomach.'"

"Any more?"

"'Take a cold bath the first thing in the morning,' and 'Remember the shock to the system of suddenly encountering heat or cold is very injurious.'"

"Anything else?"

"'Never use a pillow,' and 'The most refreshing sleep is that when the head is elevated.'"

"Is that all?"

"Oh, dear, no! There are hundreds of other rules. For instance: 'Do not get into the habit of sleeping in the daytime,' and 'Always take a nap in the afternoon;' 'Eat only at meal time,' and 'Eat whenever you are hungry;' 'Eat no meat,' and 'If you would be strong eat plenty of fresh meat;' 'Get up at 5 o'clock every morning,' and 'Sleep until thoroughly rested, no matter how late it is.'"

"I'm not surpised that he looks haggard and ill."

"Neither is any one who knows what he is trying to do."

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## WHO WAS FOOLED?

A group of physicians were discussing feigned ailments, in the presence of a Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune reporter. Various experiences were told. One of the most interesting was that of a boy of 14. The physician's story was as follows:

"I was called to see this boy, and was told that he had been suffering for about a year with pains in his right knee and ankle. Two physicians had prescribed for him at different times, and only temporary relief was afforded.

I examined the leg carefully and couldn't find a trace of injury or disease.

"After a little talk I learned that his pains, which prevented him from going to school, did not prevent him from playing ball. 'I am the best catcher and batter of the Star Juniors,' said he, and I at once made up my mind that the Star Juniors would be short of a good player for awhile.

" 'Your son,' said I to his parents, 'has a strained tendon and a partial dislocation of the ankle joint. I will have to put a plaster cast on his leg.'

"Next day the plaster went on, and after three days the boy declared himself well, and begged that it be taken off. It was good and heavy, but I declined to remove it, putting him off day after day.

"After three weeks had elapsed I called to see him, and found that he was out. One of his playmates informed the parents and myself that he was busy on a neighboring lot playing ball. He was called home and I removed the bandage and pocketed a nice fee.

"Years passed. One night I was seated at a table in a local summer resort. I noticed a young man eyeing me very closely. He finally came over to our table and asked if I was Dr. ———. I replied yes. He said: 'Don't you remember little Georgie, whose leg you put in plaster? Well, I am Georgie. That's my wife and baby over there. Doc, I fooled you nice that time!"

---

## A HEROIC PHYSICIAN

There are doctors and doctors, but one of the most intelligent of all these friends of humanity was one who had the courage recently to give a bit of advice to the head of a family not many miles from New York. The head of the family was robust, but exacting, healthy but irritable—in short, a veritable Hector.

"I don't know what is the matter with my family, Doctor," he said, "but my wife is nervous, my children are suffering from something, I don't know what—in fact, the

whole house is upset. Even the servants seem vacillating and bordering on nervous prostration."

"I think it would be all right," said the Doctor, "if you would take a six-months' tour of Europe—alone."

"I?" cried paterfamilias. "The only well member of the family?"

"Yes," said the doctor, gravely. "You ought to travel—for the health of your family."

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## ANOTHER CASE

"After diagnosing your wife's case, Mr. Stocksanbonds, I would advise a European trip."

"But if I pay for such a trip I shan't be able to pay your bill, Doctor."

"Perhaps on second thought, I had better made a more thorough diagnosis of her case."

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## AN UNTIMELY TOAST

Senator Sullivan of New York was recently a guest at a banquet of homeopathic physicians. During the banquet the usual toasts were drunk. To the health of "the ladies," of "the President," of "Hahnemann, the father of homeopathy," and a half dozen other persons and subjects, glasses were duly drained, and then, all of a sudden, the toastmaster remarked: "Senator Sullivan has not been heard from. Senator Sullivan will now propose a toast." The Senator arose and beamed upon the assemblage of physicians. "I propose," he said, "the health of the sick."

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## MUNICIPAL GUILT

"Let us get down to facts! In the first place, you have only yourself to blame for this indigestion."

"No, Doctor, I blame the city."

"The city? What has it to do with it?"

"It put a homely policeman on our beat."

"And what has that to do with your indigestion?"

"Why, we couldn't keep a cook."

## THE DOCTOR'S PRESENCE OF MIND

"Speaking of doctors' bills," said Cooper, as he elevated his feet and lit a cigar, "I have recently had revealed to me a depth of nerve which I supposed was possessed only by gas men and plumbers. You know young Dr. de Ploma?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know when he was graduated and came here to practise he was pretty sweet on my daughter Grace for awhile?"

"Yes."

"Well, one roasting day last Summer she met him down town while she was out shopping, and he asked her in to have a glass of soda water at Fizz & Foam's."

"Very nice."

"Wait. Little while after that he popped, and Grace threw him over."

"Poor fellow!"

"Yes. Poor fellow! But he had his wits about him, and yesterday I got this bill:

JAMES ALFRED DEPLOMA, M. D.
Office Hours,
12:01 A. M. to 11:59 P. M.

G. Cooper, Dr.
July 4th. To Treating Daughter.....$3.00

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## AS INSTRUCTED

"Why do you watch the thermometer on the wall so closely?" queried the invalid.

"Because," replied the untrained nurse, "the doctor said if the temperature got any higher to give you another dose of quinine."

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## A BRIEF CAREER

"Too bad about Jane Gilroy, isn't it?"

"What was it? I haven't heard."

"Spent five years qualifying for a trained nurse and then married her first patient."

## THE ETERNAL FEMININE

*Mrs. Hewman.*—I never saw such a busybody. Just because the doctor stopped at our house yesterday she immediately wanted to know what was the matter.

*Mrs. Naycher.*—Yes; I wonder how she'd like her neighbors to be that curious about her? You know the doctor stopped at her house today, too.

*Mrs. Hewman.*—You don't say? I wonder what's the matter there?

---

## A GOOD BEGINNING

DOCTOR: What your husband really wants, madame, is complete rest. Now, if you could only—

LADY: But he won't listen to me, doctor.

DOCTOR: Ah! That's a very good beginning.

---

## SWAPPED MEDICINE

A little boy was suffering from a severe cold and his mother gave him a bottle of cough mixture to take while at school. On his return she asked if he had taken his medicine.

"No," he answered, "but Bobby Jones did. He liked it, so I swapped it with him for a handful of peanuts."

---

## OBEYING INSTRUCTIONS

Doctor Brown—Well, did you keep the thermometer in the room at 70 degrees as I told you?

Mrs. Murphy—I did, indade, Doctor, but I had a hard toime to do it. The only place it would stay at sivinty was furninst the chimney-piece.

---

## HOPE FOR THE BEST

Doctor—I'm afraid your wife will lose her voice.

Enpec—Let us hope for the best.

### HIS CHANCE

"Oh, Doctor, I'm so glad you've come. My little girl has such a—"

"Now don't tell me what she has, Nellie, 'cos I'm the doctor, an' I've got to try an' guess."

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### THE SURVIVOR

When the doctors tell a man that he can't get well, and he does, what wonderful will-power he thinks he has!

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### THE DOCTOR'S VINDICATION

Mrs. Browne—Oh, it's terrible! Dr. Sokum has committed suicide!

Browne—Too bad. And I had just about come to the conclusion that he hadn't any conscience.

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### AN EXPERIMENT

Bobby—Mamma, would it make any difference if the baby took all his medicine at once?

The Baby's Mother—Heavens! Yes!

Bobby—But it *hasn't* made any difference!

---

### A FAMILIAR CONDITION

Mrs. Tredigar—How is Fred, Doctor?

Physician—Your husband is in a critical condition, madam.

Mrs. Tredigar—That's just like him. He's always finding fault.

---

### OUT OF THE PAST

Dr. Bolus—And how are you enjoying life, my dear?

Miss Gracie Young—Oh, not very well, Doctor; you see I'm not in society yet.

Dr. Bolus—Is that possible? Why, I clearly remember being present at your first ball!

### IT WAS NOT LOOSE

Doctor, to Gilbert (aged 4)—Put your tongue out, dear.

Sick little Gilbert feebly protruded the tip of his tongue.

Doctor—No, no; put it right out.

The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes—

I can't doctor; its fastened on to me.

---

### INFERIOR GOODS

*Nurse.*—Der toctor prought him lasd night, Shakey!

*Jakey.*—Vell he vas foxy! He neffer could get rid off a paby of dot quality in der taytime!

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### A MOTHER'S HOPE

"I hope, some day, to see my daughter's name on a doctor's sign," said the match-making mother.

"Ah, indeed!" said the young physician; "is she studying medicine?"

"No; but I am anxious for her to marry a doctor."

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### WHAT MARY HAD

Mary had a little lamb,
  Likewise an oyster stew,
Salad, cake, a piece of pie,
  And a bottle of pale brew—
Then a few hours later
  She had a doctor, too.

---

### OUT OF DANGER

"How is your husband feeling this morning, Mrs. Bentley?"

"Oh, Doctor, I don't know. He swore at me, and threw a teaspoon at the baby because it cried."

"Ah, favorable symptoms! He is getting better."

### BOY OR GIRL?

DR. SMILEY.—Ah, professor, is your little one a boy or a girl?

PROFESSOR DREMEY.—Why—er—yes. We call it John. It must be a boy, I think.

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### REASONED IT OUT

MRS. COBWIGGER.—Yes, Freddy, the doctor brought us the new baby.

FREDDY.—Say, Ma! Is it because we have a homeopathic doctor that the kid is so small?

---

### IT LOOKED SERIOUS

DOCTOR.—"No, no, my friend; you are not going to die —far from it."

PATIENT.—"Doctor, do not deceive me. If I am not going to die why is my wife so cheerful?"

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### THE FATAL BILL

*The Doctor:* Here I carried that patient through a desperate sickness, only to—

*His Wife:* Have him object to your fee?

*The Doctor:* No! Drop dead when he saw my bill!

---

### A DEFINITION

LITTLE GALEN.—Papa, what is a convalescent?

DR. TOMBS.—A convalescent, my son, is a patient who is not dead yet.

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### SEMI-SUCCESS

"Tell me, Doctor; were you successful with that patient on the next block?"

"Partially so. I cured him, but I haven't succeeded in getting any money out of him yet."

## THE PASTOR'S POWER

"You never can tell what a child will do next," said Dr. J. R. Palmer in an address at Chautauqua.

"A little girl in New York the other day saw an advertisement in the paper, which she worked into her prayer at night, when she asked the dear Lord to make her absolutely pure, like Blank's Baking Powder.

"This reminds me of two little boys. One was the little son of a lady who was in Dr. Hurlbut's church before he became a doctor. The little fellow swallowed a copper penny. The mother was greatly frightened, and wanted to send for a physician. 'No, no,' said the other little boy, 'don't send for a physician; send for the pastor. Papa says he can get money out of anybody.' "

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## COULD CURE CONVALESCENCE

Old Dr. A——— was a quack, and a very ignorant one. On one occasion he was called by mistake to attend a council of physicians in a critical case. After considerable discussion the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. When it came Doctor A———'s turn to speak. *"Convalescent!"* said he; "why that's nothing serious; I have cured *convalescence* in twenty-four hours!"

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## THE DOCTOR

A tramp, dirty and ragged to the last degree, called at a house on the door of which was a doctor's sign. A large, rather masculine looking woman opened the door.

"Scuse me, lady," said the tramp, "but I jist called to ask if the doctor had any old clothes he'd let me have. You see, I'm kind o' bad off fer all kinds o' clothes, an' I'd be much obleeged fer anything the doctor could let me have, an' I ain't pertickler as to the fit."

The woman smiled and made reply:

"I am the doctor!"

"Sufferin' Moses!" ejaculated the tramp, as he made a bee line for the gate.

## BEING A DOCTOR

An American woman asked Conan Doyle one day why he had given up the practice of medicine.

"Because the work was too hard," Doyle answered.

"Oh, it can't be hard to be a doctor," said the woman.

"It is both hard and unpleasant. And to prove it," said the novelist, "I'll tell you about my first case.

"My first case came to me in the middle of the night. It was January, and a cold rain was falling. The jangle of the doorbell awoke me from a sound sleep, and, shivering and yawning, I put my head out of the window and said, 'Who's there?'

" 'Doctor,' said a voice, 'can you come to Peter Smith's house at once?'

" 'What's the trouble?' I asked.

" 'Smith's youngest girl has took a dose of laudanum in mistake for paregoric, and we're afraid she'll die.'

" 'All right; I'll come,' said I.

"I dressed, and tramped three miles through the cold and the rain to Smith's. Twice, on the way, I fell on the icy pavement, and once my hat blew off, and in the darkness I was nearly half an hour finding it. Finally, though, I reached Smith's. But the house was dark—shutters all closed—not a light. I rang the bell. No answer. But at last a head stuck itself gingerly out of the third story window.

" 'Be you Dr. Doyle?' it said.

" 'Yes,' said I. 'Let me in.'

" 'Oh, no need to come in, doctor,' said the head. 'The child's all right now. Sleeping very quiet.'

" 'But how much laudanum did you give it?' said I.

" 'Only two drops, doctor. Not enough to hurt a cat. I guess I'd better take my head in now. The night air is cold. Good-night. Sorry to have troubled you.'

"I buttoned up my coat and turned homeward, trying as best I could to stifle my mortification and anger. But suddenly the window was raised again, and the voice cried:

"'Doctor! I say, doctor!'

"I hurried back. I thought the child had suddenly taken a turn for the worse. 'Well, what do you want?' I said.

"The voice made answer:

"'Ye won't charge nothin' for this visit, will ye?"

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## EASILY SWALLOWED

"I don't quite know what the lady meant," says an elderly physician, "but whatever it was, she meant it hard. She came to my office last Tuesday, and after considering her case, I wrote a prescription, which was to be put up in capsules of very large size. I explained the why and wherefore of this to her, and asked her if she could swallow anything so big. She looked at me in an acidulous way.

"'Swallow it!' she said. 'Why my husband belongs to two whist clubs and more lodges than you can count. Swallow it! Humph! I reckon I haven't been married ten years without learning to swallow bigger things than that.'"

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## A SAFE DIAGNOSIS

President Hadley of Yale was talking to a group of 1905 men about examinations.

"It seldom pays," said President Hadley," to give vague, general answers; hoping thus to hide one's ignorance in a kind of circumlocutory obscurity, for teachers are too wise to be taken in by such common tricks. Teachers, in fact, don't regard the matter as does a physician whom I heard about the other day. He is one of those fashionable, elegant, elderly physicians who succeeded through manner rather than skill. Finding himself, at last, growing old, he engaged an assistant. He made it his business to watch over the assistant, to coach him, and to advise him. He proposed to make of the young man a successful physician after his own pattern.

"One day there came a summons from a great millionaire.

'You will make this call,' said the old man. 'If you do well it will be a feather in your cap. Remember, now, on entering the sick-room, to smile, and say—' and so on, directions and advice, for a half hour. 'And above all,' he ended, 'don't commit yourself in your diagnosis. Don't above all things commit yourself.'

"The young man made the call, and on his return his chief was full of curiosity. He asked this question, and he asked that. Finally he said:

" 'And your diagnosis? How did you succeed with your diagnosis? Did you profit by my advice?'

" 'I think I did,' said the young man, 'I told our patient that he was suffering from a complication of liver, stomach, heart, lung, and brain trouble.'

" 'Good,' said the other. 'No chance of a mistake there.' "

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## TRIALS OF A DOCTOR

"I can understand," said the Casual Caller, "why a physician who makes a specialty of attending women, feels that he is entitled to demand exceptionally large fees. The nervous strain he undergoes is simply terrific. His life is one constant series of surprises, and he never knows just what he will find a patient doing the next time he calls.

"When a man is sick there is something tangible the matter with him, and if he is ordered to bed, there is a reasonable certainty that the doctor will find him there when he comes to take his temperature and look wise.

"But with a woman it's different. He is called to see her in the morning and he finds her a nervous wreck. She has a splitting headache and a fever, and her bones ache. He tells her she is threatened with pneumonia or some other old thing, gives her some medicine and says he will call next day. Then perhaps he gets worried and drops in again later the same day, only to find her out in the kitchen putting up preserves. You never can tell about a woman. She may have nervous prostration in the morning and be acting as

general superintendent of a church sociable in the afternoon. I have left my wife in such a condition sometimes that I have been worried about her all day, and then come home to find that she has gone to the matinee. I knew another woman in a town about 50 or 100 miles from Chicago, who would have the doctor in twice a day for three or four days, and when he called on the fourth or fifth day he would find that she had got up that morning and gone to Chicago for a two days' shopping excursion that would be enough to tire out a horse. When she returned, she would go to bed again and send for the doctor. That's the way it goes all the time.

"A sick man is at least half way reliable, but you can't tell anything about a sick woman, and the man who makes a specialty of looking after the health of women is justified in charging a good, big sum for the jars they are constantly giving his professional self-esteem."

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## HIS FIRST CIGAR

Sir Andrew Clark was so ardent in his crusade against overeating and overdrinking, and so firm in his belief that in a large majority of cases diet will do far more than drugs, that he was a little too much inclined to take it for granted that his patients were self-indulgent to the ruin of their health. Among the many anecdotes to which his views gave rise, the following is one of the most amusing:

A patient came to consult him, and was at once overwhelmed with directions on the subject of the life he should lead and the diet to which he should adhere. "Now, remember, only one glass of wine at each meal," the physician concluded, "and just one cigar after dinner won't hurt you. Good morning. Be sure you keep strictly to the one cigar."

"One cigar!" exclaimed the patient. "But——"

"My dear sir," broke in Sir Andrew, somewhat testily, "I must insist. If I am to treat you, you must follow my directions. I know quite well you will find it hard, but it is absolutely necessary for your health."

The patient heaved a deep sigh. "All right, Sir Andrew; since you insist, I will do my best. Good-morning."

He went his way, but his health did not improve, and at the end of a few weeks he returned to the physician's consulting-room.

"No better?" asked the doctor, surprised. "But have you followed all my directions?"

"Absolutely," replied the visitor. "I must admit that the cigar was rather hard work at first, and in fact made me feel very ill, but I soon got used to it, and now I rather like it."

"Good heavens!" said Sir Andrew, on whom the truth dawned, "do you mean to tell me—"

"Yes; I had never smoked before."

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## THE PUBLICITY OF IT

"You oughtn't to have turned me down that way, Luella," said young Spoonamore, as they rode home from the swell party.

"In what way?" innocently asked Miss Quickstep.

"Kept me dancing attendance on you all evening, and when I tried to talk to you, as I did several times, you turned your back on me. Is that the way all young women treat the men they're engaged to marry?"

"Yes, if the men are too fresh."

"Was I too fresh?"

"A little, dear."

"Did you want to humiliate me before all those people?"

"O, no," she said lightly. "But you needed the treatment —or suppose we call it operation—and I had to perform the operation. If everybody saw it I couldn't help it."

"So you call it an operation, do you?" he said, glaring at her in the darkness of the carriage. "Well, it was more than that!"

"What was it?"

"It was a clinic!"

And they rode home in silence.

## HER OWN SELECTION

Her name was Mrs. Smiley, and she wished to see some tables. The dealer in old furniture led the way through his dingy shop.

"Here is a very pretty affair for the parlor," he said, pointing toward a center table with gilded legs.

"Too small," responded Mrs. Smiley. "You see I want something large enough to hold a case of mounted birds and a stack of books."

"Then how about this mahogany wood?"

"I did not wish a round table; but how much is this table over here?"

"The one in the corner?"

"Yes."

"I don't think you want that," and the dealer smiled grimly.

"I asked you how much it was?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Well, you may send it to this address. I have an elaborate cloth that will fit it exactly. I will just pay you now."

"But you are not going to put that table in your parlor —I—"

"Certainly! Why not? It is a little worse for use, but then the top won't show."

"Madam, that table is a——"

"Do you wish to sell it?"

"Well, I suppose if you insist I'll have——"

"Then please send it home at once."

That evening when her husband came in, he found her busily engaged in loading down the newly purchased table.

"Oh, Hen," she greeted; "just come in here and look at the table I bought this afternoon."

She noticed that he gazed strangely at her purchase.

"What do you think of it, Hen?"

"Lift the cover a minute, Em."

She obeyed.

"Em, do you know what kind of a table that is?"

"What?"

"A dissecting table. Part of it is missing."

With a scream she rushed from the parlor. The dealer was finally persuaded to take it back for $10.

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## THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT

Andrew Carnegie admires the scientific spirit—his generous gifts to science are a proof of that. Nevertheless, to his keen humor this spirit offers itself as a good prey, and Mr. Carnegie often rails very wittily at scientists and their peculiar ways.

"The late—the late—but I won't mention the poor fellow's name," said Mr. Carnegie at a scientists' supper. "The late Blank, as he lay on his death-bed, was greeted one morning very joyously by his physician.

"Poor Blank's eyes lit up with hope at sight of the physician's beaming face. There had been a consultation on his case the day before. Perhaps, at last, the remedy to cure him had been found.

" 'My dear Mr. Blank,' said the physician, 'I congratulate you.'

"Blank smiled.

" 'I shall recover?' he said, in a weak voice tremulous with hope.

" 'Well—er—not exactly,' said the physician. 'But we believe your disease to be entirely novel and unique, and, if the autopsy demonstrates this to be true, we have decided to name the malady after you.' "

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## HE NEARLY BURST

Dr. William Osler, formerly of Johns Hopkins, advises about the importance of precision in the writing of prescriptions.

"Wherever a sentence has two meanings," said Dr. Osler, "rest assured that the wrong meaning will be taken. Hence,

it is important in prescription writing, and in directions to patients, that the greatest clarity and precision be obtained.

"A young foreigner, one day, visited a physician and described a common malady that had befallen him.

" 'The thing for you to do,' the physician said, 'is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning.'

" 'Write it down, doctor, so I won't forget it,' said the patient.

"Accordingly the physician wrote the directions down—namely, that the young man was to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning.

"The patient took his leave, and in a week returned.

" 'Well, how are you feeling?' the physician asked.

" 'Worse, doctor, worse, if anything', was the reply.

" 'Ahem. Did you follow my advice, and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?'

" 'I did my best, sir,' said the young man, 'but I couldn't keep it up more'n ten minutes at a stretch.' "

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## IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE

A well-known Australian visited his friend, Prof. Rice, at the latter's laboratory, says a writer in a Sydney newspaper. The professor was examining a dark brown substance spread on paper. "I say, would you kindly let me place a bit of this on your tongue? My taste has become so vitiated by tasting all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the over-accommodating visitor, holding out his tongue.

The professor took up a little of the substance under analysis and placed it on the other's tongue. The latter worked it around for fully a minute, tasting it, much as he would a fine confection.

"Note any effect?" inquired the professor.

"No; none."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can detect."

"I thought not. There are no alkaloids in it, then. How does it taste?"

"Bitter as the dickens."

"Hem—m; all right."

"What is it?" inquired the visitor.

"I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Some one has been poisoning horses with it!"

---

## WHAT SHE WAS

"Yes," said the matron, "this is a home for self-supporting women. But we want to know something of the persons who come here to stay. May I ask what your occupation is?"

"I am a healer," responded the applicant for room and board.

"Physician?"

"No. Physicians don't heal. I am a healer."

"Of what kind?"

"Of a new kind."

"Faith?"

"No."

"Water?"

"No."

"Bones?"

"No."

"Magnetic?"

"No. I heal with the aid of the spirits."

"Then you are a spiritualist?"

"No!" exclaimed the applicant, scornfully. "Men are spiritualists. I am a spirituelle!"

---

## A HOT-HEADED DOCTOR

A hot-headed, warm-hearted physician was Dr. Dougal, who practised in Scotland in the last part of the eighteenth century. He was of a contradictory nature, and would not

allow the unlearned to express an opinion in regard to their own state of health.

One day a man in an agony of pain came into his drug-shop and asked to have his tooth drawn. "Man, you're no needing a tooth drawn," said the doctor. "Gae awa' hame and pit a poultice to it." An argument ensued, during which the sufferer, driven to desperation, cried out, "I dinna suppose you can draw teeth." At this the doctor seized his forceps and jumped over the counter. "I'll draw every tooth in your haid," he shouted, and started in pursuit of his patient, who rushed through the market square of Keith, vainly shrieking for aid. He was finally outrun by the doctor, who got him down on his back and triumphantly took out two of his teeth on the spot.

The remarks of the doctor were always short and sharp, and yet they contained a deal of homely wisdom.

"I've a deal to suffer with my een, doctor," said a patient.

"Better suffer with them than without them," replied the doctor.

"Sic an awfu' head as I've got, doctor," said another. "Can ye do naething for 't?"

"Well, well, lassie,' said he, "its nae muckle o' a heid, but ye'll hae to be doing wi't, for it's just a' ye hae for't, ye ken."

"Doctor," asked a talkative wife, "what's the matter wi' my tongue?"

"Just needing a rest," replied the doctor, soothingly.

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## BRAVERY OF A DOCTOR'S WIFE

A strange story comes from China of a remarkable operation for appendicitis performed by Mrs. William H. Logan, wife of a medical missionary in China.

When living in the far interior of that vast country, 800 miles from the nearest doctor, her husband was stricken with appendicitis. Dr. Logan saw that his only chance of recovery lay in an operation, which he asked his wife to perform according to instructions which he gave her. A more appall-

ing position for a human being to be placed in could scarcely be imagined; but this heroic woman, who might perhaps have screamed if a mouse had run over her feet, placed her husband under an anesthetic, and with her unskilled hand successfully removed his appendix. Afterward, when he rallied sufficiently to be moved, she took him 800 miles by wagon and rail to a physician, who completed the cure.

---

## A PLEASANT POSSIBILITY

A member of the faculty of the Columbian Medical College at Washington is particularly fond of taking his students unawares in his "quizzes." To one student, whom it would not be uncharitable to call a dullard, the professor said one day:

"What quantity constitutes a dose of ——," giving the technical name of croton oil.

"A teaspoonful," was the answer.

The instructor made no comment; and the student soon realized that he had made a mistake. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed, he said:

"Professor, I should like to change my reply to that question."

"I'm afraid it's too late, Mr. Blank," responded the professor, looking at his watch. "Your patient has been dead fourteen minutes."

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## GETTING HER MONEY'S WORTH

Hospital experiences are generally supposed to be sad, but there is an occasional merry one, as the experience of Miss A—— will prove.

Bridget Rafferty had served the best years of her life as a cook, and now that she was "wearin' awa' " and an operation became necessary, she haughtily declined to go to a ward, but took one of the best rooms. The operation was

successful—but the patient was allowed very little food. She evidently pondered over the situation, and the result of her reflections was manifested in a most frequent use of the electric bell at her bed. Miss A——, a novice in her profession, would fly to her to be greeted with some trifling question or the remark: "I only wanted to know if you were there." As such frequent use of her bell suggested to the matron on that floor that Miss A—— was neglecting her patient, Miss A—— remonstrated and received the following unique explanation.

"Well, you see, Miss, here I am paying thirty dollars a week and I'm not seeing anything, I'm not hearing anything, and Miss, I'm not eating anything. So I just ring the bell to get my money's worth, and anyways, I enjoy hearing it ring."

---

## HAD HIS SHARE

Recently a medical man told this tale at a professional banquet.

"Not so long since," said the doctor, "a member of the medical profession died and in due time approached the gates of the Beautiful Land. He was, of course, accosted by St. Peter.

" 'What is your name?' asked the aged doorkeeper.

" 'Sam Jones,' was the reply.

" 'What was your business while on earth?'

" 'I was a doctor.'

" 'Oh, a physician, eh? Made out your own bills, I suppose?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'Collected 'em yourself?'

" 'Why—why—yes, sir,' stammered the wondering shade of the physician.

"And then St. Peter threw wide the portals and said: 'Go right in, my friend; if you've done that you've had punishment enough.' "

### AND THAT'S SO

Little Bobby—Pop, what's a sanitarium?

Mr. Hadaliver—It's a place where, after you've been there a week, you wish you were dead; and after you've been there a month, you think you never were alive before.

---

### THEIR IDEA

"From the charges some doctors make for their services," said Sinnick, "I guess they must construe the scriptural injunction thus:

" 'Physician, heel thyself.' "

---

### THE CAUSE OF THE DELAY

She.—If you had told me you weren't feeling well, I'd have fixed up some of these old-fashioned remedies a couple of days ago.

He.—Yes, I know. That's why I didn't say anything about it.

---

### PAYING PATIENTS

Paying Patient (*leaving hospital*): Well, nurse, I am very grateful for all the skill and attention I have received here. If there is any way in which I can show my gratitude—

Nurse: Perhaps I ought to mention that paying patients, if unmarried, are expected to propose to one of the nurses. They have full liberty of choice.

---

### DOING

"New doctor, eh? Has he done you good?"

"Well, I've been done better."

### USUAL RESULT

Doctor—Did you apply a mustard plaster to your spine as I directed?

Patient—Yes.

Doctor—Was the result satisfactory?

Patient—Not altogether; I found it was quite a draw-back.

---

### A SURE CURE

"There's only one way to get rid of insomnia," said the facetious doctor.

"And that?" queried his patient.

"Is to go to sleep and forget about it."

---

### BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Patient: "You say there will be considerable cutting to this operation."

Doctor: "Yes."

Patient: "Well, you'd better draw up a set of plans and furnish me with an estimate."

---

### SANITARY

We've got the antiseptic kiss,
The courtship sterilized—
We'll have, if it keeps up like this,
The divorce deodorized.

---

### A QUICK RELIEF

Friend—Well, old man, did the doctor relieve you?

Invalid—Yes, of twenty dollars.

### UNGRATEFUL

Prometheus shrieked with frightful clamor, as often as the vulture tore out his vitals.

The bird was at no pains to conceal the impatience which this provoked in him.

"Ungrateful man!" he exclaimed. "Far from complaining, you should be glad that I do not call it an operation, and charge you $500."

---

### A CHEESE

The physicians were holding a consultation beside the cot of the man supposed to have appendicitis concealed about his person.

"I believe," said one of the surgeons, "that we should wait and let him get stronger before cutting into him."

Before the other prospective operators could reply, the patient turned his head and remarked feebly:

"What do you take me for—a cheese?"

---

### SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT

Physician—Madame, I find your husband has pneumonia in its worst form.

Mrs. Newrich—I can't understand that. We are certainly rich enough to afford the very best there is.

---

### THE TROUBLE

Dr. Endee—Your brother is afflicted with a folding vermiform appendix.

Mr. Thompson—No wonder. He has always insisted upon sleeping in a folding bed.

## MEDICAL NEEDS

"Did you hear about the woman who had invented a device for keeping poultices hot?"

"Nothing in that; what the world needs is an invention to keep mustard plasters cool."

---

## CONSOLATION

"I'm feeling very ill again, doctor. Do you think I'm going to die?"

"My dear madam, compose yourself. That is the last thing in the world that is going to happen to you."

---

## BRAIN WORK

Doctor—I find that you are doing too much brain work. How does this happen? I thought you said your duties required physical endurance more than anything else?

Patient—They do. The brain work is due to the efforts I have to put forth in remembering all the things my wife wants me to get for her downtown, every day.

---

## A PROPER SIGN

Warden—I want a neat sign for the outside of the epileptic ward. How would you letter it?

Ditto—Survival of the fittest.

---

## SATISFIED WITH PRESENT CONDITIONS

The stork smiled broad when he heard that birds
Are to be the predominant race.
"I'm th' whole thing now," he said, and flew
Away on another case.

### PLACING THE BLAME

Caller—So the doctor brought you a little baby sister the other night, eh?

Tommy—Yeh; I guess it was the doctor done it. Anyway, I heard him tellin' pa some time ago, 'at if pa didn't pay his old bill he'd make trouble for him.

---

### HADN'T MISSED IT

An old negro had called in a doctor of his own race, but not improving under his care, he called in a white physician to prescribe for him. After feeling the patient's pulse and looking at his tongue the new doctor asked:

"Did the other physician take your temperature?"

"I don't know, sah," was the answer. "I hain't missed anything but my watch as yet."

---

### CAUTIOUS

"But why did you not send for the doctor next door, when you became suddenly ill?" asked his friend.

"You forget," answered the sufferer, "that I have been learning to play the cornet recently."

---

### TOO PERSONAL

"Do you ever have any trouble with your stomach?" asked the doctor, after noting the pulse of the patient who had called at his office.

"Yes, sir, sometimes. A good many of the things I eat don't agree with me."

"Just so. Any breaking out of the skin?"

"Once in a while."

"Head itch occasionally?"

"Doctor, that's none of your business."

## A PROPER DIAGNOSIS

Patient—"Doctor, I can't sleep at night. I tumble and toss until morning."

Doctor—"H'm, that's bad. Let me see your tongue. (After diagnosis). Physically you are all right. Perhaps you worry over that bill you've owed me for the past two years."

---

## WANTED THE CARPENTER

A head adorned with shaggy and unmanageable whiskers was thrust out of the window, and a voice that fitted the whiskers inquired:

"What is it?"

"Oh, is this Mr. Higgins?" came a still, small voice from the shadow of the doorway below.

"Yes."

"Please come to 414 High street, just as quick as you can, and bring your instruments."

"I ain't no doctor; I'm a carpenter. Dr. Higgins lives in the next street," and the window came down with a slam that told of former experiences of the same kind on the part of the humble artisan.

But carpenter Higgins had not got comfortably back into bed before the bell rang again, and, uttering some remarks, he rose once more and went to the window.

"Well, what do you want now?" he ejaculated.

"Please, sir," said the little voice, "it's you we want; pa and ma is shut up in the foldin' bed, an' we can't get 'em out."

---

## AN EYE TO BUSINESS

Physician—The walking is just splendid this morning.

His wife—Why, I thought the streets were covered with sleet?

Physician—So they are, my dear.

### HOW THE CURE WAS ACCOMPLISHED

Doctor Bluster—What! The boy is well already? Well, well! A marvellous cure, indeed! What do you think of my medicine now, Dame Tachleigh?

Dame Tachleigh—Wonderful, Doctor; simply wonderful! I told the boy, yesterday, that if that medicine didn't cure him, you were going to fetch a different kind today.

---

### SAX MILES FROM DRUMTOCHTY

English Tourist (in the far north, miles from anywhere)—Do you mean to say that you and your family live here all the winter? Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor!

Scotch Shepherd—Nae, sir. We've just to dee a natural death!

---

### OVERWORKED

"John," said the doctor's wife, "my tongue looks very badly this morning."

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor, "overwork, no doubt."

"But, really I am not overworked. You know that—"

"I was not referring to you, but your tongue."

---

### APPENDICITIS

The woman wept when we told her that her husband had appendicitis.

Of course we strove to comfort her.

"He may recover," we urged.

"Yes, but in any event, it is now the doctor's wife who gets the new spring hat, and not I!" she sobbed, convulsively.

Now this had to do with the cost of operating, concerning which we were not qualified to speak except in the most general way.

### THE DOCTOR'S WAY

"Dear," said the physician's wife, "when can you let me have $10?"

"Well," replied the medical man, "I hope to cash a draft shortly, and then—"

"Cash a draft? What draft?"

"The one I saw Mrs. Jenkins sitting in this morning."

---

### MISS BREEZY

Young Mr. Gotham: "Have you been in town long, Miss Breezy?"

Miss Breezy (from the West): "About a week, but I found the long ride from Chicago so fatiguing that I have scarcely been out at all."

Young Mr. Gotham: "I am sorry you have been indisposed, Miss Breezy; I would be glad to take you to see Dr. Jekyll."

Miss Breezy (a trifle coldly): "Thanks, Mr. Gotham, but my indisposition is scarcely severe enough to consult a physican."

---

### CAUSE AND EFFECT

Undertaken (to Harlem physician)—"Did a stranger call on you today for treatment?"

Physician—"No."

"That's strange. That gentleman was looking for a physician, and I recommended you very highly."

"Yes, I guess that's the reason he didn't come to see me."

### A MEDICAL JEST

There's naught to make the sufferer grin
  In abscess, boil, or tumor,
Although physicians find therein
  Considerable humor.

### PATIENTS

"I haven't had a single call since I opened my office ten days ago," complained the newly-fledged M. D. "Here I sit day after day, like Patience on a monument."

"Oh, well, don't get discouraged," rejoined the sympathetic friend. "It's only a matter of time until you will have patients under monuments."

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### EXPLAINED

The Doctor—Your calmness astonishes me in one so young. Have you ever been examined by a physician before?

The Soubrette—No, sir; but by a theatrical manager.

---

### BRAIN FEVER

Chappie: What's the mattah, deah boy?

Cholly: Nothing much—bwain fever.

Chappie: Good heavens—that's fatal!

Cholly: Usually, deah boy, but (superiorly) the doctor said there was no danger with such a physique as I have.

---

### AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL

"I will tell you what it is for," said the demure little trained nurse who had just asked for a contribution, "and I believe that you will agree that it is a sad case and well deserving any aid you may care to give.

"Near my old home, down south, in Alabama, is a lake which until last winter had never been frozen, when for the first time a solid sheet of ice covered the surface of the water. On the shore of this lake was a little cabin, the home of a happy family of negroes.

"One evening a large flock of wild geese alighted on the

ice and settled down for the night. When darkness came the whole family armed themselves with clubs, went out on the ice and started to kill the geese, which they thought were asleep. But here they mistook the situation.

"The poor geese were wide awake, but could not get away because they were all frozen tight to the ice. Still, they made one mighty and combined effort to escape, and in doing so carried the layer of ice with them, and with it the negroes, and flew straight up until finally they disappeared from view and were never seen again.

"None of this unhappy family were left behind except the aged blind grandfather, who had remained in the cabin, and it is for his benefit I am taking up the collection."

---

## WRONG DIAGNOSIS

Not long ago an old colored woman, of Virginia, visited a doctor and informed him that her husband was seriously ill. The doctor hastened home with her, and upon making a diagnosis of the man's case informed the wife that he had a hopeless case of gastritis.

"Gastritis!" ejaculated the old woman. "De Lawd knows I don't know how he ever got gastritis, 'cause I don't burn a thing but coal ile in dis house, an' but powerful little of that."

---

## DR. MITCHELL'S PARROT

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell had a parrot that was an exceptionally fine talker. The bird's star sentence was:

"Well! darn my eyes! Here I am at last, just where I belong."

This was not uttered every day, but only on occasions. The bird was the pet of a hospital, where he was kept in the dispensary, but allowed the freedom of the room. One day the druggist was called away for a while. He left a mixture of whisky and water in a glass on the table. When he got

back the glass was overturned and shattered, the liquid was missing, and the parrot was unconscious on the floor.

At first the parrot was thought to be dying, but some humorous internes alleged it might have a chance for life if it was taken to the public alcoholic ward. There it was conveyed with mock ceremony, and tucked in a cot with a strip of linen tied around its head. The only thing to do was to await developments—the intoxicated bird either had to die, or recover without aid. A nurse kept watch on it, and after a while the feathered toper stirred, crawled out from under the covers, cocked its bandaged head to one side, glanced around at the other occupants of cots and croaked: "Well! darn my eyes! Here I am at last just where I belong."

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### HER IDEA OF IT

Rural Aunt—And what do you work at when you are at home?

City Nephew (on a vacation)—Why, I attend school. I'm studying for a doctor.

Rural Aunt—Do tell! Ain't the doctor able to do his own studyin'?

---

### JUST LIKE A DOCTOR

Doctor—"If you must know, ma'am, your husband won't live twenty-four hours longer."

"Goodness gracious!" ejaculated the broken-hearted, but economical woman, "and here you've gone and prescribed medicine enough for five days!"

---

### PILLAGE

"Isn't this bill rather large, doctor? You only prescribed once, and I only took one of your pills."

"Well, it was that pill that cured you."

"I am not objecting to the pill, doctor, but to the pillage."

## HAD READ ABOUT IT BEFORE

Mrs. Rakestraw—So you've finished reading the biography of that statesman. Well, what did he finally die of?

Rakestraw—Why, of this here new disease that we read about so much lately. I see by the headin' of the chapter, that the last thirty pages in the book is about the appendix.

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## LONESOME BESSIE

"Has your measles gone, Bessie?" shouted a little friend to the tot who was looking wistfully from the window.

"Yes; they's left. I heard the doctor tell mamma that they broked out last night."

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## AN ERROR IN DIAGNOSIS

Stories of railroad accidents were being told at Tuxedo. Spencer Trask, of New York, the well known banker and author, said:

"In a certain collision, one of the victims lay for a long time on his back across the ties. Finally two men picked him up, carried him to the station and placed him on the floor.

" 'He'll lie easier here,' they said, 'till the doctor comes.'

"The doctor came a little later. 'This poor chap is done for, I'm afraid,' he said, glancing at the prostrate victim.

"Then he knelt down, lifted one of the man's closed eyelids, and peered into a dull, blank, unseeing, lifeless eye.

" 'Yes, he's dead all right. Take him away,' said the doctor.

"But the pale lips of the injured man moved slightly, and a feeble voice murmured: 'That was my glass eye.' "

# FROM THE POETS

# FROM THE POETS

## MORAL COSMETICS

Ye who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From age's devastation horrid,
  Adopt this plan,—
'T will make, in climate cold or torrid,
  A hale old man.

Avoid in youth luxurious diet,
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
  Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
  Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship, pleasure;
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In God, his word, his work, not leisure;
  The mind, not sense,
Is the sole scale by which to measure
  Your opulence.

This the solace, this the science—
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance—
That disappoints not man's reliance,
  Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
  Time, fortune, fate.

HORACE SMITH.

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## MY HEALTH IS WEALTH

Some have too much, yet still do crave:
  I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
  And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
  I grudge not at another's gain;

No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust,
A cloaked craft their store of skill:
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear, my chief defense;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offense:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so, as well as I!

SIR EDWARD DYER.

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## SHOOTER'S HILL

Health! I seek thee!—Dost thou love
The mountain-top, or quiet vale;
Or deign o'er humbler hills to rove
On showery June's dark southwest gale?
If so, I'll meet all blasts that blow,
With silent step, but not forlorn;
Though, goddess, at thy shrine I bow,
And woo thee each returning morn.

I seek thee where, with all his might,
The joyous bird his rapture tells,
Amidst the half-excluded light
That gilds the fox-glove's pendant bells;
Where cheerly up the bold hill's side
The deep'ning groves triumphant climb;
In groves Delight and Peace abide,
And Wisdom marks the lapse of time.

To hide me from the public eye,
To keep the throne of Reason clear,
Amidst fresh air to breathe or die,
I took my staff and wander'd here;

Suppressing every sigh that heaves,
And coveting no wealth but thee,
I nestle in the honied leaves,
And hug my stolen liberty.

Sweet health, I seek thee! Hither bring
Thy balm that softens human ills;
Come on the long-drawn clouds that fling
Their shadows o'er the Surrey Hills,
Yon green topp'd hills; and far away,
Where late as now I freedom stole,
And spent one dear delicious day
On thy wild banks, romantic Mole!

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

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## OL' DOC HOPKINS

Doc Hopkins, you bet, never puts on much style;
His clo'es is all shiny—he don't care for that:
He sports an ol' stovepipe jest once in a while,
But most of the time it's a floppin' gray hat.
No, he ain't noways slick,
But I take heaps o' stock,
When I'm anyways sick,
In ol' Doc.

Doc Hopkins ain't much on these newfangled drugs;
He stan's by straight rhubarb an' quinine an' such:
He don't study microbes an' bactery bugs,
An' he ain't fooling 'round with them ex-rays, not much.
No, he ain't up to date,
But there ain't no half-cock
In his ways, he's fust rate,
Is ol' Doc.

Doc Hopkins, he's jest a back number, I guess,
But he's doctored our folks for the many's a year;
He don't turn his back when a man's in distress,
But he rolls up his sleeves an' he straightens his gear.
He's a rough sort o' cuss,
If you're easy to shock,
But there's many that's wuss
Than ol' Doc.

## A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE WOOING

My darling, when I squeeze thy hand,
  That really seems to really be,
Of course I clearly understand
  'Tis but a dear nonentity.

That Grecian nose, that with delight,
  Presses the semblance of a rose,
We know, for we have found the light,
  Is but the semblance of a nose.

Thy sylph-like form, that seems to me
  So genuine and beautiful,
Is but an empty phantasy;
  It isn't even cotton-wool.

Those teeth of thine, mysterious girl,
  Are false, and thou thyself confessed,
The upper set that gleam like pearl
  Are even falser than the rest.

Thy graceful limbs appear to move
  Divinely through the dreamy waltz;
'Tis wondrous, love, for I can prove
  They both are false, they both are false.

Come, dearest, nearer still to me,
  And prove to me thy faith is strong;
Sit on my suppositious knee,
  If there's no evil, where's the wrong?

And if I steal one mystic kiss,
  I trust, my own, thou'lt not demur;
Thy lips are just as full of bliss,
As if thy lips, love, really were.

JAMES J. DOOLING.

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## BOWERSVILLE'S FAITH-CURIST

We've got a faith-cure teacher in the school in Bowersville—
He says we never could be cured by liniment or pill.
He told the scholars how it was—how any old complaint
Would lose its grip if they would say: "I'm sick? I guess I ain't!"
Of course it raised a rumpus when the folks learned of his fad—
Some of the church's pillars said his faith was downright bad.

When Johnny Riggs said he must go, because his pa was sick,
The teacher laughed and said: "Why, John, he's sound as any brick.
Your pa just thinks he's ailing, like an unbelieving fool."
And Johnny said: "Pa stood behind an unbelieving mule;
An' when the mule got through with him, he thought he had been kicked
In almost every spot the mule, with unbelief, had picked."

Then Sammy Wood was criticised because he did not know
His lesson. He arose and said: "Kind sir, it may be, though,
That folks may think I have not learned my grammar and my rules,
An' folks who think that way, you know, are unbelievin' fools."
The teacher grabbed his switches, and to Sammy's side he tripped,
And said: "When I am through with you, you'll think you have been whipped."

But everything is peaceful now—the teacher's changed his mind;
He's seen the errors of his ways and left them all behind.
He went to draw his salary, and then the treasurer
Observed: "While you're a thinking things, just think you've got it, sir."
And now the teacher doesn't think that thoughts can fill the bill,
And we have no more faith-cure in the school in Bowersville.

JOHN WINKS.

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## THE CURING OF WILLIAM HICKS

Bill Hicks had asthma—shook the floors
  With each recurring paroxysm;
The doctors made him live outdoors,
  And that gave him the rheumatism.

The doctors cured his rheumatiz—
  Of that there never was a question.
Strong acids stopped those pains of his,
  But left him ill of indigestion.

Dyspepsia fled before a course
  Of eating grain. It would delight us
To cheer this plan till we were hoarse—
  But Hicks then had appendicitis.

He rallied from the surgeon's knife,
  And laid six weeks without a quiver.
The operation saved his life—
  The loafing, though, knocked out his liver.

To cure his liver troubles he
  Tried muscle stunts—you know how they go;
From liver ails he then was free,
  But all the strains gave him lumbago.

Lumbago is a painful thing;
  A masseuse with a visage solemn
Rubbed the lumbago out by spring,
  But twisted poor Bill's spinal column.

To rid his backbone of the twist
  They used some braces. They were careless—
The padding for his head they missed;
  This made him straight and left him hairless.

Drugs were prescribed to grow his hair.
  These acted just as represented;
They put his scalp in good repair,
  But soaked in, and left Hicks demented.

Then to a sanatorium
  They took Bill. He was wisely treated;
His brain with health began to hum—
  Then asthma!—ward was poorly heated.

"More open air," the doctors said.
  Bill Hicks cried: "No, you shall not lure me.
I'll stay in peace upon my bed,
  And shoot the man that tries to cure me!"

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

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## THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night after Christmas, and all through the flat,
Every creature was wide-awake—barring the cat;
The stockings were flung in a heap on a chair,
Quite empty of candy St. Nick had put there.
The children were all doubled up in their beds,
With pains in their tummies and aches in their heads.
Mamma heated water, while I, in my wrapper,
Was walking the kid (who is not a kid-napper);
When out in the street there arose a great clatter,
And I put down the kid to see what was the matter;
Rushed out in the entry, threw the door open wide,
And found an old gentleman standing outside.
I looked at him closely, and realized then

'Twas the doctor I'd sent for that morning at ten.
He was dressed in an ulster, to keep him from chills,
And his pockets were bulging with boxes of pills.
He came to the nursery and opened his pack,
Full of fresh paregoric and strong ipecac;
Rhubarb and soda-mints, fine castor oil,
And pink sticking-plaster, rolled up in a coil.
The children all howled in a chorus of pain,
And the kid lifted up his contralto again.
He felt all their pulses and looked at their tongues,
Took all their temperatures, sounded their lungs.
When he'd dosed all the children and silenced the kid,
He put back his medicine, down the stairs slid,
Jumped into his cab, and said to the driver
(In excellent humor—he'd just made a "fiver"):
"I'm twelve hours behind my appointments, I fear,
But I wish it was Christmas each day of the year!"

P. Familias.

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## THE MEDICINE GLASS

Accept, Dear Heart, this little chalice,
With quaint design of gold enwrought;
And though its grace shall fail to sweeten
One bitter drop unto thee brought,

Smile gently for the absent giver,
Remembering of him—he prays—
How fain for thee himself had drunken
Thy bitters in the bygone days.

William James Parker.

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## ALAS! POOR JULIA

Alas, poor Julia's sore unrest
Is cause for friendly speculation;
She cannot sit, nor stand at best,
And e'en her speech has hesitation.

And now, in truth, 'tis whispered low—
A secret, friends, upon your lives!—
Oh, Julia's up-to-date, you know,
And sure 'tis chic to have the hives!

John C. Shea.

## IN THE SICK-ROOM

Among the pillows, propped in sweet repose,
She feels the heavy time slip slow away;
She's weary of the blushing crimson rose,
That seems no longer gay.

She does not hear the bird of melody
That sweetly sings within a gold cage shut;
And several brand new novels round her lie,
Unopened and uncut.

But now a smile flits o'er her features free;
All suddenly, her dream's with pleasure filled;
Her soft brown eyes dilate excitedly—
She's with rare rapture thrilled.

She sees above the morning paper bowed
The nurse; and then the convalescent pale
Asks her if she will kindly read aloud
The latest bargain sale.

---

## DYSPEPSIA

The dinner hour had come at last,
The evening sun was sinking fast;
I sat me down in sorry mood,
And darkly look'd upon the food.
Dyspepsia!

My happy comrades' bright eyes beam'd
And o'er the steaming *potage* gleam'd;
Alas! not mine to find relief
In whitebait's flavor bright and brief.
Dyspepsia!

"Try not the duck," my conscience said;
'Twill lay upon your chest like lead;
Delusion all, that bird so fair;
The sage and onions are a snare.
Dyspepsia!

"Oh, taste!" our hostess cried, and press'd
A portion of a chicken's breast;
I viewed the fowl with longing eye,
Then answer'd sadly, with a sigh,
"Dyspepsia!"

I mark'd with fix'd and stony glare
A brace of pheasants and a hare;
A tear stood in my bilious eye,
When helping friends to pigeon-pie.
Dyspepsia!

"Beware the celery, if you please;
Beware the awful Stilton cheese."
This was the doctor's last good-night;
I answered feebly, turning white,
"Dyspepsia!"

The scarcely-tasted dinner done,
Old port and walnuts next came on;
I kept my mouth all closely shut;
But how I long'd for just one nut!
Dyspepsia!

Some nuts I had, at early day,
(Morn was just breaking cold and gray),
I, starting up, with loud "ha! ha!"
Felt falling, like a falling star,—
Dyspepsia!

FREDERICK FIELD.

---

## BALLAD OF THE BAD COLD

Now, there was a man with a red, red nose
And a weak and watery eye;
He stood in the street, with a patient pose
While the cars went hurrying by.
And he read a paper and stamped his toes
And softly kerchiefed his crimson nose.

A friend soon joined him in waiting there,
And asked: "What's the latest row?
And what has been taken, and when and where?"
And the man said: "Koochee-ah-chow!"
And the friend said: "Jiminy! You don't say?
Now what do you think will be done today?"

The man turned then, and he sighed: "I think
That the next is Oc-chooly-choo!
I mean—Ah-choo!"—and a quivering blink
Closed his eyes as the tears came through.
"Perhaps, but it seems quite a hefty plan;
I don't think they will," said the other man.

"It isn't—Ah-chee!" cried the red-nosed man,
"But it's Ooo-chy-oo-akkety-wow!"
"That's just what I said when the war began,"
Said the friend. "They're doing it now!"
But the other answered: "O, can't you see
It is Wooo! Ooo! Yoosh-wishy-oof-ka-whee!"

"No, no. You're wrong," said the friend at that.
"Why, the place is too far away
From the seat of war, and I'll bet my hat
It will not be attacked today."
And the man with a nose that was ruby red
Just gurgled and groaned and shook his head.

"I don't mean the war," were the words he said.
"I thought you were asking of me
What I took for this cold that is in my head,
And I told you—Wh-hoo! Yoo! Chawee!"
And the friend then snickered and said, said he:
"You sneeze like a class in geography!"

---

## "SO'S THE DANDYLINES COULD BLOOM"

Oh, mommy, I's so tired of a-layin' here in bed,
Dist a lookin' at the ceilin' an' a takin' narsty med!
Don't you fink, if I prayed dist as hard as ever I know how,
'At God would make it after while instead of dist right now?
There ain't no birds ner bumbly-bees, ner even any flies;
Dist rain an' sleet an' wind an' snow' an ugly, dirty skies.
I's tired of a-seein' dist the things aroun' the room;
An' I wisht 'at it was Summer, so's the dandylines could bloom!

I's so tired of the bed-sp'eads an' my little d'essin'-gown!
I wants to see you take the bundles in the wardrobe down,
An' sp'ead my Summer close out wif 'at funny wrapped up smell
All frew my waists an' stockies, like you did when I was well;
An' my st'aw hat an' my jacket and my thinnest undy shirt,
An' my oldest pants, so's I can play an' rummage in the dirt,
An' chase the hopper-grasses off the mornin'-glory vines,
An' blow the fuzzy fedders off the little dandylines.

I wants to put the winders up an' feel the b'eeze blow frew,
Not stuffy, old an' mizzable, but dist so f'esh an' new
'At you can smell the maple-t'ees, an' hear the cat birds sing,
An' see the martins flying wivout wiggelin' a wing.

An' the sossy blue-birds hoppin' up an' down the alley fence,
An' the carpets hangin' on the lines dist like big circus tents,
An' the apple-trees as white as snow an' sweet as real perfroom,
An' the yeller birds an' robins, an' the dandylines in bloom!

I get so tired bein' sick, an allays feelin' queer!
I used to have the bestest fun when Summertime was here!
Why couldn't it be warm an' sweet an' sunny all the time,
So's I could tumble in the grass, an' go barefoot and climb?
Don't you fink, if I prayed an' prayed dist awful hard to-night,
'At God would take the clouds away, an' make it nice an' b'ight;
An' make me well, so's I could play somewheres aside this room;
An' make the wevver Summer so's the dandylines could bloom?

JACK BENNETT.

---

## PAIN

Thou drear companion of the slow night-hours,
  Thou sharpener of the soul! Long, long had I
  Waged weary combat with thee, though my cry
Of anguish only cheered thy mocking powers,
As through the years we strove; no respite ours,
  Till, lo! one day, each breathed victorious sigh,
  The master, thou, of my mortality,
But master who beneath my spirit cowers
  Its slave forever. Now fast friends are we,
My vanquished victor Pain, and much I owe
  To thy stern fellowship: through thee I see
With quickened sense all things both high and low,
  For knowing all that I can never be,
Tutored by thee, all wider life I know.

ELIZABETH WEST.

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## IN QUARANTINE

One short week since! I had not thought
That I could ever be by aught
  So sore afflicted.
I pass the house within whose walls
She is, and may not stop; my calls
  Are interdicted.

Alas! how fitful is our bliss.
I may not go to her, and this
  By her own order.

Here is the note she wrote it in—
Tells me!—to me, who long has been
Her heart's sole warder,

The grand stone steps I mount no more.
I may not enter as before
And clasp her to me.
Save for a dim light in her room
The house is silent, wrapt in gloom—
I, too, am gloomy.

Not that she loves me less, although
I'm exiled to my studio
And long-shunned easels.
But her small brother (poor, dear lad)
Has got what I have never had,
Hang it! The measles!

---

## SAID DR. WISE

They tried the air of foreign climes;
They doctored and they puttered.
"There's nothing wrong," a dozen times
The puzzled doctor muttered;
"Her lungs are strong, digestion good,
But still she is declining.
The cause, I'll have it understood,
Is quite beyond divining."

"A foolish girl!" the mother cried,
Who really should know better,
"She wants to be a poor man's bride,
And we, of course, won't let her.
We've argued, traveled, tried in vain
All kinds of pills and lotions,
But still she fails good health to gain,
And holds to silly notions."

"I understand," the doctor said,
For of some sense he boasted,
"And while my art has forged ahead
And on most ills I'm posted,
The circumstances seem to show
That you have been quite stupid;
I think you'd better let me go
And call in Dr. Cupid."

## JEAN BAPTISTE PAQUETTE

My name ees Jean Ba'tees Paquette,
I live near h'Ottawa;
If I was marry? Well, you bet,
Ole Jules Lablanche of Calumet
Ees my pap-een-law.

One year ago las' Mardi Gras,
I'm marry Rosalie;
And now I'm father; oui, mon ga
It makes feel good for be papa,
Wid leetle, small babee.

It's boy or girl, you wan' to know?
Well, wait, and I will tell;
Hit come 'bout five, six mont' ago,
My wife get sick, and I was go
For bring Docteur Labelle.

Bellemere Lablanche, she's livin' dere,
So when dat docteur come,
She say, "Batees, you keep downstair!"
I say, "Batees, prends donc un verr
Ski Blanc avec du gomme."

I make myself a leetle drink,
An' den I say, "Mon vieux,
You goin' be a fader soon, I tink,
You like hit?" Den I make a vink
And say, "Bullee for you."

Den, by en by, I'm not so glad,
I tink, "Poor Rosalie,
Maybe she's feelin' pretty bad;
Maybe she die." Dat makes me sad,
Perhaps I'll go and see.

I go so quiet to de stair,
And den I call, "Docteur!"
He say, "You get away from dere,"
And den, "Tais toi," says my Bellemere,
"You can't keep still for sure."

Den I sit and feel so triste,
Till some one laughs en haut;
Dat sound hall right: I say, "Batees,

You'll like some whisky; just de least
Small drop, for luck, you know."

I drink myself a bon saute,
"Batees, I wish you joy;"
And den I hear de docteur say,
"Hullo, Paquette; I t'ink he'll weigh
Ten pounds, dis leetle boy."

I feel so glad I jump dat high,
I go for run upstair,
De docteur see me come, and cry,
"Hole on, I'll call you by-en-by;
De room ain't quite prepare."

To wait dis time was much de worst;
I'm feelin' pretty queer;
I say "Batees, you've got a thirst
For drink to Jules Paquette de First,
He don't come every year."

I drink his healt, and den I cry—
Dat make you laugh to see?
And me, I laugh, and wipe my eye,
I wash my face and t'ink I'll try
For go see Rosalie.

I fix up clean, I brush my hair,
Give my moostash a curl,
And when I just reach de up-stair,
De docteur shout: "Paquette, you dere?
Here come a ten-pound girl!"

I jump dat high; I'm scared, you know;
I'm stan' dare in de hall.
Den call, "Docteur!" He say, "Hello!'
I say, "Docteur, I wan' to know
You t'ink dat dat is all?"

He laugh like anything an' say,
"How many more you want?
I guess dat's all you have today,
You wan' to see de family, heh?
Dis way, den, en avant!"

* * *

I'm glad to see dem hall, you bet,
I say to Rosalie:

"Dat's splendid babies, Ma'am Paquette
I can't spare one of dem, and yet,
I'm glad you don't have t'ree!"

J. H. M.

---

## THE DOCTOR'S DREAM

Last evening I was talking
With a doctor, aged and gray,
Who told me of a dream he had—
I think 'twas Christmas Day,

While snoozing in his office,
The vision came to view;
For he saw an angel enter,
Dressed in garments white and new.

Said the angel: "I'm from heaven;
The Lord just sent me down,
To bring you up to glory,
To wear your golden crown.

"You've been a friend to everyone,
And worked hard, night and day;
You have doctored many thousands,
And from few received your pay.

"So we want you up in glory,
For you have labored hard,
And the good Lord is preparing
Your eternal, just reward."

Then the angel and the doctor
Started up toward Glory's gate,
But when passing close to hades,
The angel murmured "Wait!

"I have here a place to show you;
It's the hottest place in hell,
Where the ones who never paid you
In torment always dwell."

And, behold, the doctor saw there
His old patients by the score,
And taking up a chair and fan,
He wished for nothing more.

But was bound to sit and watch them,
As they sizzle, singe and burn,

And his eyes would rest on debtors
Whichever way they'd turn.

Said the angel, "Come on, doctor!
There the Pearly Gates I see;
But the doctor only murmured,
"This is good enough for me!"

He refused to go on further,
But preferred to sit and gaze
At that crowd of rank old dead-heads,
As they lay there in the blaze.

But just then the doctor's office clock
Cuckooed the hour of seven,
And he woke to find himself
In neither hell nor heaven.

G. A. Moore, M. D.

---

## SAINT SMITH

Forty-two times he has run for the doctor,
Forty-two times he's gone forth in the night,
Nervously fastening on his suspenders,
Hoping as never a bachelor might.
Forty-two times he has wondered and waited,
Pacing the floor with his head in a whirl;
Forty-two times he has heard the announcement:
"It is a boy," or "it's only a girl."

Forty-two times the grim nurse has denied him
Rights that he proudly supposed were his own;
Forty-two times he has harbored emotions,
Such as the childless man never has known.
Forty-two times he has bounded up, hearing
The first shrill cry of a strange little guest;
Forty-two times he has gone in the morning,
Boasting and bragging and swelling his chest.

Forty-two times he has paid for frail ribbons,
Paid for soft laces and fluffy affairs.
Paid for the bottles and what is put in them;
Forty-two times he has shouldered new cares.
Forty-two times he has heard the glad message,
"Everything's lovely—come in—it's all right"—
Forty-two times he has gone for the doctor,
Buttoning up as he rushed through the night.

## A DIFFERENT DIAGNOSIS

De Jones said, when his wife grew sick,
'Twas "all imagination!"
Mere "strength of will" would do the trick;
*She* "lacked determination."

But when De Jones himself fell ill,
It proved a grave disaster,
That needed powder, draught, and pill,
And potent mustard plaster.

HARRY ROMAINE.

---

## ANARGYRIA

Oppressed with grief, it brings relief
To give our ills a name—
It may not heal, but still we feel
They are not quite the same.
One widespread woe, where'er we go,
We find throughout the land,
And yet its name, unknown to fame,
But few would understand.
Seek, if you please, in Doctor Rees
His Cyclopædia—
Mayhap 'twill ease your dire disease
Of Anargyria.

For, sooth to speak, sonorous Greek
Can charm our pains awa',
Like, as we've heard, "that blessed word
'Mesopotamia.'"
Physicians ken—those learned men—
This truth right well, I trow,
And many a cure, we know for sure,
Has been assisted so:
Yet they with pain may search in vain
The Pharmacopœia
For salve or pill to cure the ill
Of Anargyria.

We all suppose that other woes
And epidemic pains
Will ebb and flow, will come and go—
But this for aye remains.
How few evade its withering shade!
On all alike it falls:

On small and great—in church and state—
In corporation halls.
Can no M. D. or LL. D.
Find us some panacea?
Through future days the world would praise
In glowing lays,
The crown with bays, the man who says
Its Anargyria!

R. Coupland Harding.

---

## NIGHT IN THE SICK-ROOM

In torments lying on my bed,
I wait the hour that heals;
The night lamp, flickering overhead,
Each well-known shape reveals.

Beethoven's death-mask paler grows,
And dimmer through the night;
Thou too, O man of many woes!
Hast wearied for the light.

Near by the Hermes, smiling now
And ever, knows not pain;
No sin stains that angelic brow,
Where thought and beauty reign.

O radiant shape of sunlit Greece!
Whisper the sacred charm
That turns despair and doubt to peace,
Unrest to deathless calm.

Alas! the marble lips refuse
The mystic words to speak;
Yet still their beauty bids me choose
The saving truth to seek.

My waking sense grows faint and sore,
But to my inward eye
Forms long since dead appear once more,
Beneath an alien sky.

I stand within the prison-wall
Where, amid tears and sighs,
Socrates drinks the hemlock's gall,
And Greece's glory dies.

I see the deep and turbid pool,
By the Ionian Sea,
Where maddened Sappho plunged to cool
Her burning agony.

I see the tool Praxiteles
Wields, from his fingers glide,
As he sinks, spent with weariness,
His matchless work beside.

A vast throng pass unfaltering,—
Bards, prophets, heroes, saints,—
Each face bears marks of suffering,
But no voice utters plaints.

And while I gaze a form draws near,
A voice the silence breaks;
Fixing me with his look austere,
Music's great master speaks:

"Cursing thy lot? Thou dream'dst these men
Quaffed life in joy and pride.
'Twas never so; as now, so then
All sorrowed, suffered, died.

"Yet ever dauntlessly these toiled,
Though weighed by sins and flaws
Obeying still, however foiled,
The soul's unwritten laws.

"To the great heart of Nature these
Inclined a reverent ear,
Till through life's blurred dissonances
A theme divine rang clear.

"If staining still thy faith's bright gold
Commingles doubt's alloy,
Stand by my bed, where deaf, poor, old,
I heard the Hymn of Joy.

"And when my mighty harmony
Rolls on thine ear again,
Know that there sounds in majesty
What once I wrought in pain."

Deep silence falls; then happy birds
Stir 'neath my window eaves,

A rustling wind sweeps by, and herds
Like sheep the fallen leaves.

The white dawn glimmers on my eyes
The morning's pledge to give,
Night's shadows flee as darkness dies
To let the new day live.

MARGARET CROSBY.

---

## MADAME LA GRIPPE

A caller was mine, one night last week
A queer old lady in Russian furs;
Her nose was a beak, her cap a-peak,
And a pair of fiery eyes were hers.

Never before had I seen her face,
Yet, lo! in a flash of her evil eye,
She caught me fast in a fierce embrace,
And tossed me flat on a couch near by.

Alarmed, I cried to her: "Who art thou?"
For the sneer in her grimace made me creep;
She pressed her claw on my burning brow
And whispered: "I am Madame La Grippe!

"I've crossed the ocean to come to you
From a Russian ghetto far away;
I've brought you a microbe strange and new;
My grip is here and I've come to stay!"

Then, jerking my limbs, that ached full sore,
She blew in my mouth her germful breath;
I sneezed and I coughed enough for four;
The truth to tell, I was scared to death.

Mine eyes ran water, likewise my nose;
The vile old harridan, jeering, laughed;
She rubbed my nostrils red as a rose,
And filled my lungs with a deadly draught.

Then, gath'ring her sables about her—thus,
She bounced at my chest in a flying leap,
And, squatting there, like an incubus,
"I'm your bosom friend," cried Madame La Grippe.

My head, how it ached! It throbbed and burned;
I was chilly betimes; then, hot and sick;
Whenever the old witch jumped and turned,
She trounced me well with her crooked stick.

'Twas all I could do to say my prayers,
I wept for my sins (or seemed to weep);
Then, heard the doctor's foot on the stairs.
"My enemy's come!" shrieked Madame La Grippe.

Down she scuttled in hottest of haste;
"Pills and powders!" she muttered low;
Like an angry cat, round, round she raced,
And gathered her traps with a "Here's a go!"

Then, made me a courtesy full of spite;
"You've got your experience, dear or cheap!
I'm off to St. Petersburg tonight,
But it's au revoir!" snarled Madame La Grippe.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

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